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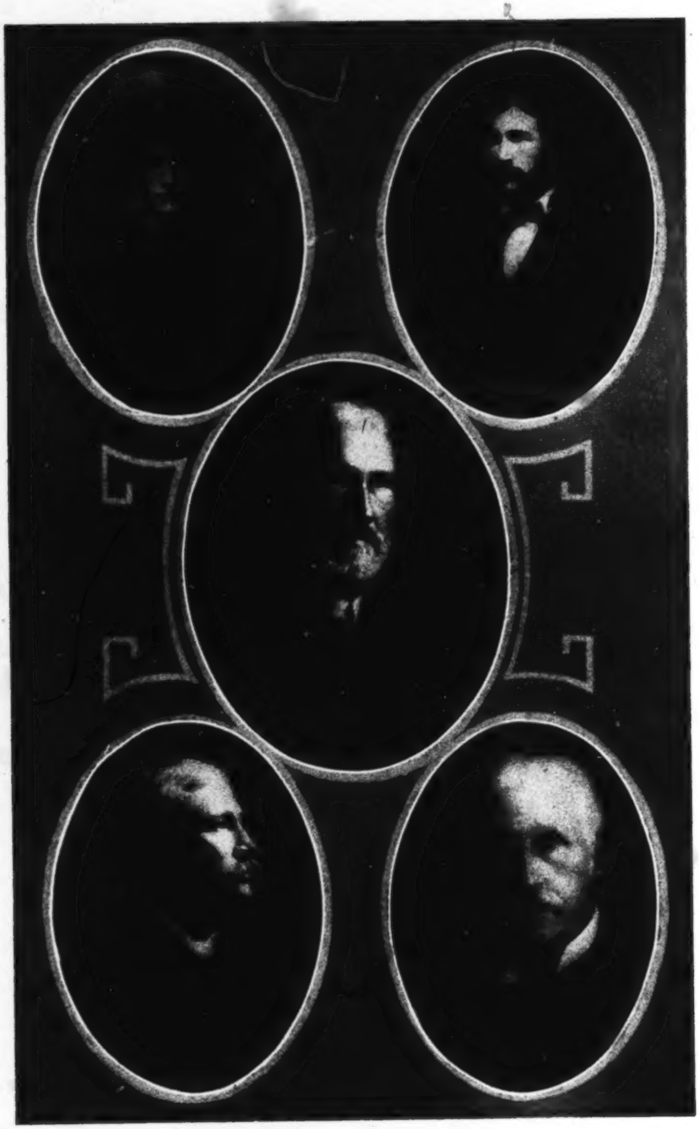

THE AUTHOR
At the Close of the
Civil War 1865

THE AUTHOR
As Editor of the St. Charles
Cosmos 1873

THE AUTHOR
As Writer and Promoter 1915

THE AUTHOR
Just Before [illegible] Physical
Collapse, 1895

THE AUTHOR
After Succumbing to
Nature's Exactions, 1915

# OLDEN TIMES IN COLORADO

BY

**CARLYLE CHANNING DAVIS**

Author of
"The True Story of Ramona"
Etc.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1916

**DE LUXE EDITION**

No. 88

Carlyle Channing Davis

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BY
CARLYLE CHANNING DAVIS

978.8
D29o

*"He was my friend, faithful and true."*
—SHAKESPEARE

TO
CALVIN HENRY MORSE
This volume is affectionately dedicated by
THE AUTHOR

History

# PERSONAL AND EXPLANATORY

The single perplexing problem encountered in the preparation of this work was the choice of a suitable title. The story is somewhat less, yet considerably more than an autobiography — an abbreviated biography of half a hundred persons, replete with historical facts, still not a consecutive history — neither fiction nor yet a work of reference — scarcely worthy in any sense to be classified as literature — what, indeed, should it have been called? Perhaps, "An Odd Story of an Unique Career," since it is that—told in a homely fashion, without attempt at polished diction – would have been as appropriate as any other name. But "Olden Times in Colorado" has been chosen for reasons that to the reflecting reader will be obvious. Wholely written from memory while invalided, it will not appear remarkable if minor errors have crept into its pages, considering the fact that the events chronicled cover a period of nearly seventy years. The reader will be disposed, the author hopes, to overlook its shortcomings, to piece out imperfections with kind thoughts, as well as to give credit to the author for a design to approximate the truth, and to have had ever in mind and heart a purpose to scatter good seed in a fruitful soil.

# AN APPRECIATION

My friend, the Author, "Cad" Davis, asked me to write an Introduction to this Book. It instantly suggested to my mind Buckle's Introduction to his great "History of Civilization," containing nearly half a million words—and I shuddered.

At any rate, an Introduction to this Book would be supererigatory. It needs no bush, for if ever a Book spoke for itself, it is this one in question.

Nevertheless, I must write something. Hence a few appreciative words of the Author and his work may answer the same purpose as an Introduction—that is, if any Book ever required a Preface, an Introduction, a Foreword or an Appreciation, other than being conventional. But to ignore conventionality altogether should be fatal to betterment. It is a good servant, but a bad master.

Davis' Book is in form autobiographical. But in fact it is historical, in the best sense of that badly maligned term. There is no more delightful reading than an able autobiography or biography, provided the egotism of the writer is under proper control. This Book is discriminating and discerning in this respect. In fact, there is not enough about the Author. The one picture, limned by a contemporary journalist, that is inserted in the Book, is a mere sketch that utterly fails to express the soul of the man; and I mean by soul the development of the phronetal cells of an organism. The writer fails because of the measure he uses. Like most persons, this writer measures Success in life from the hackneyed standard—which is arbitrary and dangerous—of mere possession—possession of wealth or possession of power, and in most cases of both. In a critical letter to the Author of his manuscript I wrote: "I say that your career has been in the best and highest sense monumentally successful. It is what a person does in life, not what he swipes and stows away, that spells Success."

If this conclusion is correct, Davis in his day was one of the most capable of the big men that were developed in Colorado during that period. When many a "great" Statesman, corporation lawyer, millionaire of this age, is in oblivion, "Cad" Davis will be respected and honored by the coming appreciative student of history. Not because he was and is a paragon of virtue, a genius, or a man of superlative knowledge. But because, in consequence of heredity and practice, he invariably did the right act at the proper time. What does that consist of? Surely those actions that make for the good of the race, without being derogatory to self interest. In other words, a nice balancing of altruistic and selfish acts. "A mediocre person," say you. Be it so. It has been and ever will be mediocrity that betters humanity. The genius and the commercial Naps are too one-sided or too narrow to be of much account in the uplift process.

Davis was nurtured on newspaper work from his nonage. He functioned what he acquired by experience perfectly. We see that he began as a "printer's devil," and became the editor and owner of three daily newspapers in the most unique city of all time, on the peak of the world, populated with as heterogeneous and fantastic a people as ever composed a community. The bars were down, and the best emotions and the worst passions ran riot.

Scratch off our veneer of civilization, which is no difficult task, and we are back in barbarism if not savagery. Davis, consciously and unconsciously, wielded his newspapers in behalf of betterment and righteousness, and the influence of those journals not only modified Leadville, but spread for right doing to every corner of Colorado. He deserves credit merely because he was fortunate to be what he is and not because he could, if he chose, have done differently. Much of which is due to his ancestors, and some to his own exertions, in acquiring the knowledge that proved to be most suitable to allow him to adapt himself to one of the most unique conditions in the history of the world. *That* Leadville and those persons are no more, and never again can the precise environment become to reproduce a similar city and people. Is not, may be asked, a truthful account of those conditions and of those persons, by a participator, far more entitled to the name of history than the rude guesses and deductions that have long been considered history?

Our Author was a competent editorial writer, hence his style is simple and impressive. What he knows he knows thoroughly, and he expresses himself clearly and logically. This is why his Book is so delightful to read. When we think of the exactions of newspaperdom, is it any wonder that so few editors rise above the level of the crowd that they are compelled to patronize to exist at all?

Davis was wise but not servile. Had he learned to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee, he would surely have been Governor of his State, or installed in some other high office within the power of the politicians. Though a loyal partisan, if not a stubborn one, he fought crooked methods and crooks within his party fully as sincerely and ably as those men and measures he was opposed to.

In my opinion the quality of the man that deserves the most praise is his warm affections for those he likes. No doubt he underrates this sublime qualification. We are falsely educated to consider any display of affection, outside the family, as something akin to mollycodling. A mistake. Charles Darwin, of whom none was more competent to speak, in a letter to J. D. Hooker, the great botanist, says: "Talk of Fame, Honor, Pleasure, Wealth, all are dirt compared with affection; and this is a doctrine with which I know, from your letter, that you will agree from the bottom of your heart."

Why our affectionate emotions are not educated similar to the intellectual faculties must seem ridiculous to a person who gives the subject a modicum of consideration.

What we desire the most we leave to fortuitous causes or Providence. There is no necessity to confound ethics with affection, though of course they are integrants. So is intellectuality. Nature abhors lines of demarcation, but man must have them for classification to acquire inductive knowledge—the knowledge of most import to humanity.

This inadequate foreword may help the reader to enjoy and to appreciate the treat that lies before him. It is my desire that others will see in the Book all that I got out of it.

ROBERT J. BELFORD.

Los Angeles, 1916.

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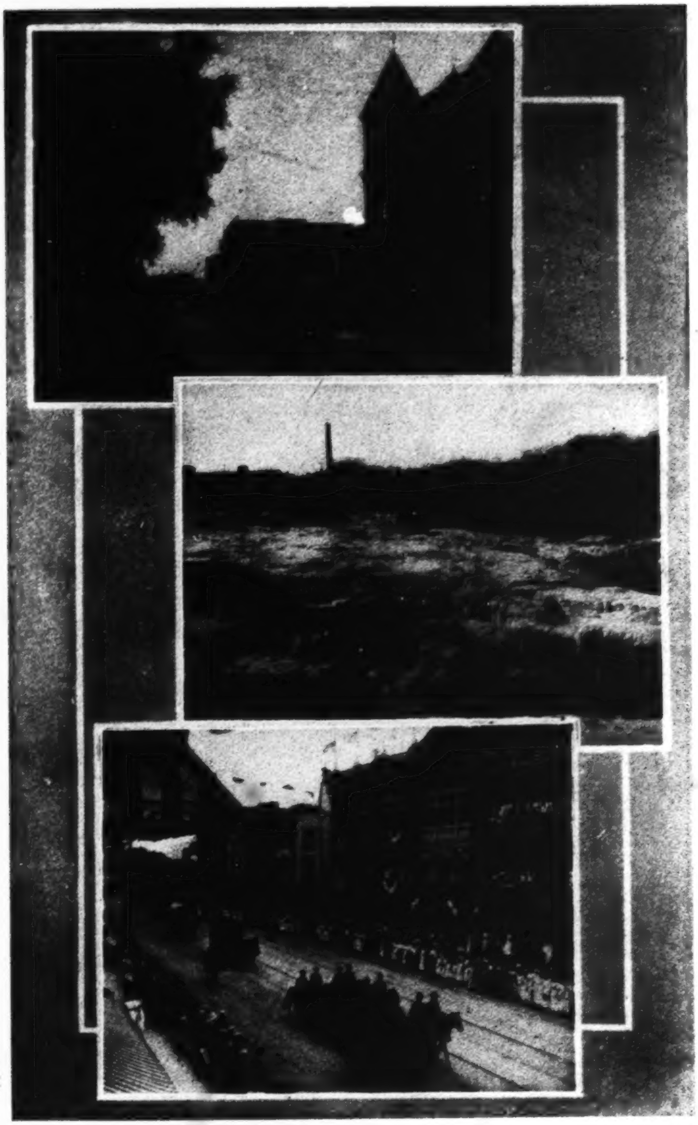


Glen Street, Glen's Falls, New York, Author's Birthplace
Falls of the Hudson in Winter, Head of Navigation
Parade of State Militia at Glen's Falls, New York

# CHAPTER I.

## BUFFETED ABOUT FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN AND FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE GULF

How I have escaped becoming President of the United States may not easily be explained; for, although not born in a log cabin, I have passed through most of those borderland vicissitudes and rugged experiences that characterize the lives of most of our chief executives, from George Washington down to the schoolmaster of Princeton.

I may not be able to trace my genealogy to Plymouth Rock, but even that may not wholly rob my story of human interest. My ancestry, nevertheless was decidedly Puritan. My mother, rest her saintly soul, was a Vermont school marm, from the little village of Bethel; my father, both preacher and doctor—a Homeopathic preacher, and an Allopathic doctor—sprang from the larger community of Killingly, Connecticut.

Nor was it an uncommon combination of pursuits three-quarters of a century ago, when preachers were so poorly remunerated that they must needs piece out scant incomes with earnings in more sordid spheres. Medical science was not far advanced in those early days, and doctors were wont to ride about the country, their saddle-bags stuffed with quinine and blue mass pills on one side, and, when also preachers, the other side containing the inevitable Bible and a few tomes of sacred song.

I often smile when I think of my father ministering to the sin-sick souls as well as the bodily ills of mankind

—practicing "old school" medicine and preaching universal salvation, at one and the same time. He was a pioneer Universalist preacher, ordained at seventeen, devoutly believing in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; and when the ponderous pellets failed in their mission and all hope had fled, he at least could give assurance to his parishioner patients that, when the hills and valleys of Time had passed, and the wear and fever and disappointments of Life were over, there was a place and a rest appointed of God—Somewhere. I am by no means certain my father ever attempted to indicate the precise locality, but his belief in a fixed and definite Heavenly Abode was as profound as was his disbelief in a Hell of any kind whatsoever; and, lest I later omit to mention the fact, and leave an unwarranted inference, I will here solemnly affirm and affix my seal, that, as to this latter proposition, I have never been able to agree with my father.

Long before I shall have finished my story, the reflecting reader—if so kind as to follow me to the end—will agree that I have had some cause for my heresy. But if I have traveled a weary trail, and been buffeted about from ocean to ocean, and from lakes to gulf, I at the same time have rather enjoyed life, rough hewn as at times the ways have been, and am now able confidently to look forward to the coming sunshine of truth and redemption, with that faith my father preached, and that was radiated in my mother's saintly countenance.

A trifle strange it may seem that I should write of what my father was and did, when I never had the good fortune to know him; this information came to me in books and papers left behind—when he died? No. And that was my first great cause for grief—for surely it is a handicap to be born into the world with a father living yet dead, a wee bit of helpless humanity, cast upon the troubled waters, the youngest of five, and who never should have been born at all. I never knew why it should have been so. I never sought to know. It had been enough for me later to realize that I, before yet a year old, was fatherless and that it must be a long time before I could be of assistance to my struggling mother in keeping the little family together, away out on the borders of civilization, with Indians all around and about, and the door of Opportunity not very wide open.

Before my advent, in the beautiful little village of Glen's Falls, overlooking the rapids of the Hudson, and near the borders of classic Lake George, my father had filled various pulpits in New England, mainly at Providence and at Boston, and there also he had published a denominational newspaper, while yet preaching universal salvation and distributing blue mass pills, as heretofore mentioned. Soon after my birth my father had a "call," or at least thought he had a call, which is much the same thing, for it took him, together with my mother, brother and three elder sisters, from the rest and peacefulness, the civilization and the culture, of Northern New York, to the center of the then territory of Iowa, to preach his benign doctrine to the pioneers of that remote section, as well as to the neighboring Indian tribes that yet lingered on the fringe of civilization.

# CHAPTER II.

## A FIVE MONTHS' JOURNEY BY WATER FROM NORTHERN NEW YORK TO CENTRAL IOWA

The trek from Northern New York to Middle Iowa, in the late 40s, may be contrasted, but scarcely compared, with the later hegira from the Missouri River to Pike's Peak. It consumed more time and developed greater hardships.

Today one may travel from Glen's Falls to Iowa City in magnificently appointed vestibuled trains de luxe in perhaps thirty hours. A letter from my brother to a cousin "down East" gave some details of the journey as my father and family took it. From this scrap of ancient history I gather that five months of time was consumed, although no unnecessary stops were made. The expense of the trip must have been great. Every league of the journey was by water! Five passengers—if the wee mortal represented by myself, and carried all the way on a pillow, may be entitled to figure on the list—a jag of household goods, and the first library of any dimensions ever taken into the Territory, consisting of many thousand volumes.

How my father accumulated sufficient funds to transport the animate and inanimate items of his belongings to the Promised Land I may not even conjecture, for, as I have suggested, his income, as doctor, preacher and editor, was precarious, and in those days neither canal boats nor steam vessels were given to rebating, passes were unknown, nor is it likely that "members of the cloth" were given any more consideration than the average sinner.

But he achieved his purpose, and on a bleak November day the plunder and plundered were unloaded from a little side-wheel steamer on the banks of the Iowa River, under the shadows of the present State University buildings, and the work of regenerating the heathen presumably was begun without unnecessary delay. The course had been down the Hudson to the Erie Canal, up through the sinuous meanderings of that interior waterway to and through the Great Lakes to Fort Dearborn, present site of Chicago, thence down the Illinois to the Mississippi, up the Father of Waters to the mouth of the Iowa, and on to destination. At that date there was not a foot of railway west of the Alleghanies, and the route taken was the only one open to the traveler except the "prairie schooner."

My father's first sermon was delivered from a roughly devised pulpit at one end of a long tent, and among his listeners was a sprinkling of Pottawatomie Indians, who evinced quite as much interest in the new and to them not altogether novel teachings as did the average white men and women present.

Indians, in a way, are all Universalists. They believe only in a "happy hunting ground" in the Great Beyond, and take little stock in the Immaculate Conception, the Trinity, or any of the other essentials of modern Evangelical belief.

My father remained in Iowa City long enough to organize a society of his liberal faith, and to build a small adobe church on the outskirts of the settlement. Later a more pretentious edifice of real brick was erected, and this has withstood the march of progress for three-quarters of a century, silent reminder of the struggles of that early day to advance the cause of liberal religion, to give comfort to the sin-sick soul, and to instill in the minds and hearts of the pioneers, white and red, the promise of final redemption.

My earliest recollections were of a deserted mother, struggling under the most adverse circumstances to keep her five children together, to keep them fed and warm, and to give to them an education. Her capability to teach the "three Rs" saved the family from actual suffering, for there were no public schools in that distant outpost, and the pioneer denizens gladly embraced the opportunity of exchanging produce for tuition.

There was very little money in circulation at the time, and that in use was of such doubtful purchasing power that a dollar of "wild-cat" currency was likely to shrink to "four bits" over night. I well remember how the merchant, before delivering his precious goods over the counter to the waiting and often trembling customer, was compelled to consult a ponderous volume, periodically issued by some banking house, to ascertain the value, upon that particular day, of the issue of the "Farmers Bank of Plunkville," since it was wont to fluctuate between the setting and rising of the sun. It was the period following the great financial crisis of 1837, when the country was flooded with the most vicious issue of currency with which a land was ever cursed. It had not been like your modern bankers' crisis, to be ended at the pleasure or the interest of a Morgan or a Rockefeller. It lasted for decades, and its effects did not entirely disappear until the advent of the Civil War, and the supplanting of the "shinplasters" with the welcome greenback, which, however, as the struggle progressed, also decreased in purchasing power, until the dark days antedating Gettysburg, when it required a five dollar note to purchase a satisfying breakfast.

The struggle for possession of the children that followed the separation of my parents did not include me. Poor little scrofulous creature, ushered into the world half made up, there was little reason why either should want me. But my mother did, and the fact that, unlike the others, I did not have to be hid away, gave me a freedom in my earlier years which brothers and sisters were not permitteed to share.

Greatest of all my earliest ambitions, all-consuming in a way, were to assist my mother, and this, with my limited equipment, physical and mental, I nursed to the limit.

# CHAPTER III.

## FOUR DOLLARS EARNED IN A DAY—AN ENTIRE YEAR'S LABOR FOR A RED COW

Vivid is my recollection of my advent into the financial world. Who but an ambitious boy, with like experience, can conceive of the joy that comes with the first dollar legitimately earned. Mine came in the cigar trade. A dealer, with faith in my integrity, if not abounding confidence in my rustling ability, "staked" me to a box of cigars.

The occasion was a monster Democratic rally, with Stephen A. Douglas in the stellar role, in the memorable Presidential campaign of 1860. I was born a Republican, early enrolled myself as a Lincoln "Wide Awake," and had no sympathy with the object of the gathering; hence I gladly surrendered the opportunity to listen to a noted orator for the more alluring hope of making that first dollar.

And by nightfall the dollar grew to four, each one bigger in my sight than a cartwheel. The pride with which, after settling with the dealer for the last box of cigars purchased, I ran home and dumped the shining coin into my mother's waiting lap, may perhaps be inferred.

But the joy of that night was saddened by what followed the succeeding day, when my mother, tearfully bidding me good-bye, handed me over to a German farmer, named Charles Druff, living fifteen miles from town, and for whom I was to work a year for my board and clothes.

To be sure, I was to have the advantage of three months' schooling; but as I now reflect upon the deal my mother negotiated for my labor, I am in some doubt as to which of the three considerations was the worst, the food, the clothing or the schooling.

But I entered willingly upon the task, grievous as it was to part with the loved ones at home, and I am sure no lad ever labored more faithfully or loyally than did I, or devour the coarse but wholesome and plentiful food with greater relish.

To me it was a year of healthy expansion, mentally as well as physically, and before the twelvemonth was rounded out I was able to do almost the work of a robust man in field, garden or corral. I indeed had been so useful to my employer that, at parting, he displayed his appreciation by presenting to me a handsome cow.

A property owner at last!

But the cow was fifteen miles from home, and I fancy few men of mature years would have thought of driving her all that long distance, wholly unassisted. However, I tackled the prospect without the slightest hesitation, and swung along that tortuous country lane the proudest kid in all the broad state of Iowa. It was not an easy task, I do assure you, dear reader, for there were many roads crossing the highway traversed, and I do not recall a single one that my beautiful cow failed to turn into. Nothing so perverse as a cow in all Nature, I do verily believe, and I am free to confess that, before nightfall, I more than half wished Mr. Druff had kept his cow and not wearied my patience and endangered my immortal soul by the thoughts I gave utterance to and those I harbored, but dared not breathe aloud. I got the beast to the bridge spanning the river, but there I was compelled to leave her, since, by the exercise of no degree of ingenuity, skill, diplomacy, tact, persuasion, trick or devise, could I, unassisted, induce her to enter upon the bridge and cross to my home.

All day I had anticipated the pride and joy of my mother, when she should see me coming home with a cow, a beautiful and a prolific cow, all my very own to give to her, for it was to be a surprise party without counterpart in my youthful history. Disappointing as it was, I was compelled to part with the beast on the wrong side of the river, and go home to my mother empty-handed.

Possibly, however, since there is supposed to be a law of compensation in all things, my dreams were tinted a brighter hue in anticipation of the conquest of the morrow. It surely was a memorable day in my calendar.

To my mother that cow proved a God-send indeed, with more meaning in the economy of the household than I at the time could be expected to realize.

I have earned and owned property, real and personal, many times since, but never a chattel of which I was prouder than of the cow that Mr. Druff gave to me for zealous labor, in excess of promise or anticipation.

My year's experience on a farm had been highly beneficial in many ways. I had learned the first important lesson, that fidelity, loyalty and devotion to duty are quite certain to be rewarded. Failure of appreciation on the part of my employer might have impressed me differently, and coming at so early a period in my career easily might have had a more or less controlling influence upon my future course. Parting with that cow did not impoverish Mr. Druff, while, on the contrary, it did more to strengthen my character and direct my future conduct than any anterior or subsequent event.

The reader may think me inclined to overestimate the importance of trivial events, but to me, and at that time, this one was of immense importance.

I had little liking for farm life. It was, in the first instance, too strenuous for my meager physical equipment; its limitations upon my mental expansion were too narrow; and, moreover, I recognized the fact that it was not adequately remunerative. I had enjoyed the rather questionable benefit of three months' schooling, involving a three-mile walk twice a day, with an accumulation of chores night and morning; and I doubtless would have prized the privilege more highly had I realized it was to constitute the only "education" I ever was to have—at least in a school room.

That magnificent library of my father's had been exchanged for worthless Illinois coal land, and the meagre returns from the sale eaten up.

In the family circle at night, around a cheery log fire, I read a great deal that winter; read everything, in fact, in the farmer's meagre library, from a "Child's History of the Universe" to Thomas Carlyle's "Sartur Resartus." How much of the latter I comprehended I leave to the imagination of the more cultured reader of 19th century literature. But the reading of it and similar books was excellent mental discipline, and, moreover, I felt that I should not reject the work of a distinguished author for whom in part I had been christened.

Nor was that winter on a Washington County farm without its interesting diversion of spelling matches in distant school houses, and sleigh rides over expansive prairies and through forests of somber timber, where the snow obliterated even the fences, and clothed the stately trees with white mantles glistening in the moonlight.

I had not seen my mother all that lengthened twelvemonth, and the joy of both being reunited quite passeth ordinary understanding. I indulged for a few days in recounting to her the more interesting episodes of my farm life before giving serious thought to the future.

I was desirous to learn a trade, but undecided as to which one, and while casting about for an opportunity I engaged in a number of pursuits, of varied duration, but each educative in a way, and all, to my then modest ambition, highly remunerative. I was not proud, and scorned nothing that promised adequate returns. For a time I served as a waiter in the leading hotel, chopped wood for neighbors, cleared shavings from the machinery of a planing mill, gathered wild flowers from the surrounding hills for subsequent sale on the streets, and finally became apprenticed to an "artist."

Photography had not been invented and the *chef d'ouvre* of the gallery was the ambrotype, set into more or less gorgeous cases or frames, supplemented, for those not able to indulge in such luxury, by the tintype, which, if I mistake not, has survived to this day. Before I had fully mastered the mysteries of the developing room, the building in which the gallery was housed was destroyed by fire, and thus ascended in smoke my lofty ambition to become an artist of renown. It was a cruel blow to my aspirations, but proved a blessing in disguise, for my next venture was in a field I was destined to occupy, with more or less credit and honor to myself, for a full half century.

# CHAPTER IV.

## BEGINNING OF A HALF CENTURY'S CAREER IN THE FIELD OF JOURNALISM

I do not recall just how it came about, but in the fall of 1861 I was apprenticed to a firm of printers in the town of Anamosa, Booth & Parrott, publishers of the *Eureka,* the early issues of which were printed on a press made entirely of wood, and the bed of which would accommodate but a single page of the little folio newspaper.

This press, I am told, is still preserved in the rooms of the State Historical Society, silent reminder of the strenuousness of journalism in Iowa in the early 60s. Its operation called for the labor of two persons, one to pass the ink roller over the type forms, the other to place the sheet on the tympan, drop it down upon the form, roll it beneath the platen, pull the lever, and reverse the operation. Although the circulation of the paper did not exceed 500, two days of each week were devoted to the task of printing alone.

Inking the forms was not a highly intellectual performance, but it was one of the ancient, fixed and unchangeable stunts of the "printer's devil," and I tackled it with the same devotion to duty that ever since has, I believe, characterized my busy life.

The remaining four days of the week I set type, and within a twelvemonth I was able to "galley" as much "matter" as any full journeyman, although a four years' apprenticeship was presumed to be essential to proficiency.

The terms of the agreement with my mother were that I should have board and clothing, $45 a year for the first two years, $75 for the third and $100 for the fourth. That, to me, seemed munificent. My wants were confined to bed and board, and my entire wage could go to my mother. I boarded with the junior partner and slept in the office, and to adjust matters between the partners on board account, it was agreed that I should have certain duties to perform "at home." These included chopping the family wood, rocking the junior proprietor's baby, and sundry minor chores. From none of these exactions did I shrink, for none were so onerous as inking the forms, and the slight participation in the home life of my employer partially compensated for my absence from mother, and perhaps served as a buffer for lonesomeness during morning and evening hours.

The senior partner, a man of rugged proportions, more resembling a lumber jack than an editor, was the high and mighty intellectual faculty of the combination, writing all of the editorials, local intelligence, funeral notices and paid advertisements. From birth he had been deaf and dumb; hence one of my first duties, absolutely essential in its nature, was to acquire the silent alphabet, and so proficient did I become that to this day, after a lapse of over half a century, I am able to converse with fair speed in the language of the deaf mute.

Typesetting proved a delight to me, and I early recognized its advantage as a teacher. I easily might have regarded it as an onerous task, to be performed mechanically and perfunctorily, but my ambition for advancement along intellectual lines prompted me to secure the greatest possible results from the exercise. In the rather meager office library was a dictionary and an encyclopedia, and the boy who may not, with these adjuncts, provide himself with a fair working education may be said to be unworthy of it.

Alongside my type case I kept a paper tablet and pencil, and during the course of the day's work, composing four columns of reading matter, I naturally encountered much that required elucidation. Hence upon the tablet was entered a reference to everything I needed light upon; and through all the years that followed I made it an invariable rule never to seek my couch until I had satisfactorily cleared the tablet of every entry of the day, storing away in my mind, for future profitable use, a copious fund of information upon an almost limitless range of subjects.

At the end of the second year the co-partnership of Booth & Parrott dissolved, the junior withdrawing for the purpose of establishing a new journal at Morris, Illinois, now almost a suburb of Chicago.

Flattering to my pride was the announcement that I was to accompany him to his new field, and finish my trade there. Transportation was to be provided, and my wages materially increased. Moreover, I was to be permitted first to visit my mother, and to see, for the first time in many years, my elder brother. Graduating at Kenyon College, Gambier, O., in 1861, he was among the first to enlist in a Buckeye regiment, hasten to the front, engage in battle, be captured, exchanged, promoted and furloughed home.

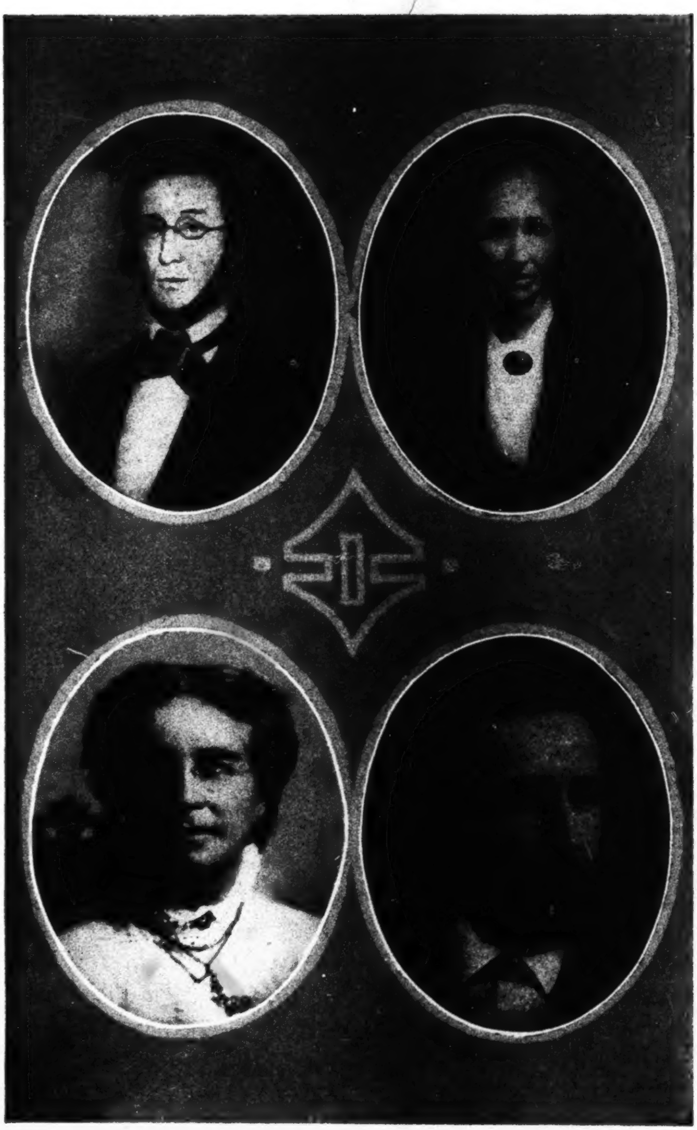
I paid a high price for that reunion, covering the sixty-five miles between Anamosa and Iowa City in a single day on horseback, blanketed but without saddle. For a fourteen-year-old-lad, I now reflect that the undertaking at least bordered on the heroic.

# CHAPTER V.

## PEACE HATH ITS VICTORIES NO LESS THAN WAR—CAREER OF THE ANAMOSA TIGERS

An outside enterprise, undertaken by me while at Anamosa, may be deemed worthy of mention. Shiloh had been fought and Fort Donelson taken. The little village had early sent to the front the flower of its manhood, embracing a goodly proportion of heads of families, and some of the latter were none too well provided for. Realizing that I could not join the volunteers, and loyally ambitious to contribute in some way to the Union cause, I conceived the idea of organizing a relief corps among my youthful companions, and the "Anamosa Tigers" was the outcome, the little band pledged to chop wood, contributed by citizens, and deliver it in stove lengths to the families of the men at the front. Of this organization I logically was chosen commander. The zest and enthusiasm with which this work was undertaken by my followers was truly typical of American boyhood, and there was nothing of the Tom Sawyer finesse indulged. Each member of the corps labored as though the perpetuity of the Union depended solely upon his individual efforts.

I had indulged an excess amount of pleasurable anticipation in parading the streets with my brother, togged out in the uniform of his rank, with perhaps a sword dangling at his heels! But, alas, for human vanity! It was hopelessly dashed in this instance, a circumstance due to the extreme modesty of the elder Davis, who, instead of the regulation dress suit and



REV. ASHER AUSTIN DAVIS, D. D.,
Pioneer Preacher, Doctor and
Journalist, Father of Author

JANE MOULTON CUSHING DAVIS
Pioneer School Teacher,
Mother of Author

MARY ALICE SUMMERS DAVIS
Wife of Author

COL. MURRAY SPURZHEIM DAVIS
Eighth Calalry, U. S. A.

epaulettes, wore only the blouse of a private soldier, with evidence of rank almost concealed in the folds of its sleeves. Hence, if any one was impressed with his greatness and the majesty of his position, it was easily traceable to the quiet tips I gave to youthful acquaintances when he was not looking.

Furlough ended, Captain Murray S. Davis, 95th Ohio Volunteers, joined his regiment with the Army of the Cumberland, while "Captain" Carlyle C. Davis, late of the Anamosa Tigers, took up his duties with Mr. Parrott in the Illinois town.

My career at Morris was brief and uneventful. My employer's enterprise there early proved a failure, and his newspaper suspended before I had finished the term of my apprenticeship.

Thence I went directly to Chicago, a city at that time numbering less than a hundred thousand, and there met my first Waterloo. The wages of apprentices were hardly sufficient to sustain one, and because I had not served full time I was barred from the Union, membership in which was essential to employment. I was a phenomenal type-setter, later distinguishing myself as such in some of the larger newspaper offices of the country, and it struck me as peculiarly unjust that I should be shut out on so slight a technicality.

Defeated and crestfallen, I withdrew from a city in which, twenty-two years later, I participated, as delegate-at-large from the Centennial State to the National Republican Convention, in nominating for President of the United States that peerless statesman of the time, Hon. James G. Blaine, and went home to my mother.

I had saved a little money, and upon arrival at Iowa City I invested it in a modest little ice cream parlor and confectionery store. In that undertaking I would have succeeded, had I not, in a moment of weakness, consented that my partner should keep the books.

But even that calamity subsequently proved a blessing, for duplicated ten years later, I suspended business for a period and matriculated in a commercial college at St. Louis, mastering the branches of book-keeping and commercial law, determined that if, in the future, there should be any losses chargeable to faulty account-keeping, I would not be the sufferer.

# CHAPTER VI.

## HOW WITH SOME ASSISTANCE I SUCCEEDED IN PUTTING DOWN THE REBELLION

Rather discouraged with my brief mercantile experience, I went back to the case in the office of the Iowa *State Reporter* and worked until the spring of 1864, when, after having my enlistment in three different commands rejected, on account of age and lack of physical equipment, I was accepted as a member of a company being recruited from the students of the Iowa State University, of which Professor Charles E. Borland was chosen captain. I was the only member not a student, and was accepted only because, at the depot on the eve of departure, it was discovered that the company lacked one of its quota.

The boys had marched under the windows of the *Reporter* office to the station. I looked down upon them but a moment; then, grasping coat and hat, I ran home, a few blocks distant, bid my mother a tearful farewell, and hastened to the railway.

Fortunately for me, the ladies of the town were giving the boys a parting "feed" in a grove near the station, and I was in time to be enrolled a "high private" in Company D, 44th Iowa Volunteers, aged 18, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, blue eyes; and prouder than a Major General.

At 2 o'clock I had been setting type on a provincial weekly newspaper. At 6 I was cleaning out a bunk in old Camp McClellan, at Davenport, on an eminence overlooking the Mississippi River, sixty miles from home and mother.

It had been a strenuous afternoon, comprehending a march of several miles from the city, and although the barracks had a forbidding appearance, I doubted not I should enjoy a night's rest. But in this I was woefully disappointed, and at midnight a companion joined me in a second attempt out in the open, a single army blanket beneath, and a single army blanket above us.

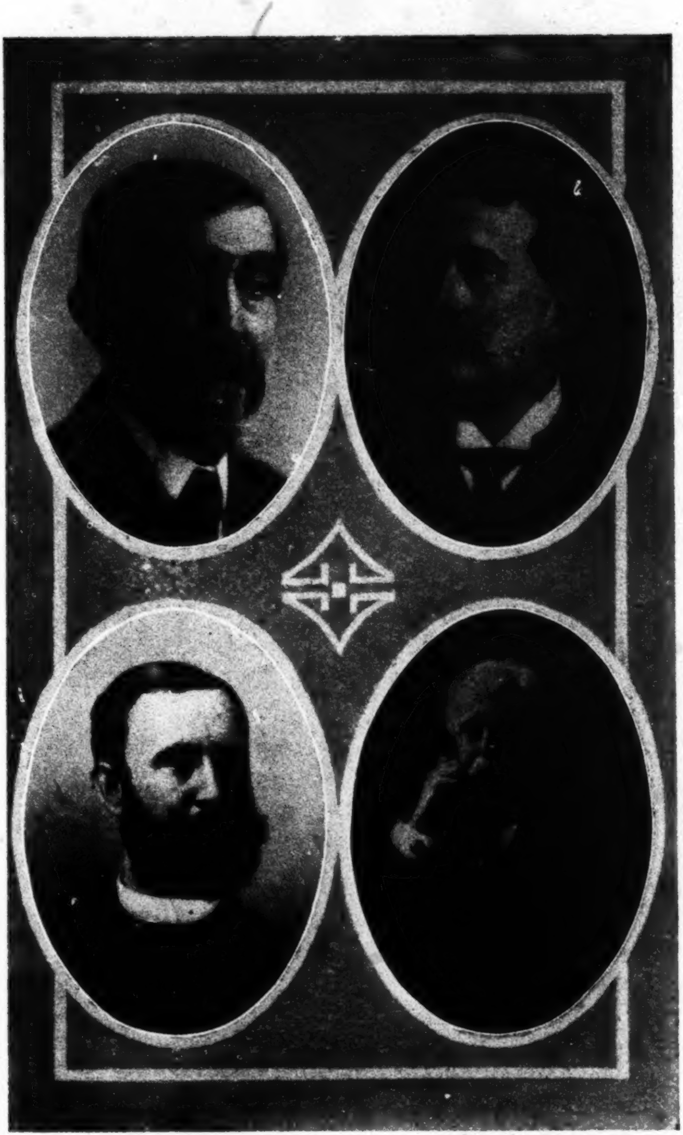
Ah! how many times during that long, restless, sleepless night, did thoughts recur to mother and the snug bed at home!

In a few days I became accustomed to the hardships of the service, and it was not long before our regiment was being transported down through the length of Illinois in cattle cars to Cairo, thence by vessel to Memphis, and eastward to the borders of Tennessee and Mississippi, where actual service at once begun, for we were in the enemy's country at last, with the strictest regulations regarding picket and vidette duty, with orders to shoot at every moving object.

Gen'l A. J. Smith's army was at the front, harrassed day and night by the fast-riding guerrillas of Gen'l Forrest's command, familiar with every by-road and pass in all that section, while the disloyal citizens of Memphis were resorting to every device to get food and ammunition to the rough riders.

The battles of Guntown and Tupelo followed quickly upon our arrival, and before the first week had passed the pampered students of the Iowa State University, few of whom had ever undergone any hardships, found themselves facing the actual realities of grim-visaged war.

My army experience, although brief, was not wholly devoid of human interest. Enlistment at my age was



**S. K. HOOPER**
G. P. A. Denver and Rio
Grande Railway Co.

**MAJOR J. B. WHEELER**
First President Colorado
Midland Railway Co.

**D. B. ROBINSON**
Formerly President
A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co

**COL. R. E. GOODELL**
Builder of the Chicago and
Alton Railway

foolhardy in the extreme, and when the fact is considered that my mother already had given to the cause her only other son, it merited a harsher classification. I was but eighteen, however, and had partaken largely of her extreme anti-slavery views. I had paraded with the "Wide Awakes," the marching organization of the young Republican party, and my loyalty to the Union cause simply knew no bounds. Rejected time and again by recruiting officers, I had embraced what seemed to be, and actually was, the last opportunity to break into the ranks. Moreover, the martial music, borne to me from the street as the University students marched on toward the railway station, had completely carried me off my feet.

Had I been given opportunity to reflect upon primary duty to mother, I perhaps would have remained by her side, great as the sacrifice would have been; but that was denied me, for impulse rather than reason guided my footsteps. In the circumstances she had abundant reason to demur, but her approval of my action was untainted with even a shade of selfishness or vain regret, and her "Good-bye, God bless and keep you from harm," was as genuine and hearty as if the very cockles of her heart were not severely wrenched.

Obvious as it seemed that I was totally unfit for service in the field, it is a fact that while fully matured and strongly knit men frequently fell out of the ranks and were brought on by ambulances, during some of the more strenuous marches that fell to our lot, the smallest bit of humanity in the regiment—my only distinction of note—never once wavered or fell by the wayside. On the contrary, I not infrequently eased a comrade's burden by adding a portion of it to my own, although handed *down* rather than up to me.

What I did in the campaign of '64 may scarcely be worth recording, but a reference to what I *saw* may hold the reader's attention for a brief span at least.

Soon after arriving at Memphis I saw Gen'l A. J. Smith's army of 60,000 men march to the station of the Memphis & Charleston railway and loaded on to successive trains of flat cars, the marching column as inspiring a spectacle as ever I had witnessed. Embracing most of the 18th Army Corps, recently returned from the disastrous Red River campaign, the various depleted commands recruited to their full marching strength, and all provided with fresh new uniforms and glistening armor, the gallant veterans of four years' arduous service marched with heads erect and hearts inspired with hopes of retrieving the disasters lower down the river.

A few weeks later I saw that same command returning from the terrific threshing administered at Tupelo and Guntown—not in well-ordered divisions, brigades and regiments, however, but as a disorganized mob—many without arms or accoutrements, marching dejectedly back to Memphis, in bunches and squads of anywhere from half a dozen to a score or more, whipped to a frazzle, whatever the historian may record of the disastrous campaigns of General Sturgis; and reaching Grand Junction, beyond which it was not found possible to operate the railway, a day ahead of the main command.

The wounded were there placed aboard cars and rushed to the hospitals at Memphis. Many of the injured had not even experienced the blessings of "first aid," and the wretched victims of rebel bullets and schrapnel, many with leg or arm missing, were strung along the railway platform, some on the floor, others, more fortunate, upon stretchers—all suffering for surgical and medical attention, food and water.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GRUESOME WORK—MY FIRST SHOCK—A CAPTAIN IN DISGRACE—AN IRKSOME DETAIL

My regiment was detailed for this work, and in carrying out orders I experienced a shock that well nigh paralyzed me. In one of the first ambulances that backed up to the station platform I recognized the bleeding and disfigured form of my brother, stretched upon a cotton bale, well nigh exhausted from loss of blood and want of nourishment.

I had not heard of his being among the wounded, and was looking pleasurably forward to a joyful reunion the following day, when the main command should arrive. I only had time to provide him with such articles of food and drink as could be purchased of the sutler before he was carried into the car and whisked away to Memphis, perhaps never again to be seen alive.

Partially recovered from the shock of this episode, I resumed my duties in caring for others among the wounded.

Before many minutes I was eye-witness to another episode, less personal but more thrilling, in which Captain Borland, commander of my company, figured as the victim or culprit, as one may chose to regard it.

Before enlistment a professor in the Iowa State University, a man with splendid record as an educator, in the full flush of early manhood, esteemed at home for his many excellent qualities of head and heart, and respected by the men of the company, most of whom had for years been under his direct instruction—this splendid specimen of American manhood, without previous blur upon his escutcheon, and facing a future full of promise, sacrificed all on that fateful August day to a momentary weakness of judgment, to a sudden paralysis of human sympathies, to an inexplicable surrender of manhood.

The weather was extremely sultry. The resinous pine floor of which the station platform was constructed, and upon which the wounded were loaded, fairly sizzled under the tropical rays of that August sun.

Only a meager supply of ice had been obtainable for these wretched stricken men, and Captain Borland had appropriated a portion of that for use in his own headquarters!

The atrocity of this act may not easily be characterized in words. I shall not attempt it. But the discovery and retribution followed so quickly as to rob the incident of some of its terrors in long drawn out recital.

Information speedily reached General Smith, who, with ill concealed indignation, approached Captain Borland, and, tearing the epaulettes from his shoulders with one hand, and relieving him of sword with the other, sent him to headquarters under guard, later to be court-martialed, cashiered, relieved of command, and sent into lasting and well earned ignominy.

I never saw him again. The unfortunate episode barred him from restoration to his chair in the University, and the disgrace and humiliation followed him to a dishonored grave.

During a portion of my service at Grand Junction I was detailed to guard a well, at the home of a prominent citizen, who it was feared might poison the water needed by the troops. At first I may have shared the apprehension of the commanding General, but before being relieved I almost came to despise him for his unwarranted fears.

A noble Southern gentleman, surrounded by a Christian family, impoverished by the vicissitudes of a most cruel war, he yet was loyal to the stars and bars. It would have been little less than natural or human that he should come to hate me, for there could be no misapprehension of the purpose of placing me there to guard the well, but if he entertained any such sentiment it was not disclosed by his attitude or that of his family.

Accepting it as an unpleasant though perhaps an essential precaution, and myself as an innocent instrument, all resentment was speedily swept aside, and my enforced stay on his premises constitutes one of the pleasantest recollections of a sojourn not surcharged with cheerful episodes.

Indeed, long after the war had ended I wrote to this gentleman, asking that I might, while journeying through that section, pay a visit to himself and family, and thank them for the courtesies extended me while performing an unpleasant duty at his home. My letter fell into the hands of his executor, who courteously conveyed the information that such members of the family as had survived the war had removed hence, leaving him very little indeed to administer upon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHASED BY GUERILLAS—BURNING OF GRAND JUNCTION FORREST'S DASH INTO MEMPHIS

General Forrest's guerilla band was a host to be reckoned with in the campaign of '64 in Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi. It became impossible for the Federals to operate the railway beyond Grand Junction, and between that point and Memphis, Forrest's men frequently made a dash to the line and hastily removed a few rails or cut the telegraph wires.

Dave Wooten, chief telegraph repairer, with a considerable force of linemen, was kept exceedingly busy maintaining communication between Memphis and the front. With a detail of four men, I accompanied him upon one of these repairing expeditions, and narrowly escaped capture and a term in some one of the Southern prisons. Wooten, from the top of a sixty-foot pole, espied a troop of cavalry debouching from some low-lying hills but a few miles from the railway. From his vantage point he soon made out that they were Confederates, and that they were bearing down directly upon us. There were, perhaps, fifty men in the troop, whereas we had but six rifles and our side arms.

Obviously discretion was more commendable than valor, and without waste of a moment's time our party were loaded upon the hand-car and speeding down the track at thirty miles an hour. The men worked the double lever with exceeding great energy, and before the "rebs" could get within rifle range we were out of harm's way.

In my haste I had forgotten a much-prized silver watch that I had hung to a telegraph pole, and that is all the "Johnnies" got for their long chase. It constituted a very amusing episode, though I fear I may have failed to make it appear as such.

The capture of Wooten would have been a great loss to the army, since he was one of the most skillful, daring and intrepid wiremen in the employ of the government.

Sometime in August, '64, I was a member of a squad detailed to conduct to Memphis a number of guerillas captured in the neighborhood of Grand Junction. The expedition almost culminated in the capture of our entire party.

In the early morning of the day following our arrival, and before time to return to the front, General Forrest and a rather formidable troop of cavalry made a wholly unlooked-for dash into the city from the south, looted the Gayoso house, a number of banks and mercantile establishments, and were out again to the north before more than a fraction of the Federal troops or citizens were aware of their presence.

A detachment of "Johnnies" stormed a building in the very heart of the city, the Pemberton Block, used for the confinement of rebel prisoners, but the heavy guard stationed there succeeded in beating them off. It was a hot engagement, the first I had witnessed, and when fully assured that the Confederates had withdrawn from the city and were not likely to return, I began to appreciate the hazard of the experience.

There were a sufficient number of Union soldiers in Memphis to have overwhelmed Forrest and his little band, had time enough been allowed to form and march into the city, whereas to the eastward, within two hours run from Memphis, was an army of 60,000 men.

Perfect knowledge of the country gave to Forrest an immense advantage in his operations. His troop was always well mounted, and it was possible for him, at almost any time, to duplicate his August dash into Memphis.

Successful in surprising and capturing the pickets on the outskirts, at break of day, within an hour his troopers were dashing through the main streets of the city, to the infinite delight of its disloyal citizens, and the corresponding terror of the smaller bunches of Federals, stationed here and there to guard prisoners and stores.

General Washburn, commanding the department of Western Tennessee, a guest of the Gayoso House at the time, barely escaped in his nightclothes to the river, whence he was rowed to the protecting walls of Fort Pickering. It was a rather undignified spectacle for a Major General to present, and contributed much to the gayety of camp life when the facts became known.

Mistaking the sortie for an advance in force upon Memphis, General Smith was ordered up with his army from Holly Springs. Before he reached the city, Forrest was following up and harrassing his rear, having made a wide detour and got in behind the Union forces.

The order for Smith's return to Memphis was tantamount to the abandonment of most of the country between that city and Holly Springs.

Before the war Grand Junction had been a somewhat noted educational center, boasting of a college and a seminary. The buildings of these institutions presented a mournful spectacle when we were there, having been targets for the heavy artillery of the Union army.

The town and its environs possessed many beautiful homes, and those on the outskirts had protected our men on picket and vidette duty through many storms of that summer.

My last view of the once handsome little city was filled with genuine sadness, since the order had been given that all should be handed over to the torch when the last of the troops and the stores had been loaded, and the trains were ready to pull out for Memphis. Great clouds of smoke were being poured into the heavens from all points of the compass, lurid flames lept high in air, and doubtless before the last train had departed all that was beautiful and artistic in Grand Junction had been wiped from the face of the earth.

Prior to that time, the country for miles around in every direction had been completely devastated. There was left scarcely a habitation, a barn, fence or corral, within a radius of a hundred miles. Planters who had not joined the Confederate army, together with their families and servants, had moved into Grand Junction, existing I know not how, and the spectacle I witnessed, of their last shelters going up in flames and smoke, was one well calculated to move the dullest heart.

Many of the soldiers were loaded on flat cars, from which their vision was unobscured on either side. Among these was a company from a State I will not disgrace by naming, the members of which, as the train moved eastward, amused themselves by shooting at every living object along the right of way, human as well as beast.

Taking no heed of a warning sent forward by the officer in command, the train was brought to a stop, the offenders to a man unloaded, and compelled to march into Memphis, a hard two days' jaunt, through a barren waste, with scant rations.

The punishment visited upon this merciless band, who, had they been sailors would have been pirates, met with the spontaneous approval of their comrades, and when the import of the order came to be understood, a shout of approval went up from thousands of throats calculated to drown the thundering noise of the trains.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A NEAR TRAGEDY—THRILLING RECAPTURE OF COLORS A REGIMENT SHOT INTO BITS

Arriving at Memphis, our regiment went into camp at Jackson Spring, five miles eastward, and there enjoyed well earned rest from a rather strenuous summer's campaign down in the enemy's country.

Here, while on vidette duty, perhaps two miles from camp, a rather humorous incident occurred. My brother, from his camp on the opposite side of Memphis, had sent his colored servant with a note to my Captain, requesting that I be permitted to visit him in the field hospital there.

The darkey was directed to the vidette post where I was supposed to be stationed, and, as he approached, I gave the command to "halt."

Paying not the slightest heed to my order, he continued to advance, displaying, as he did so, a matchless set of teeth, and grinning from ear to ear.

Under the strictest orders to shoot any living thing that failed to respond to a challenge, I repeated the command to halt, at the same time bringing my rifle to bear directly upon the smiling darkey. My obvious determination not to permit him to approach at last reached his inner consciousness, and he called out:

"Is you Mistah Davis?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, sah, Mistah Davis, I dun been sent heah by your brother, Major Davis, to bring you over to where he is, and I'll be glad, sah, if you'll quit pintin' that gun at me, cause I'm your brother's orderly, and he wouldn't like to have me shot for doin' it, no sah!"

Needless to say, I lowered my rifle, and gave the grinning darkey the welcome desired.

Sorry was the sight witnessed at my brother's camp. Of the fully recruited regiment of a thousand and one men, before the summer campaign began, less than one hundred were able to respond to the call for dress parade, nor was there a commissioned or non-commissioned officer in the entire command who had escaped death or more or less serious injury, incapacitating him for duty.

While in this camp I was the guest of the Drum Major, a warm friend of my brother, who helped me to a better understanding of the latter's mishap at the front, and how it was occasioned.

At the battle of Tupelo, a stand of colors, presented to the regiment by the ladies of Columbus, Ohio, had been captured, and my brother, astride a white horse, and wearing a white linen duster, dashed into the enemy's ranks, recovered the flag, and, wrapping it about his body, wheeled and flew back to his command—but not until he had received an almost mortal wound in the neck and face, the ball just missing the jugular vein and piercing his right cheek.

Needless to say, I was highly elated over this thrilling narrative, and later read, with more than ordinary interest, the newspaper accounts that had been given of the heroic act of my brother. For it he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and Brevet Colonel, and detached for duty at the War Department, soon becoming the confidential military aide attached to the person of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. He was with that distinguished personage all through the trying period following the assassination of Lincoln. At the close of the rebellion he was commissioned Captain in the Regular Army, assigned to the 8th U. S. Cavalry, and served until 1874 in various Indian campaigns, at one time being in command at Fort Yuma. After retirement he was happily married and settled in San Francisco, his bride a daughter of General Kirkham, and the first offspring named "Stanton" Davis. He was appointed Superintendent of the Mint at San Francisco by President Johnson, and later was appointed and confirmed as Minister to China. While preparing for this mission he was attacked by a fatal illness, and within an incredibly short time was laid to rest in the Kirkham family vault at Oakland.

# CHAPTER X.

## EMBARKED FOR HOME—THRILLING STEAMBOAT RACE BETWEEN TWO RIVER LEVIATHANS

If any verification were needed of the truth of Gen'l Sherman's declaration that "War is hell," it was plainly visible in all that I witnessed in Tennessee and Mississippi in the last year of the frightful fratricidal struggle. It was in the very atmosphere, on the face of the landscape everywhere, stamped upon the countenances of the people, suggested in the drawn features of soldiers and citizens alike, whether Unionist or Confederate, and seemed even to have been impressed upon the brute creation. Torch and sword had indeed wrought fearful havoc, and left that entire section of the country a blackened waste, from which recovery seemed at the time almost hopeless.

I was glad when my term of enlistment expired, and rejoiced that the government, seeing the end in sight, no longer required the services of self and comrades. I longed to have the veil drawn and the terrible scenes of carnage, of bloodshed, of ruined cities, of wrecked homes and devastated fields, shut out from view—if it might never be from memory.

I was not nearly so enthusiastic a warrior at the close as at the beginning. My appetite for glory was appeased without having absorbed much of it. My loyalty was as dependable, though my zeal had preceptibly diminished, and whereas I never wavered in my devotion to the Union, I yet came away from the South with revised opinions of its people, and the strongest possible conviction that they believed in the justice of their cause, and were battling for it with all the sincerity and hopefulness and trust of inspired patriots. My profound sympathies for them in their deep distress and almost hopeless prostration had been ineradicably enlisted, inspiring me with respect that has survived to this day and hour.

We were to return as we had come, by vessel to Cairo, thence by rail to the muster-out camp. Our regiment was packed, veritably like sardines in a box, aboard the steamer "City of Alton," while a sister steamer, the "Warsaw"—two of the largest vessels in the lower Mississippi river trade—was similarly packed with troops of other commands.

The two leviathans backed out from their slips practically at the same moment, and, before the grim walls of Fort Pickering had faded from view it was plainly apparent that a race was on. When the famous Island No. 10, a few miles above Memphis, was passed, the vessels were abreast, and, during the long leg to Cairo there was scarcely a moment when there was a boat's length between them.

Down in the engine room the members of the lusty black crew were ceaselessly charging the capacious maws of the furnaces with fuel—first with wood, then with oil—each fully realizing the importance of never-flagging zeal in firing, and straining every muscle to outdo their fellows of the Warsaw, each as ambitious as the skipper to win a victory over the rival craft.

Officers monopolized the state rooms between decks, and made futile efforts to snatch a little sleep, while the hurricane deck was crowded with private soldiers, racing from stem to stern, noting every lurch of both vessels, lustily cheering when the "City of Alton" seemed to be gaining, and correspondingly depressed when the "Warsaw" showed a trifle advantage. There was no provision for sleeping, and it is questionable if any would have embraced it had there been, so tense was the feeling aboard, so concerned in the contest that never for a moment lagged.

The spectacle was indeed inspiring. The river was running full, the night was pitchy black, the lights from the cabin windows cast a shimmer upon the rushing waters, and ever and anon, when the furnace doors were opened to receive a fresh supply of fuel, long fingers of flame shot out, lighting all of the decks for an instant as by a noon-day sun, and illuminating the dense growths of stately pines on either side of the river. These periodical flashes of flame lasted but a moment, and by their intensity accentuated the blackness of the night with their disappearance.

Before midnight the excitement among the spectators had developed almost into a frenzy. Each fairly fought for a place at the rail, and so densely were the men packed on the side overlooking the competing vessel that the "Alton" was seen to be listing heavily, while the same condition obviously obtained on the "Warsaw."

Discipline had become so relaxed among the men that orders were wholly disregarded, and it became necessary, before morning, to mount guard on the hurricane deck, and force the soldiers back from the rail at the point of the bayonet to the opposite side of the boat, to prevent it from capsizing.

The sun rose next morning upon a weary host, not a member of which had closed an eye, nor did the distribution of the morning ration with hot coffee seem to relax interest in the contest between the two great vessels for supremacy on the Father of Waters.

Both drew into Cairo as the shades of night were falling, each docking at a different pier, and neither with the advantage of five minutes in its favor.

Record time was made, and for many years after the war the famous race between the "Warsaw" and the "City of Alton" was a familiar topic for gossip among steamboatmen of the lower Mississippi.

Upon arriving at Davenport I learned that a near relative, Col. Henry Parkhurst, was the paymaster, a circumstance I availed myself of to secure discharge and pay check in advance of comrades, and to reach home days ahead of them.

That was a trick I should not be proud of, but when my age at the time is considered, the reader, I feel certain, will be disposed to cover it with the mantle of charity. If I may not successfully plead age in this instance, I at least may be privileged to suggest the consciousness that at the earliest possible moment a waiting mother longed to see her baby boy.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PATHS OF PEACE—EXPERIENCES AS A TRAMP PRINTER "BEARDLESS EDITOR OF EGYPT"

Three months later, just past 18 years of age, found me the editor and publisher of the Olney Record, a weekly journal of some note in the "Egypt" of Illinois.

Strange how the fate of individuals is controlled and directed by circumstances trivial in themselves! Working my way from town to town through Iowa and Illinois, as journeyman printers were wont to do fifty years ago, I arrived in St. Louis at an inopportune time, just as a strike of compositors was being inaugurated. I had joined the Union at Peoria, and, with a traveling card in my pocket, I fancied myself secure from calamity of any nature whatever. But I had not counted on the perversity of the "walking delegate," nor did the plethora of my purse assure me continuing meal tickets. But your average American boy may be counted upon to make good under almost any conceivable train of circumstances, as I did in this case.

Charles R. Bell was my "angel." He possessed a trunk full of silver polish. I yet possessed a few pieces of coined silver. Result: a merger, and one not contemplated by the Interstate Commerce act. We took to the road to sell the commodity, following the line of the Ohio and Mississippi railway, until Olney was reached. There I found conditions not only to my liking, but apparently shaped accurately to my needs.

The polish business had not been excessively remunerative for two. We had a considerable quantity of the silver polish yet in stock, but most of my coined silver had been parted with along the trail. I placed the few remaining pieces in Bell's palm, "God blessed" him two or three times, and sent him on his way down the pike.

For myself a job was waiting. A little coterie of local politicians and office-holders owned a newspaper plant, but their paid manager was indulging a protracted spree, and the prospects of an issue of the paper that week were exceedingly meager.

Could I write locals, editorials, set type and operate a Washington hand press? That was the complex question fired at me by the interested parties on the day of my arrival, which chanced to be a Sunday. To all these I could readily answer in the affirmative. One more: "Do you drink?" To this a most emphatic negative. So, on Monday morning, I was given full charge of the plant—all profits to me, no assessments upon the stockholders.

In the absence of any other distinctive feature or circumstance, the fact that I was the youngest editor in Illinois, if not in the universe, attracted some attention to the Olney paper. People who had no interest there or concern for the journal or what it represented, yet were curious to see what a 19-year-old kid might have to say upon national issues.

I believe I made good, at least for a time, and while the cards were dealt to me straight. But at the first recurring election every one of my stockholders was knocked out at the polls, and speedily lost interest in maintaining a partisan paper. I had no continuing contract with them, and apprehensive that they might embrace the first opportunity to rid themselves of responsibility, I anticipated the event by surrendering my charge while yet my fame as the "Beardless Editor of Egypt" was at its zenith, and withdrew with what honors I had earned.

Once more on the road! To Vincennes, Louisville, Cincinnati, Portsmouth, Parkersburg, Wheeling, and on to Pittsburg. Then, doubling back on the trail, I again landed at Cincinnati, destined to become my abiding place until 1872.

## CHAPTER XII.

### JUVENILE MISSIONARY WORK IN THE QUEEN CITY YIELDS HANDSOME RETURNS

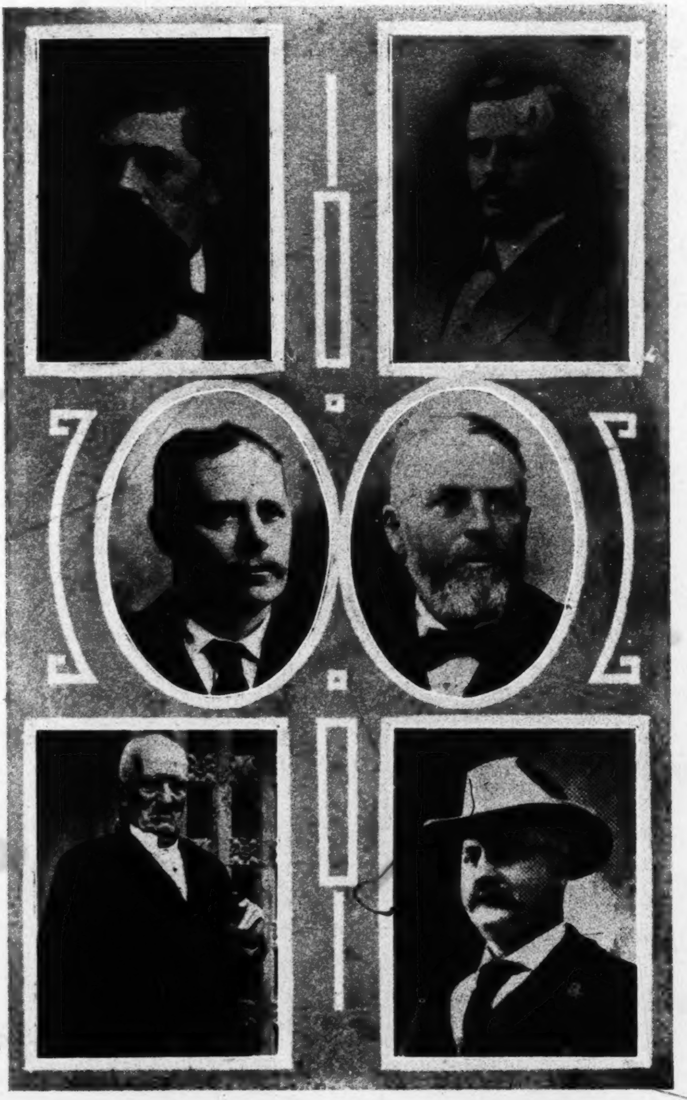
While in Cincinnati I was variously employed on the *Enquirer,* the *Times* and the *Chronicle,* my sojourn there being quite without notable event until the close.

I had become interested in, and attached to, the "Union Bethel," a mission on the river front doing a vast amount of practical good among the riff-raff of the Queen City. My assignment was to the Sunday School, which boasted 5,000 pupils, a few of them old enough to be my grandfather, and some of whom had to be taught the alphabet.

My efforts in this mission work, a side issue of course, and calling for my services mainly on Sundays, awakened the attention of Henry A. Manning, a silver merchant, who, although doing a prosperous business, was yet doing it on borrowed capital. Aware of this fact, he would have been the last of my acquaintances to whom I should have appealed for assistance in an emengency.

He one day approached me with the somewhat startling proposition that I must leave Cincinnati. He had noted my failing health, and possibly the exhibition of a degree of energy and ambition not consistent with it, and had concluded that, if I desired to remain on earth and continue to provide for my dependents, I must seek a change of climate and environment, and to some extent relax my all too ambitious struggle.

Had I at the time known he had not a cent of his



HON MATT PARROTT
Ex-Lieut. Governor of
Iowa

HENRY A. MANNING
Manning, Bowman & Co.,
New York

FRANK A. VAUGHN
Printer-Poet of the Rockies

WM. N. BYERS
Founder Rocky Mountain
News

COL. NAT DANIELS
Beau Brummel of Leadville

HON. DAVID DAY
Oracle of the Spanish
Peaks

own to loan me, I certainly would have refused his proffer of financial assistance, but the information only came to me years after that the funds with which I was "set up" in business for myself in a distant State were borrowed by my benefactor in driblets of a hundred here and two hundred there, wherever he could lay hands on the money.

"Find the opportunity, my boy, and I will do the rest," was his kindly and earnest assurance; and thus it came about that the only outside assistance I ever had came from one in no way related and under no obligations to me.

It was an episode quite out of the ordinary, and yet so possible of repetition, in like circumstances and conditions, as to encourage the more youthful reader of these lines to so conduct himself, in all the relations of life, as to merit just such assistance at a critical juncture as was forced upon me.

By means of advertising far and wide, I soon had numerous proposals to invest the borrowed funds in an established newspaper plant, from which my choice fell upon one coming from St. Charles, Mo., a city of only 5,000 people, although its birth antedated St. Louis. Indeed, I was told that a hundred years previous to my advent there it was a common custom to address letters to St. Louis, "*near* St. Charles," the additional direction being considered essential to its proper dispatch.

The newspaper purchased, with its robust mortgage attachment, was the *Cosmos,* the oldest weekly publication in Missouri, and as if to add to the aroma of antiquity of the journal, it was pointed out that upon the identical spot where the office was located the Stars and Stripes were first raised over the entire Upper Louisiana country after its cession to the United States by Napoleon.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DECIDED TO LOCATE IN A FIELD WHERE I WAS NEITHER NEEDED NOR WANTED

Thus, at twenty six years of age, I again embarked on a strange craft, and in new and troublesome waters, taking chances that an older and wiser person would surely have shrunk from. The population of city and county was about evenly divided between Germans and Americans, but even that would not have been so bad for me had not political lines been so unfortunately drawn, the Republican party being made up almost wholly of Germans, who had two papers printed in their own language to support; albeit the American residents of this border county of a border State, still unreconstructed and unreconciled to the defeat of the Confederacy, could not be expected to look with much favor upon a Republican journal, edited by a Yankee ex-Federal soldier.

As I regard it now, my decision to locate in such a place, in the circumstances, was the very concrete essence of journalistic madness. It was obvious, although I did not recognize it at the time, I was neither needed nor wanted at St. Charles. Had I been less egotistic, I should not have settled there, and yet, had I been less bold and courageous in defending my convictions, I should have failed to command the respect of either nationality or political faction. That I met with even a modicum of success is certainly creditable to my management, for there was not a feature of the situation in my favor.

Singularly enough, a great disaster that befell the city soon after I began operations there, a calamity in the ultimate results of which I was naturally supposed to share, opened the way to placing every resident of St. Charles under lasting obligations to me, and from that day my triumph over all obstacles was assured.

The principal, and indeed about the only, industrial establishment in the city, was the repair shops of the North Missouri Railway, now a link in the Wabash system. Some fifteen hundred mouths were fed from the robust pay-roll of this concern. I had hardly cast my little craft adrift when the shops were removed to Moberly.

With almost a third of the population directly or indirectly dependent upon the industry, the effect upon business and credits, and all of the multifarious affairs of life, in that little world, may perhaps be inferred. The announcement of the calamity came like a bolt from the blue, only it promised to prove more disastrous than a hundred bolts from aerial batteries.

Citizens of every class were terribly depressed, for all were sufferers, and gave themselves up to vain regrets and bemoanings of their fate. Values went to smash almost instantly, money tightened in the local banks, credit was partially suspended, and an almost impenetrable gloom settled over the community.

At once realizing that I was up against a very serious problem, I speedily brought to bear upon its solution every faculty in my possession.

"Why is not St. Charles as good a point as any for the manufacture of cars by an independent company?" I asked, and speedily gave myself to the task of disclosing a reason, should there be one.

Without consultation with any one, I slipped away to St. Louis, to Litchfield, and to Dayton, where independent car shops were in successful operation, and soon I was able to return with such a mass of favorable statistics as to convince local capitalists that I was entirely correct in my judgment, although it was more an inspiration than a deliberate operation of the mind.

I will not say it was easy to interest capital, for the fact that a great railway had, at considerable sacrifice, abandoned the city for a site elsewhere that seemed superior, was everywhere urged as an off-set to my claims. But eventually I succeeded in securing subscriptions to $150,000 of the stock of a new company which I launched, although unable to take a single share for myself. Within a year the new industry was in operation, and since has developed into one of the largest and most prosperous car building industries in the country.

Directly I profited not a cent for the expenditure of time and effort, but my success caused all classes of people to sit up and take notice of me, and in after years, when visiting St. Charles, the management honored my call with generous blasts of the factory whistle and liberal clangs of the factory bells.

After all, I believe the average man cares more for the approval of his fellows than for sordid gain. At all events I was mightily proud of my first achievement in the line of promotion.

Indeed so deeply was I impressed with my achievement and its promised consequences, that I at once began investigation in another direction, in the fond hope that, possibly, I might add another factory and another pay-roll to the city's productive industries.

A strip of land, mainly alluvial, between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, so narrow that both streams may be seen from the same vantage point, annually produced three million bushels of corn. This was known as "St. Charles White," and so excellent was it that all first grade corn in the St. Louis market was and continues to be sold under that name. Oftentimes, however, the crop did not warrant shipment, and instances were frequent where it was employed as fuel.

I sent a sample to the leading chemists of St. Louis, developing the unlooked-for fact that the corn contained a greater quantity of starch properties than the product of any other section of the country.

Supplementing this encouraging information with ample data as to the profit of manufacture, I had little difficulty in financing the new project of a starch factory among home capitalists, mainly those who had subscribed to the stock of the car company. Then all that remained to be done was to interest a practical starch maker.

While casting about for such an essential, my eye caught a three line telegram from Kansas City to the St. Louis *Globe Democrat,* to the effect that

"A party of Englishmen are here, looking for a site for a starch factory."

The fates, apparently, were playing directly into my hands, and this relation of what followed will give the people of Kansas City the first authentic explanation of how it missed securing a big industry when little remained but detail. I took the next train for Kansas City.

Encountering Col. Van Horn, veteran editor of the *Journal,* on the street, he invited me to attend a special meeting of the Board of Trade, called to consider the starch proposition.

The avidity with which I embraced this wholly unlooked-for opportunity to learn all that was to be known about the matter would have struck my journalistic friend with amazement, had he been anything of a mind-reader; but inasmuch as he graciously suggested that the building of a factory in Kansas City would open a new market for "St. Charles White," my all too obvious enthusiasm was accounted for.

The meeting lasted two hours, and resulted in a proposal to offer "the party of Englishmen" title to a piece of ground for the factory, free water, and exemption from local taxation for a term of years

The English party turned out to be a single person, one Charles Fairfield, who appeared to be greatly encouraged by the evidence of hearty co-operation, and especially by the added assurance that "St. Charles White" was readily obtainable in unlimited quantities.

When, later, I joined him at his hotel, his pockets were bulging with the great product of my county, upon the merits of which he seemed quite disposed to enthuse.

When advised by me that the raw material would first have to be hauled across the entire State of Missouri, and the finished product transported back again to the larger market, his interest in my scheme perceptibly increased, and when I related what had already been accomplished at St. Charles, the victory over Kansas City was complete.

Fairfield was my companion on the return journey. He subscribed for a considerable block of the stock of the new St. Charles company, and at once got busy drafting plans for the factory.

More could not well be done until the financial success of the enterprise had been demonstrated. This achieved, a glucose factory followed, and within fourteen months three rather pretentious industrial enterprises were in full operation, and the loss of the old North Missouri repair shops quite forgotten.

Later, sundry correspondents of the Kansas City *Journal* made pointed inquiries regarding the failure of the proposed starch factory for that city to materialize, but no one seemed able to satisfy public curiosity.

It now was desired that the advantages of St. Charles as a manufacturing center should be more widely known, and in the line of publicity I got up a special edition of the *Cosmos*, detailing its advantages, for general distribution throughout the country. To this issue the local Board of Trade subscribed for several thousand copies for distribution at the International Exposition of that year at Vienna, Austria.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## SINGLE-HANDED ENGAGEMENT WITH AN INFURIATED MOB TO SAVE A MISERABLE LIFE

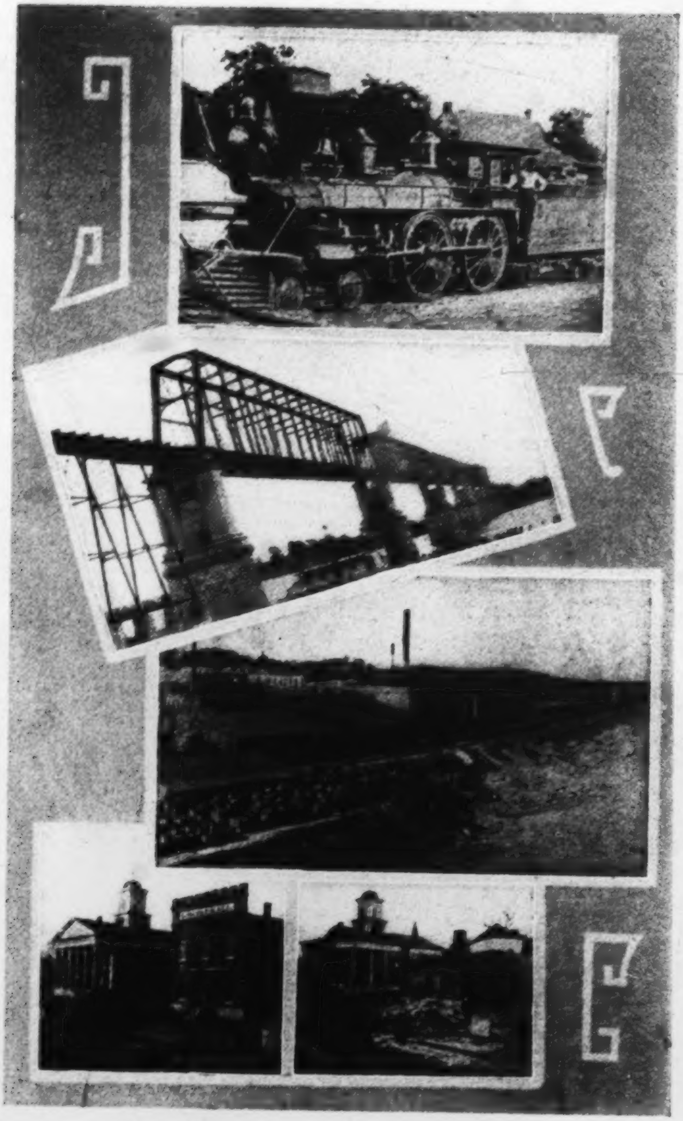
While engaged in the work of publicity and development a most deplorable incident occurred, and one that briefly threatened to balk my efforts to induce all classes of people to locate.

A strapping negro tramp had been arrested for attempting a nameless outrage upon the wife of a German farmer. Feeling against the brute ran high, and while his preliminary examination before a Justice of the Peace was in progress, a mob, embracing several hundred Germans, their frenzy enhanced by liberal potations of beer, indulged the morning hours, gathered in front of the court room and waited with obvious impatience for the termination of the hearing.

On my homeward way, at the noon hour, I noticed the demonstration, and before reaching the opposite side of the street, I observed a man with a rope, the noose adjusted, standing before the door of the Justice's office.

The intention of the mob was all too obvious, and I felt that I must do everything in my power to thwart its purpose. Had the accused been acquitted, I perhaps might have regarded the matter with a shade of acquiescence; but the Justice had held him to answer to the grand jury, and officers were emerging from his office with the prisoner.

I felt that the hanging of a man in broad daylight, in the principal street of the city, would be a lasting



EARLY RAILROADING
First Locomotive Used West of the Mississippi River

NORTH-MISSOURI RAILROAD BRIDGE
Spanning the Missouri River at St. Charles

ST. CHARLES CAR WORKS
Conceived and Founded by the Author

COUNTY COURT HOUSE AND CONCERT HALL, ST. CHARLES, MO.

THE CYCLONE OF 1873
Havoc Created in the Business Section of the City

disgrace to St. Charles, and that such an episode, given wide publicity, would prove an immediate and continuing damper to my hopes of adding to the industrial population. The criminality and shocking immorality of the thing aside, there was enough in the former consideration to heighten my indignation and nerve me to an effort at least to save the good name and fame of the town as a law-abiding community.

I did not for a moment realize that I had a monopoly of this line of reasoning. Hastily crossing the street, just as the fated victim was being pushed out of the door, and men were placing the rope about his neck, I appealed successively to the Sheriff and to the Chief of Police, passive witnesses of what was transpiring, to help me save the town from impending disgrace. Neither responded.

Then, quickly opening a large pocket knife, for no time was to be lost, I jumped into the midst of the mob and cut the rope; while the noose was again being arranged, the officers succeeded in pulling the terribly frightened negro across the pavement and into the street, and when again it was placed about his neck, I forced myself to his side and again cut the rope.

The jail was but a short distance, else I certainly would have been defeated, and the officers finally were enabled to approach a little nearer to it with the prisoner each time I cut the rope. I think I repeated the operation four times before the prisoner was landed behind the bars.

Needless to say, I was not handled very gently by that mob, and with my clothing torn to shreds, and with blood flowing from numerous superficial injuries received in the *melee,* I turned in an opposite direction for my own home, also but a block from the jail. Upon opening the door of my home, I fell in a dead faint across the threshold, to the intense alarm and consternation of all within.

When consciousness returned, I discovered that the mob, their frenzy intensified by a realization of defeat, had quitted the precincts of the jail, and were gathered in groups on all sides of my home. Hatred of the negro had been transferred to me, but the mob was too cowardly to make an attack, and too excited to withdraw and give up their hellish design.

Some time during the night, however, the crowd dispersed, leaving me to wakeful and troubled dreams, in which always the horrible face of a negro, livid with fear, his eyes protruding, his tongue hanging on his chin, was the central and dominating feature.

The St. Louis papers printed elaborate reports of the near tragedy, according to me more than my meed of praise for physical courage displayed.

# CHAPTER XV.

## DEATH AND DESTRUCTION COME OUT OF THE HEAVENS ON A PEACEFUL SUNDAY

Before the close of my second year in St. Charles the old town began to put on modern garments, and to prepare for the place it was earning as an industrial center. My political status, always agreeable to the German element, no longer seemed to concern the English-speaking population; but, whereas the Germans were at times fulsome in their praise, they reserved patronage for their own papers.

However, I had little cause for complaint, since what was done or left undone was consistent with natural laws and the eternal fitness of things. I secured sufficient patronage to keep my newspaper enterprise in the current, to enlarge and improve the plant, and eventually to remove the incubus of debt hanging over it.

After a somewhat strenuous campaign, I was able to show a larger circulation than either my English or German competitors, and thus secure the public printing contract; albeit, all classes seemed to rejoice in this triumph, for the reason that the opposition press had pursued a dog-in-the-manger policy toward industrial advancement, ridiculing my efforts to establish car works, starch and glucose factories, and in all ways consorting to defeat my purposes.

There had been quite an addition to the population, later arrivals becoming my most dependable allies. New houses sprang up, business blocks were erected, and the city was just fairly launched upon a new era of pros-

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perity, when another awful calamity was visited upon it, and with scarcely a monent's notice.

The *Cosmos* office occupied the second story of the Mittelberger Operahouse, overlooking the Missouri River, a few hundred feet distant.

While sitting at my desk, one quiet Sunday afternoon, I observed a sudden change in the atmosphere, the blue-white air of the sunny day turning to a bright copper color in the space of a few moments, the darkness of night following. The change both oppressed and startled me. For a time breathing became difficult. Looking out upon the river, I saw approaching the hideous shape and terrible visage of a cyclone cloud, formed like a cornucopia, and charged, as my instinct told me, with death and destruction. It seemed to emit a sulphurous odor, and as it approached the air became almost stifling. It appeared to be following the course of the river, and I calculated that unless its bulk should expand or its course change, the city might escape its ravages. Although it appeared to move slowly, revolving as it approached, really not more than a minute passed before it swept over the city like an avenging Nemesis, visiting ruin on all sides.

Rising hastily from my desk, I noticed the partitions of the building swaying like leaves in an autumnal storm; the lights I had turned on when darkness first appeared went out, and, with a crash as of thunder, the roof of the Operahouse was whipped off bodily and stood upright in front of the building, smashing all of the windows, and leaving the interior in utter darkness.

Terrorized by the frightful noise created by falling walls, I made my way through the building to the rear as best I could, since egress from the front was entirely shut off, and gained an eminence overlooking the whole city.

My first impression was that everything had been destroyed, since such buildings as had not wholly collapsed were covered with the debris of the less fortunate, and the main street for a distance of two miles was so filled with brick and mortar and twisted timber that passage through it, save afoot, was for days impossible.

Almost my first thought was as to the fate of a funeral procession that I had observed passing the office only a few moments before the storm broke. Fortunately, as later appeared, the long line had emerged from the path of the cyclone and escaped over the crest of the hill. Delayed ten minutes in its progress through the main street, it is not likely there would have been a single survivor.

For the information of readers who never saw a cyclone, or studied the peculiarities of one, I may state that it is usually a funnel-shaped cloud depending from the sky, narrowing as it approaches the earth. In that shape it passes over a well-defined but usually narrow strip of territory, moving with almost lightning rapidity, bounding up and down like a ball, or, perhaps, more like a spiral spring, expanding and contracting, with its progress.

This peculiar jumping or bounding motion produces most astounding results. I encountered localities in its wake where the fences on either side of a house would be completely removed while the building would be left uninjured. At one point, where, before the storm, stood a solid square of buildings facing four streets, upon the site of all which not a nail could be found.

Arriving at my home, I found it the only structure in the entire block not wholly or partially ruined. And here a singular phenomenon occurred. My mother was lying in a second-story room. Bricks from the chimney of the adjoining house were carried through a side window and over the bed, without injuring the occupant, but smashing a mirror on the opposite side of the room.

A huge timber, 12x12 and 60 feet in length, was carried a distance of several blocks and projected literally through both walls of the County Courthouse.

A baby was picked up, carried over the river, and safely deposited in the town of Brotherton, not a hair injured.

The massive metal roof of the county jail was whipped off, as if but a shingle, and carried through the air a distance of three miles, passing over a bridge spanning the river, like a huge aeroplane.

The effect upon the jail constituted perhaps the most singular and startling phenomenon. A vacuum apparently had been created, causing the four walls above the first story to fall outward, leaving the iron cages intact.

Through the bars could be seen numerous prisoners moving about, as untamed animals pace their cages, blood streaming from the faces of many, and all screaming and shouting for succor like so many howling dervishes. The cages had been so severely wrenched that the locks would not work, and it became necessary to saw the bars to liberate them.

The cyclone passed diagonally through the country, spending itself in the Mississippi just above St. Louis, but leaving death and destruction in its wake.

The worst over, I set about the task of partially clearing the debris from my printing plant and preparing to issue "extras."

The gas plant had been destroyed, and under the dim light of hastily improvised kerosene lamps my printers and pressmen worked the night through.

I fancy extras of a newspaper were never issued under so many disadvantages. I wrote the story of the storm in the open, as I passed from street to street, my faithful "printer's devil" following my footsteps and conveying copy from wherever I might be to the printing office.

There was no sleep in St. Charles that night, and the bonfires kept burning here and there made it possible for me to write out of doors and keep from freezing, since an unusually low temperature followed the cyclone.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Fearsome Midnight Conference with Condemned Murderer in His Cell

During the summer of 1873 one Charles Foster was lodged in the St. Charles jail and booked on a charge of murder. At his trial it was shown that, while tramping through the county from Alton, Ill., he encountered a negro carrying a rifle, which he coveted.

Approaching an apple orchard, Foster induced his companion to enter and secure some of the fruit, offering to hold the weapon and stand guard in his absence. The unfortunate victim of his avarice had scarcely cleared the fence when Foster sent a rifle ball through his body, killing him instantly.

The deed was not without a witness, and the murderer was soon apprehended. He was convicted, but secured a second trial, and altogether spent more than a year in the local bastile.

Having to pass the prison several times a day on my way to and from the office, it was convenient for me to drop in occasionally and carry to the fellow some dainty from my own table, as well as a supply of tobacco. I had entertained no sentiment for him other than loathing, but I had heard some of the testimony at the preliminary investigation, and scented a good story in the man before he should be executed.

Convicted a second time, he was sentenced to be hanged at Warrenton, a neighboring town, in the immediate future.

There had been rumors that the train bearing him hence might be held up and the prisoner released, and, out of abundance of precaution, the authorities had decided to take him away on a freight train passing St. Charles in the night, the date of departure closely guarded.

Foster, grateful for the courtesies extended him, had promised me a story, and I had arranged with the jailer to send for me the moment he should receive notice of the hour the culprit was to be taken from his custody.

The summons came at midnight. Foster was to leave at 4 A.M. A few moments later I was alone in the cell with the doomed man, the turnkey asleep in the corridor, a fact borne to me by his uninterrupted and heavy breathing.

Foster, attired only in flannel underwear, sat upon the edge of an iron bed facing me, sitting on a low stool. He was a man of great muscular strength. The face turned toward me for two mortal hours was that of a murderer, with every bestial instinct marked, and as the recital of his life's brutal history was unfolded, and the closing scene set for the morrow was borne in upon him, his facial aspect sent thrills of horror through me and awakened a fearful apprehension, before the interview ended.

The story he told, with a facility that marked it as substantially true, was full of human interest, and even after a realization came to me of my peril I hung on to his words, hoping for more.

He confessed to me, as he had not to another living soul, that he had long been a member of the James gang of outlaws, and then followed with many details the story of a score of bank robberies, a dozen train holdups, and murders almost beyond belief.

In the haste of my departure from home I had provided myself with but a single pencil, and, in taking down so lengthy a narrative, it naturally needed frequent sharpening, albeit in my excitement I broke the point oftener than ordinarily would occur. In the attitude described, with an open knife in my hand, and the turnkey out of sight and sound asleep, consciousness of my peril came with a shock that well nigh unbalanced me.

With the knowledge that he was to face the gibbet before the sun again should rise and set, it was not unreasonable to suppose that he might hazard anything to free himself from his fetters. He had but to throw his ponderous weight upon me to crush me, seize the knife, with it attack the guard, and from him recover the key that would set him free.

A full half dozen ways of escape, all of the simplest nature, occurred to me, as I alternately wrote and sharpened the pencil, and the difficulty of my position was accentuated by the added fear lest I might betray the terrible thoughts that were surging through my brain, and give him hint of his power.

That it did not occur to him as it had to me has ever been a profound mystery. The only theory upon which I have been able to reconcile it with the possession of the commonest degree of human instinct is that the man was absolutely and wholly absorbed in the recital of his life's history, in which he displayed singular pride—that his thoughts were concentrated upon the events of yesterday, wholly shutting out the frightful vision of the morrow. It is certain that thought of escape never entered his mind.

Half an hour before train time the Sheriff arrived, bringing to sudden and welcome close the most terrifying ordeal ever endured before or since.

I knew the St. Louis papers would all be represented at Warrenton on the morrow, and I pledged Foster that the story he had given me should be exclusive, regardless of pressure brought to bear, a pledge he kept with strictest fidelity. I was the last person to bid him good-bye on the scaffold, just before the black cap was adjusted, and his last words were an expression of gratitude for the kindness of my treatment.

I returned to St. Charles and printed a story that was appreciated for its news value, being put on the Associated Press wire and sent to the four corners of the earth. By my metropolitan contemporaries it was accounted a clever bit of newspaper work, although none knew at what cost to my sensory nerves.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE GREAT REVENUE CONSPIRACY OF '73—MY CONNECTION WITH ITS PRINCIPALS

Files of the St. Louis papers alone contain the story of the greatest conspiracy ever organized in this country to defraud the revenue. The present generation know little about it. And yet the discovery of the plot, after hundreds of thousands of dollars had been filched from the national treasury, the apprehension of the ring leaders of the conspiracy, their subsequent trial and conviction, constituted perhaps the most sensational occurrences of the early '70's, and held the closest attention of the people of the nation for the greatest part of two years.

Discovery was accidental, and came about by a comparison of whiskey known to have been produced within certain districts, and the gross revenue derived from the same, showing an enormous discrepancy.

Supervisors, gaugers and storekeepers in the revenue service, from Louisville, Nashville and Memphis, in the south, to St. Louis and St. Joseph, Mo., in the north, were involved, as were owners of influential newspapers, notably Mr. Wm. McKee, founder of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat,* and the proprietor of a journal at St. Joseph, a person named Bittinger.

A circumstance that accentuated the thoroughness of the organization, and the safeguards with which it was buttressed, was the proved direct connection with the ring of General Babcock, private secretary of General Grant, then President of the United States.

The chief spirits in the combination, the men who discovered the plan to systematically rob the government, and who organized the plunderers into one more or less cohesive band of robbers, were Supervisor John McDonald and Gauger John A. Joyce, both of the St. Louis revenue district. The latter supplied the brains for the combination. All of those named, and numerous others, including Secretary Babcock, were indicted.

At that time, political feeling running high, it was not difficult to place one's hands upon men, some high in public life, who professed to believe that even the President had guilty knowledge of what was transpiring. No such absurd thought is entertained at this time by any one, but reference to the popular trend of the time seems essential to the consistency of my story, a true one, and here for the first time given publicity.

So complete were all the links in the slimy chain, extending from the White House to the banks of the lower Ohio and upper Missouri, that every act of the treasury officials at Washington, almost their very thoughts and most secret intentions, were instantly communicated to the conspirators, enabling them to "clean house" and fortify against detection and exposure, thus prolonging the existence of the ring, and enabling its members to continue their plundering of the revenue, even after the existence of an extensive leak somewhere was known to the treasury officials.

The most trusted men in the secret service were periodically sent into the several districts, but they would scarcely start on their mission before the fact would be wired to all of the interested parties. The value to the ringsters of the services of the President's Private Secretary was thus doubly accentuated, and, in a way, accounted for the belief, quite popular at the time, that the conspirators were being shielded even by the Chief Executive himself.

The facts here recited added greatly to the perplexities of the government's chief prosecutor, United States District Attorney D. Pat Dyer, at this writing, U. S. District Judge at St. Louis. And it was here that my humble connection with the matter came in. Dyer's chief assistant, the man who drew up all of the pleadings in the important cases, was Col. Ben Emmons, of St. Charles, a neighbor and confidential friend and at the time a partner of Col. Dyer, long since passed to his reward.

Up to a certain juncture in the proceedings before the federal court, Col. Emmons was accustomed to return home for the night. Through him I thus was kept advised of every step of the prosecution, and soon I was in possession of secrets which the tortures of the Inquisition could not have wrested from me, but which the St. Louis papers would have paid handsomely for.

But the Nestor of St. Louis journalism, Wm. McKee, was under indictment, and Col. Dyer, reasoning from analogy, was in such doubt as to the proven ramifications of the conspiracy, that he dared not trust any of the St. Louis newspapers.

There were periods, during the protracted hearings, when he desired certain intelligence to go to the country through the medium of the press, and it was here that I became a more or less useful medium of communication for the chief government prosecutor. At such times I went to St. Louis and interviewed Col. Dyer, and the outside press, without apparently divining the source of my extraordinary pull, was content to take the information second-hand from the columns of my little country paper.

But, as the hearing progressed, Col. Emmons ceased his nightly visits home, and I discovered, by means of a little probing, the reason for it. His office had been advised of the dispatch from Washington of secret service men, commissioned to break into the vaults in Col. Dyer's office, and steal the documentary evidence against Col. Babcock stored there. For a considerable period of time, and until all danger had passed, Col. Emmons slept on a couch, in front of the vaults, with two revolvers under his pillow.

Such was shown to be the power of Gen'l Babcock, even after indictment by the Grand Jury—almost unthinkable the proposition, yet true,—that some men, high in authority at the capital, actually conspired to defeat the government they served, taking the extreme risk of safe-breaking to save a fellow-conspirator from merited punishment.

The trial resulted in the conviction and punishment of most of the offenders; Dawes, Bittinger, Feineman, Hasselman, Sheehan, Borngesser, Rendelman, Avery, Maguire, Ernest, and others whose names are not recalled. Mr. McKee died in the St. Louis jail, while awaiting trial.

Babcock escaped on technicalities, but subsequently went down to a dishonored grave.

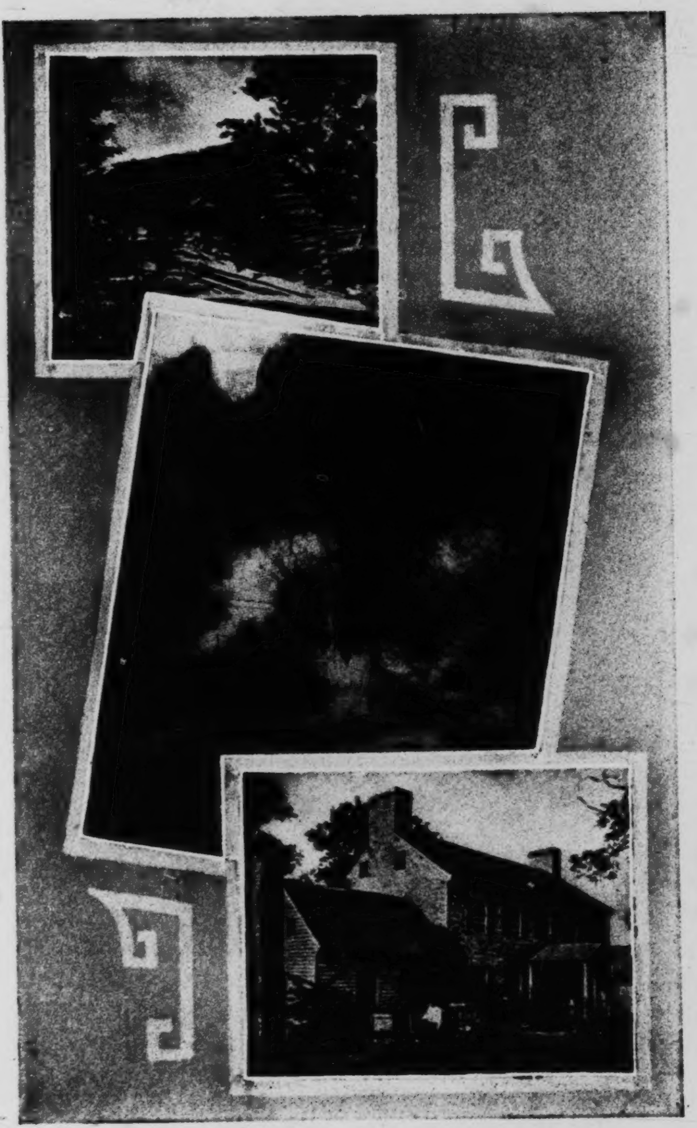
McDonald, who, just before exposure, gave to President Grant a ten thousand dollar span of horses, was lost sight of behind the walls of a federal prison.

The one bright particular star, who rose superior to all his accumulated difficulties, was sent to the State prison at Jefferson City, but emerged from its grim walls two years later with flying colors. Going to the Supreme Court upon a brief prepared by himself, Col. Joyce was liberated upon the ground that a "cumulative sentence," such as imposed upon him, was unconstitutional.

The previous and subsequent career of Joyce entitle him, as well as the reader, to an added paragraph. At twenty-two he was an inmate of the Kentucky insane asylum, "gone daft" on perpetual motion. His cure was slow but absolute, and upon regaining his liberty he wrote a book upon the treatment of the insane in asylums. It attracted the attention of that small but earnest and worthy class given to the study and correction of social and humanitarian problems, to whom doubtless it proved illuminating.

The position to which President Grant had assigned Joyce at St. Louis was neither profitable nor influential in itself, but he possessed a high order of intellect, was versatile in his accomplishments, with a most ingratiating address, his expressions scintillating with wit and humor, an all around racconteur, and, above all, a born diplomat. He was one of the most interesting, entertaining and lovable characters I ever have met. His equipment for plotting and scheming, for finesse and diplomacy, was complete, and, by the adroit use of all these instrumentalities, he soon became a factor in Missouri politics to be reckoned with by all who sought governmental recognition at home or at Washington. His power was so comprehensive that it was said one could not hope for appointment to even a fourth-class postmastership without his endorsement. There was scarcely discernible in his make-up a single weakness, and all through his trial he bore himself with such a degree of manly courage and fortitude as to force admiration, even at the hands of the government prosecutors.

When, after conviction, Judge Krekel asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he arose in his place in the dock and delivered one of the most remarkable appeals ever heard in a court-room, a speech that filled every auditor with its eloquence and pathos. I offer no apologies for reproducing, and thus perpetuating, a portion of it here. Sub-



Early Home of Daniel Boone, Near St. Charles, Mo.
"Judgment Tree," Under Which Boone Held "Court"
House Near St. Charles, in Which Boone Died

sequently it found its way into the publications of nearly every civilized country in the world, being everywhere recognized as a distinct literary classic. Col. Joyce said:

Before this honorable court passes sentence, I beg leave to state my conviction was secured by the perjured testimony of self-convicted thieves. Feineman, the rectifier; Borngesser, the gauger; and Rendleman, the storekeeper—all lineal descendants of those ancient scoundrels who crucified Christ—came upon the witness stand and paraded their own infamy by acknowledging that they had stolen whiskey from the government through a term of years, at the rate of from one dollar to fifty cents a barrel. The pencil of Gustave Dore could not do justice to those three wandering Israelites, who seemed ever to be on the lookout to steal small things when big ones were conveniently at hand. Feineman and Fagin are identical characters, and should be immortalized in living infamy. I dismiss these pillars of fraud and perjury, consigning them to the devouring fury of a rotten conscience.

I was indicted for failure to report in writing certain alleged knowledge and information of certain fraudulent transactions of petrified perjurers. The jury found me guilty on the counts, but, as a matter of fact, the conclusion was as false as the evidence. I agree that it had the appearance to the jury of failure of duty. We know, however, that things are not always what they seem. I simply declare upon my honor as a man, and my allegiance as an American citizen, here in the presence of this honorable court, to the whole world, and facing my God, that I am absolutely innocent of the charges trumped up against me by pretended friends and viper enemies.

It has not been shown in evidence, or even intimated by anybody, that I ever received a single cent in fraud of the revenue. Then, where is the motive that induced me to withhold the information? I did make a report in writing to the Supervisor and to Commissioner Douglass. The report, it is alleged, was not full. Neither was the information in my possession full or complete, as the facts were in Colorado, out of my district, and the theory I reported was in Missouri.

The District Attorney of the United States, in his concluding speech, introduced my copy-book, showing the transmittal letter to the Supervisor as something fraudulent. My lawyers or myself had not opportunity to explain the letter in evidence, which could have been done to the utmost satisfaction of everybody concerned.

Your honor, from the beginning of the case to the end, extended consideration and ordinary rulings. For this I thank you, in the name of the people and in the name of justice. I stand here today strong and bold in conscious innocence. My heart is actuated by that noble impulse that nerved Winkelried, when he opened a breach for the liberty of his country; or by that lofty courage that inspired Sir Walter Raleigh at the block. Like Raleigh, I may have puffed smoke through the window at the execution of some official Essex; but I never trampled on the royal robes of the virgin queen! For myself, I have no fear of any punishment on earth; yet, in behalf of my past good character, this being the first suspicion of guilt that has ever darkened my life, and in consideration of the support I owe my wife and children, I ask that magnanimity at this bar of justice that would be reasonably claimed by yourself under like circumstances.

A few short years will sepulchre the living of today with the dead of yesterday, and the celestial sunlight of tomorrow will bring us all to the bar of omnipotence, where the judge, jury, lawyer and client will meet upon the level of eternity and part upon the square of final judgment. Then all hearts shall be laid bare, and Truth will rise in magnificent triumph. The blood of innocence flows free and unruffled through the channels of this frame, and the artificial terrors that surround the victims of crime find no lodgment in my heart. When I look back to the field of battle, where I fought and bled for my country in its hour of terrible trial, I wonder whether patriotism is but a name, and gratitude of nations a mockery and sham, to lure the brave to destruction.

My simple sin is that of omission, and for it I suffer the deepest humiliation, while all the glorious services and recollections of the past are buried in the grave of forgetfulness. Is this right? Is this just?

This epidemical era of reform has arisen like the rush of a mighty flood, and speeds on to the gulf of punishment. The good and the bad suffer alike. The stream is full of driftwood and dead timber, while many young oaks and tall sycamores on the banks are loosened from their firm foundation and dashed into the river of destruction. But the rain falls lightly on the mountains, the sun shines warmly on the plains, and the flood, even now, is settling into its former bed, where the crystal waters shall again reflect the green foliage of the oak and sycamore, and the gentle breeze and the birds of spring shall make merry music in the cathedral aisles of generous nature!

The prison walls that hemmed in Galileo, Columbus, Tasso and Napoleon, did not measure the minds of the men. It is true their bodies suffered some torture, but the proud spirit that rose in their hearts leaped the bounds of clay, and soared away into the illimitable regions of science, poetry and war, making them monarchs of the hour and masters of eternity! Humble as I am in the walks of life, my soul is inspired by their illustrious example; and it shall be my future endeavor to show the world that, although I may suffer for a time the penalty of perjured testimony, yet, like a mountain crag, I shall breast the pelting storms and lift my head clear and bold to the coming sunshine of truth and redemption!

I have done!

I had met Col. Joyce in political conventions, in his office, and elsewhere, and an enduring friendship was the result of the contact between two appreciative and sympathetic natures. Not even the uncompromising attitude of my paper regarding the conspiracy served to shake our faith in each other or weaken the ties that bound us. I sympathized deeply with him in his downfall and disgrace, and early took occasion to visit him in his prison home at Jefferson City, hoping that I might give him some comfort, and possibly in some degree influence the Warden in the treatment of his distinguished charge. He was given a congenial position in the accounting department, and at once became a most respected "trusty."

Col. Joyce's devoted wife rented a cottage under the shadow of the grim walls of the prison, and, perhaps oftener than a strict interpretation of the rules would warrant, was permitted to see her husband. Soon after his release he published a book on prison treatment, and an autobiography entitled "Checkered Life," a work of absorbing interest from cover to cover. He wrote a great deal of verse of a high order of merit, the most enduring of which, "Love and Laughter", I here reproduce. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has taken occasion to dispute with Joyce the authorship of this poem, but I know, if I may not prove, that it was the product of the Colonel's pen. It is the philosophy of his life, and, besides that, John once took me into a saloon in St. Louis, and pointed out the identical beer barrel he sat on while writing it. That ought to be conclusive. Here is the verse:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
    Weep and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
    But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
    Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
    But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
    Grieve, and they turn to go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
    But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
    Be sad and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
    But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
    But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
    For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
    Through the narrow aisles of pain.

From Jefferson City, Col. Joyce returned to the national capital, happily living with his family in his wife's beautiful home on Georgetown Heights, and devoting himself to literary pursuits. There I leave him until ten years later, when, through a singular train of circumstances, he again injected himself into my life. I shall have more to say about him in its proper place.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EARNINGS OF FIVE YEARS ASCEND IN SMOKE—FAILURE OF HEALTH—OFF TO THE ROCKIES

Five years of devotion to what I had come to regard as a "mission" at St. Charles, found me in a condition bordering on nervous collapse, and I was advised that a change of climate was essential to continued existence. While there I had participated in a ten days' editorial excursion to Denver, and having been benefited almost beyond belief by the diversion, and, moreover, enraptured by the enchanting scenery of Colorado, and stimulated by its life-giving atmosphere, I determined to migrate thither, and, under the stimulus of its effulgent sunshine and the tonic of its ozone-laden air, undertake the rebuilding of health and rehabilitation of fortune.

I sold my newspaper property to W. A. McHenry at a good figure, but was forced to take mortgage notes in payment for it. A few months later the printing plant was completely destroyed by fire, and on a fateful New Year's night, all that was pledged to secure payment of my lien—the concrete product of five years' arduous labor—went up in smoke. The mortgagor had permitted all insurance to lapse, and what I had counted upon to start me in business in the far west was irretrievably lost.

It was a terrible blow, calculated to paralyze the average man. It must be that I was not entitled to that classification, for I determined not to permit it to discourage me or alter my determination to hew out a fortune for myself, plus at least a modicum of fame, under the shadows and uplifting influence of the rugged mountains of my new home. Restoration of health was the first consideration, and I happily chose the speediest road to that consideration.

Journeying to Fort Collins, in the spring of '76, I sought out the largest rancher in the Cache-le Poudre Valley, Mr. William Batchelder, and tendered my services in herding his sheep, of which he possessed thousands. The fact that he did not need an additional herder at that time, a circumstance he stated without expenditure of surplus gentility, had not the slightest influence upon my purpose. The more important fact that I should exact no wages, and that I would serve him as faithfully as though abundantly remunerated, had the desired effect.

On the following morning I was placed in charge of a band of sheep in the foot hills, remote from the ranch house, and provided with a tent for shelter from sun and rain, an iron cot, sheet iron stove, a chest of cooking utensils, rifle and revolver.

Thus I began a new life, the varied delights of which may not easily be portrayed. My duties, with the aid of a number of those singularly intelligent animals known as shepherd dogs, consisted mainly in keeping the sheep from straying away, and protecting them from the ravages of mountain lions and other beasts of prey. Occasionally they were stampeded at night by those predatory animals, and scattered for miles over the foothills, the only occasions when the labor became at all strenuous. When such visitations were coincident with thunder storms, the element of danger in the task was three-fold, since, in the darkness encompassing the hills, it was difficult to pick one's way over unseen fallen timber, half-concealed precipices and other pitfalls, and to avoid too close contact with the great yellow monsters, watching in covert hiding places for opportunities stealthily to approach the sleeping band of sheep, gather a lamb in their capacious jaws, and noiselessly return to their haunts high up on the mountainside.

Upon one such occasion, after the entire night had been spent in repelling repeated forays of this nature, I had lighted a large fire on the side of a "draw" in the mountains, perhaps fifty feet wide, to thaw myself out and dry my clothing, and had thrown myself on a blanket on a shelving rock near by. I awakened from a sound slumber, just as day was breaking, and, to my amazement, observed, through my half-closed optics, an immense cat, with a lamb in its mouth, leisurely ascending the opposite slope.

It was my first sight of a mountain lion, and I confess to a little shakiness, a slight tendency of the heart to escape through the throat, as I grasped my rifle and brought it to bear upon the huge bulk of the audacious brute.

Did I miss my aim? Hardly. Blindfolded, one could scarcely miss a broadside target such as that, thirty paces distant, but the ball failed to reach a vital organ, and a second was necessary to its final dispatch. The animal, from tip of nose to end of tail, measured over nine feet, and I am sure Teddy Roosevelt was never prouder of rhino trophy in South Africa than I of that monster, brought down on the slopes of Sawtooth mountain.

Days and weeks thus passed without sight of human being, days of quiet rest in the shade of my tent, reading favorite books, smoking friendly pipe, and for diversion engaging in pistol practice, with bounding jack rabbits or coiled rattlesnakes for quarry.

The glory of the sunrise, coming out from the distant east over measureless level wastes of buffalo grass, and lighting with flames of fire the miriad snow-clad spires and pinnacles of the lofty mountain range that stretched out its broad arms as far to north and south as eye could see, was equalled, if not surpassed, by the hardly less beautiful, though more subdued, effect of moonlight on the mountains and plains, clothing the foliage of lofty pines and rugged rocks and verdured tablelands with a mantle of satiny sheen.

Three months of that sort of life, and I was ready for braver enterprises and a more strenuous career. I had put breakfast foods in the discard, and placed sole reliance upon canned pork and beans, and like substantial flesh and nerve-building foods.

## CHAPTER XIX.

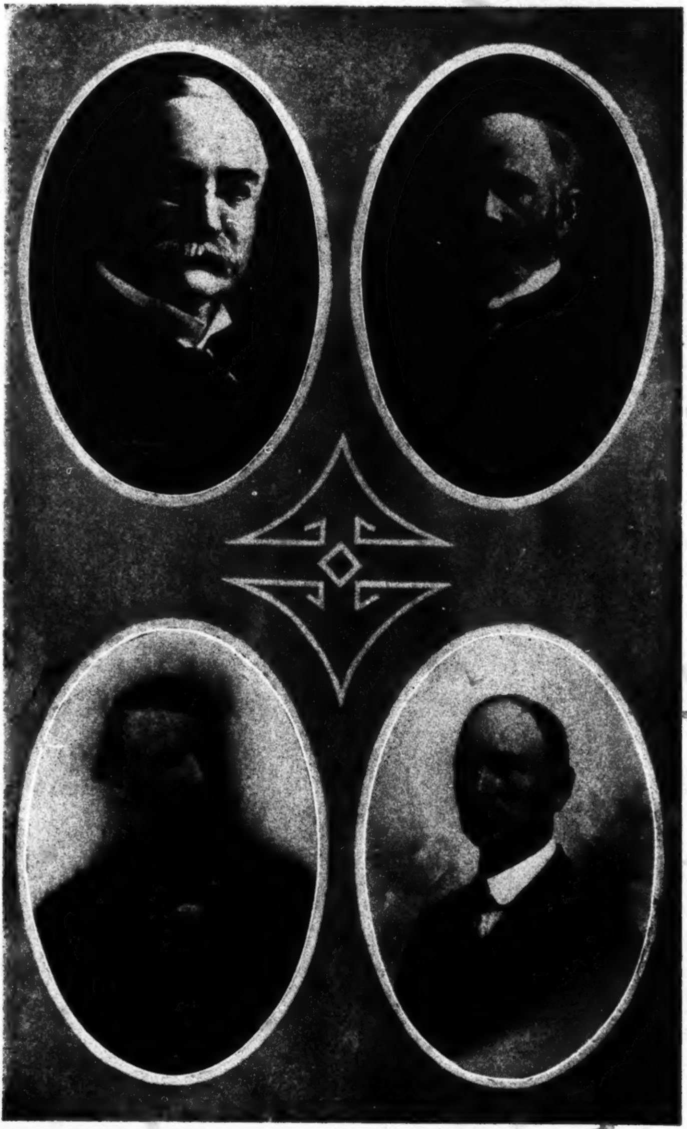
### A SUMMER IN THE MOUNTAINS—PERILOUS ASCENT OF LONG'S PEAK—TRIUMPHANT TOUR

Pooling issues with an asthmatic friend from Cincinnati, Henry Wood, we bought two horses, a wagon, and a complete camping outfit, and started upon a leisurely tour of the State, taking in North, South and Middle Parks—a day here, a week there, as good fishing or hunting directed, living mainly upon the product of rifle or hook-and-line, and putting in such a summer of joyous sport as two rejuvenated semi-invalids rarely ever enjoyed.

We made a somewhat perilous ascent of Long's Peak to its very apex, 14,380 feet above the level of the sea, to witness a gorgeous sunrise from that lofty elevation, camping at timberline the first night, and rising at four in the morning to make the final climb. The last mile was over vast beds of frozen snow, frequently at an agle of 45 degrees, sometimes standing upright, but oftener prone on our faces, cutting our way through icy barriers with dirk knives, measuring each step with great precision, lest we miss our footing and be precipitated into the depths, thousands of feet below.

At one point we were compelled to creep on hands and knees, on a narrow shelf of rock, around a semicircular curve in the mountain, so narrow indeed that a portion of our bodies projected over a sheer precipice of almost unfathomable depth.

But the goal finally was reached, and the view that met our gaze was so truly wonderful and entrancing as



**HON. ALVA ADAMS**
Twice Governor of Colorado

**HON. JAMES B. GRANT**
First Democratic Governor
of Colorado

**HON. FREDERICK W. PITKIN**
Early Governor of Colorado

**HON. JESSIE R. McDONALD**
Late Governor of Colorado

to well repay all the hardships endured. The great chain of mountains, three hundred miles in width, extended north and south to the limit of vision, cloaked in a mantel of eternal, never-melting snow; the vast plain, level as a floor, reaching out to the eastern horizon.

Although eighty miles distant, so clear was the atmosphere, the houses and fences in Denver could plainly be seen, while to the southward, 120 miles away, a train of cars on the D. and R. G. R. R. was seen rounding a curve in the vicinity of Pueblo.

Return to timberline was more speedy and less perilous, and after a few days' rest we were off in search of new worlds to conquer.

Approach of winter brought an end to our expedition, and on a bleak November day we drove into Denver, defying any one to identify us as the two semi-invalids who, six months before, had unfurled our banners and set out for sight of the high places.

Were I not writing for a new generation, presumably unfamiliar with Colorado's earlier history, it would be unnecessary to refer to the salient features of its marvelous growth and development, but it seems more or less essential, since it proved to be the scene of my labors for nearly a quarter of a century, and within its borders were to be found opportunity for health, wealth and happiness.

Every influence of earth and air early inclined me to its majestic mountain ranges, its expansive parks, and broad sweeps of verdured plain, its crystal streams and roaring cataracts, its ozone-laden atmosphere and its effulgent sunshine. Our single season's sojourn had sufficed to restore the wasted tissues, to multiply the red corpuscles of the blood, to dissipate the brain fag, and to rehabilitate and rejuvenate every function of the body. Contact with the earth and exposure to the air had stamped me with a ruddiness that would not wash off, added luster to the eye, firmness and assurance to the step, hope and good cheer to mind and heart. I walked on air, my thoughts as lofty as the mountain range that formed the western barrier, and I was impatient to plunge into inviting activities.

# CHAPTER XX.

## GLIMPSE OF THE EARLY COLORADO—PROGRESS FROM GRAZING TO GOLD AND SILVER GREATNESS

Denver, at that time, was a straggling city of scarce 20,000 population, and there were few places of any importance elsewhere in the State. Father Meeker, inspired by the optimism of the sage of the New York *Tribune,* had started a little colony in the north, and named it Greeley.

General Palmer, General Cameron and their associates, from Philadelphia, had just laid the foundation for Colorado Springs and Manitou in the south.

Pueblo, later the "Pittsburg of the West," was little more than an outfitting point for prospectors for the San Juan country, while Georgetown and Central City, on the west, divided honors, one a gold, the other a silver camp, although a single mountain spur separated them.

The original hegira to Colorado was occasioned by the discovery of placer gold in Cherry Creek, near the present site of Denver, and this was known as the "Pike's Peak excitement". When the gravel beds there became too lean to warrant further exploitation, miners abandoned the field and found their way into the mountains to the westward, in more or less successful search for gold and silver, and thus Georgetown, Central City and Black Hawk came into being.

Another contingent pushed their way farther into the heart of the Rockies, and California Gulch, some 200 odd miles to the south and west, disclosed auriferous wealth compared with which Croesus' horde or Inca's gold fades into insignificance.

Scarce a mile from the present site of Leadville, a camp christened "Oro City", had grown from a straggling, one-street village, of a few hundred inhabitants, to a city of 60,000 within a twelve month; that was way back in the early 60's.

The placers exhausted, Oro City vanished, almost as magically as it had arisen, and a few years later only half a hundred men were left to continue the search for the source of the gulch gold in the mountain range that encompassed it. "Tabor's Store," a famous land mark, was about all that remained of Oro City when I first saw it in my tour of the State in '76.

Mining was not a flourishing industry at that time. Cattle and sheep raising were esteemed the more remunerative, and claimed the attention of the greater number of persons. The Kansas Pacific had been completed to Denver, and a line northward to Cheyenne, the Denver Pacific, afforded an outlet to the east and west by junction there with the Union Pacific and its connections. The Denver and Rio Grande, then a narrow-gauge line, connected Denver with Pueblo, 120 miles southward, and that constituted the entire transportation facilities of the State.

There was a gradual increase of population, but its natural advantages and resources were but little appreciated at home or known abroad.

The wonderful mineral springs at Manitou, resorted to by ailing red men before white occupation, drew a few hundred people from the East every season, but the marvelous wealth of the State, in base as well as precious metals, in coal, and especially iron, and the adaptability of the soil to cereals, to hay, and more particularly to fruit, was not even dreamed of.

In 1876 the ranchers, for the first time in history, produced more wheat than could be consumed in the commonwealth. Freight rates were prohibitive, and it was seen that wheat production must be restricted, or home consumption increased, the solution of the problem being a tacit agreement to diversify crops, and join in the efforts being made to promote migration and colonization.

# CHAPTER XXI.

## THRILLING RAILWAY HISTORY—GUARDING MOUNTAIN PASS WITH CANNON—GORGE FORTIFIED

Having lost my "stake" by fire at St. Charles, I had an immediate personal problem to solve, the bread-and-butter issue. Finding that the pay of printers was more remunerative than that of editors, I turned to my trade for sustenance, although later I was influenced to exchange "stick and rule" for pen. My initial assignment was to furnish the *Rocky Mountain News* with a report of the first excursion over the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railway to Dome Rock, in the canon of the South Platte River, a distance of about twenty miles from Denver.

My production was so satisfactory to the management of the paper that I was at once offered the position of chief editorial writer for the paper, retaining it until the Democrats secured control and changed its politics. The distinction was mine of having edited the last number of the *News* as a Republican journal. I then took the city editor's desk, where I could grind out all manner of stuff without shock to my conscience, and I retained that place during the remainder of my sojourn in Denver.

But a word in passing about that little railroad, which a noted traffic man humorously described as "starting at a stone quarry and running up a tree." The Denver, South Park and Pacific was the exclusive enterprise of local merchants and capitalists, but I question if any of

LEADVILLE IN ITS INFANCY
View of the Embryo City in 1878, from Brooklyn Heights

the original incorporators had the slightest conception of where it was going, when or why.

Nevertheless the inspiration of Ex-Governor Evans, for whom Evanston, Illinois, was named, proved to be the most profitable bit of railway construction ever entered upon in the United States, the stockholders receiving $248 for every dollar invested, when the line was absorbed by the Union Pacific. This was brought about by the later marvelous discoveries of carbonate ore at Leadville, resulting in an immense tonnage.

The management of the Denver and Rio Grande had decided to extend its line to Leadville by way of Pueblo and the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, and although a hundred miles farther, it beat the Denver, South Park and Pacific to the goal by several months.

The history of the struggle of each road reads like a romance. The latter was extended a mile a day, the traffic paying all operating expenses, fixed charges and cost of construction.

Passengers for Leadville were taken to the end of the track, where stages were in waiting to transport them hence to destination, a weary ride over lofty mountain ranges, occupying thirty-six additional hours.

But it often happened that more persons were ticketed over the line than could be furnished with seats in the coaches, holders of through tickets from the East being given preference, and upon such occasions, there being no means for their entertainment, nothing was left for the hapless passengers but to return to Denver by the train that took them out, and try for better luck next day.

The railway charged ten cents a mile from Denver to the "end of the track," while the stage fare exceeded that.

Freight rates were something to conjure with, more from Denver to Leadville than from New York to Denver. To be explicit, the commodity rate from Denver to Leadville, for a long time, was maintained at $29 a ton, or $1.95 per cwt., a rate in excess of that from New York, by way of Cape Horn, to Guymas, on the Gulf of California, or from the mouth of the Columbia to the Firth of Clyde.

Nor was it always possible to secure transportation for the less desirable classes of freight, the wagon freighters being the arbiters, free to accept only such goods as yielded the larger revenue.

When the road had reached, and was being operated, to the Platte Canon, one man, A. S. Hughes, filled all of the administrative and operative berths in the company below the presidency. This "Poo Bah" of the early days was vice-president, secretary, treasurer, general manager, freight and passenger agent, and, singularly enough, not being provided with an office, the books and records of the company were kept in a convenient drug store!

It is related of Hughes that, at a later period and after the gauge of his road had been changed, upon applying for exchange of passes with the Kansas Pacific Railway, he was asked by the General Manager thereof where his railroad was located. Catching the irony of the interrogation, he replied: "Oh, I'll admit my road isn't as *long* as yours, but it's as *wide*."

While this little "jerk-water" road was reaping its golden harvest in the early Leadville trade, its coming rival was being held up at the gateway, the southern portal of the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. Engineers had reported this the only feasible outlet to the upper Arkansas Valley, and its possession was being contested by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

There was room in the narrow gorge for but a single track, the precipitous walls on either side rising to a height of 3,000 feet. So bitter was the contest waged that the Denver and Rio Grande, in order to maintain possession, fortified it with cannon, and mounted a heavy guard at each entrance, twelve miles apart. The controversy was finally determined by the courts, adversely to the foreign corporation, and the work of construction thereafter was pushed with the utmost vigor.

The cost of this section of the line was enormous, $100,000 a mile for a portion of the distance.

So narrow is the chasm through the "Royal Gorge" that it became necessary to hang a bridge to the opposing walls, the only one of its kind in the world, parallel with instead of across the river. At this point the Arkansas is compressed within a channel scarcely fifty feet in width, through which the angry waters rush and roar at all times with the thunderous noise of a Niagara.

The first train over the "Baby Road," as it then was called, reached Leadville in July, 1880, and numbered among its passengers General Ulysses Grant and wife, Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant, and the party that accompanied the ex-President on his trip around the world, an epoch-making day for the City of the Clouds, surely!

# CHAPTER XXII.

## PRIVILEGED PEEP INTO THE ARCHIVES OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY

Written for the general reader, unacquainted with the intricacies of mining, smelting and railway construction, I have endeavored to avoid technicalities as much as possible in this volume and keep away from dry statistical facts and deductions. In this endeavor I have been so successful as to warrant me in departing from the plan, to the extent of a single chapter, in order to give place to a most remarkable letter dated September 15, 1877, from General Palmer to Dr. Lamborn, then Treasurer of the company, in answer to a communication from the latter, written the year previous, in which the opinion was expressed that "the newly discovered deposits of carbonates in or near California Gulch might draw a railroad from the plains up the Arkansas Valley to tap it." No such illuminating document, descriptive of the conditions obtaining in Colorado prior to the foundation of Leadville, has ever been given to the public. For the privilege of using it in this volume I am indebted to Mr. Frank Wadleigh, chief traffic official of the line, who discovered it lately among the musty files of the company in the office of the Treasurer. It is a most valuable contribution to the history of Colorado, and emphasizes the marvelous discernment of General Palmer, the sagacious founder and developer of the great system. Perusal of it, and careful analysis of its contents, will disclose the remarkable fact that the inducement to extend the line

Trout Fishing Ten Thousand Feet Above Sea Level
Hell Gate, Colorado Midland Railway, Twelve Thousand Feet Altitude
Typical Miner's Cabin Two Miles Above the Sea

from Pueblo to California Gulch was a gross tonnage of ore that since has been equalled if not exceeded by that of a single mine in the Leadville district.

Dear Sir: I was gone eight days in South Park and along the Arkansas, taking McMurtrie along, and making careful revision of the ground and estimate of cost with reference to present prices of labor and material. You will doubtless be surprised to learn that I am satisfied the proper route is from Canon City to Oro (Leadville), 110 miles, with a branch of 39 miles, if necessary, from the mouth of Trout Creek to Fairplay—a cheap line to build. We can either run through the Arkansas Canon or via the iron mines and down Texas Creek, avoiding the worst canon, and at an increased distance of say fifteen miles. This would greatly develop Wet Mountain Valley, which has a surplus of 5,000 tons best hay, besides oats and potatoes; and Rosita, which is today as important perhaps as Fairplay, and apparently as large as Fairplay, Dudley and Alma put together, and has two reduction works in full blast, with another just going up on Oak Creek, and according to Prof. Hill's statement to me, is good for 20 tons a day of shipping ore. Gold has been found at Rosita, and R. N. Clark, who at first doubted, speaks quite differently now, since the pocket seems so large. It pays from discovery shaft. Harrison guarantees (guarantee increased to 85 tons of ore, bullion and coke per day in May, 1878) at once to a railroad 15,000 tons of the high grade silver ore for shipment, besides the base bullion (33 to 40%) of product of two furnaces, and the coke and merchandise. I will report fully soon concerning the Arkansas Canon route, but meanwhile just give you a general idea. We are only threatened by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad on the south and South Park on the north. One line built up Arkansas Valley should keep both off most effectually. Tonnage is larger than last spring when you sent me that silver-lead phamphlet of Wood & Stevens, and said that this deposit may serve to build a railroad to that country from the plains. Stevens estimates the daily shipments of ore with railroad 1,000 tons daily, Wood, 500 tons daily. Meyer (Harrison's cautious manager), who certainly has no interest in magnifying, says it is safe to assume for a number of years a tonnage equal to what is now being produced, which he says is 50 tons daily (of which 30 tons is high grade for shipping and 20 tons for smelting at his works; estimate very much increased since). Every gulch in the 120 miles of Arkansas Valley, however, from Grape Creek to Tennessee Pass, on each side of Arkansas river, seem to have men working. It is a great advantage that the main Continental range doubles back from the head of the Arkansas all the way to Poncha, 70 miles, in course of which it averages, perhaps, not much over twelve miles between Continental water shed and Arkansas river. The country on the west side is the well-known Elk Mountain country, very promising in mineral (see map). There are smelting works on Chalk Creek, and another just going up; a mill or two at Granite; one smelting furnace at Malta; one at Oro (Leadville); one mill at Printer Boy mine, California Gulch; say three reductions works at Rosita; Harrison's manager says they will reduce in each furnace 20 tons of carbonate lead ore daily (they already want a car-load of coke per day from us for six months to feel safe). The 50 tons daily being now mined averages 30 oz. silver and 40% lead to the ton of 2,000 pounds. Ten bushels of coke are used to one ton of ore; 25% iron ore to one ton of silver ore. He has about 200 tons of our coke on hand awaiting commencement; will begin operating one furnace October 1, another in the spring. This carbonate district extends from Iowa to Evans Gulch, say two miles long, 1½ miles wide. The ore is in three great breaks of the strata. There are said to be six to eight such breaks between South Park rim on the east (head of Mosquito range of South Park, gulch opposite Fairplay) and Arkansas river on west, distance of say eight or ten miles. About eight or ten mines were benig worked, turning out ore, while I was there. Wood & Stevens have a mile in length on the Strayhorse break on which they have shafts sunk to mineral, continuously or close enough to show continuity of deposit. In richness, however, the "Gallagher," abutting them on the north, far exceeds. Everything appears to pay from time of striking deposit, 10 to 20 feet down. The Hays & Cooper mines were discovered a week or two before my arrival, within 200 or 300 yards of Harrison's new furnace. There was considerable excitement, and Senator Logan and Governor Routt were there, and out with picks, searching for ore. Archer's Homestake, a true fissure silver mine, is some eight miles further up, near Tennessee Pass. There also are two or three fissure mines at head of Evans Gulch, near California Gulch, around which most appears to concentrate, and which is said to have produced over three millions of gold in early days. It was the richest placer found, I believe, in Colorado. They are still washing there by a large canal from Arkansas river, and small water works from the gulch. The Printer Boy, a famous gold mine, with substantial works, is three miles above Harrison's furnace, California gulch; not now at work. Fourteen miles down the Arkansas are the Twin Lakes. With a railroad this would be the most attractive summering spot in Colorado, and could not be exhausted of fish. The lower lake is 2¼ miles diameter, the upper a mile or more. Two peaks, of about 14,000 feet, look down upon the lakes, on either side. I doubt if it would be necessary to build for some time the branch to Fairplay, so that less than $1,000,000 would be absolutely necessary. If built to Fairplay, add 30 tons of ore daily from that district, besides merchandise. The carbonate of lead district alone, on present yield, and Harrison's guarantee, would pay as follows, so say nothing of any of the other numerous mineral deposits from Rosita to Tennessee Pass or the South Park, which would come in at Trout Creek. By the way, active prospecting has traced the lead deposits southeast down Arkansas Valley, below Trout Creek, and on most of the gulches between Trout Creek and Oro. The hematite ore deposits at Oro, Poncha, etc., are rich and extensive, and at Oro can be produced cheaply (Captain Breese, who is acquiring all at Oro, says he can deliver at Harrison's furnace at fifty cents a ton). We visited the mine. It will last, I suppose, as long as Grape Creek deposit, and may come in well to mix with other ores.

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|---|---|
| Rough estimate 114 miles to Canon City via Arkansas Canon to Oro | $1,000,000 |
| Ten per cent on which is per annum | 100,000 |
| Cost of operating, say 114 miles (with 52-feet grade for most of the way and no swinging grades) would not exceed $10,000 per month | 120,000 |
| Necessary to earn gross yearly, therefore, to pay operating expenses and 10% interest on cost | 220,000 |

### ORE AND COKE BUSINESS ALONE OF ORO ONLY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Harrison's guarantee, 15,000 tons high grade, he now pays $18 ($25 per ton paid in winter) per ton ore to the Mexican wagons, freight to Colorado Springs, and say by railroad (half present cost) $9 | $135,000 |
| Forty tons daily of low grade ore reduced in to Harrison's furnaces to 13 tons base bullion daily, 4,700 tons, $9 | 43,000 |
| Requiring 10 tons coke daily, 3,650 tons for which he now pays freight from Colorado Springs $12 per ton, say by railroad half, or $6 ($25 paid for half the year when ox teams not practicable) | 22,000 |
| Omaha Works, in high grade ores, shipped out ten tons per day | 32,000 |
| Total | $232,000 |

The product of other than two furnaces at Oro (Eureka has 17) with the ores of other shippers than Harrison and Omaha, and the passengers, merchandise, express, timber (the Upper Arkansas Valley is well timbered for Colorado), grain, hay, etc., of this district, and the same, besides ores and coke for all the other gulches, between Rosita, at head of Arkansas, and for South Park, with the coal from Canon City, could be allowed for insurance of above calculation, dividends, etc. I sent you statement of shipments to and from Colorado Springs Station by our railway in detail, January 1 to September 1, for and from South Park, Oro, etc. By building from Canon, 110 miles, we would, of course, thoroughly control the trade and carry it to Denver as readily as Pueblo. We could discourage Denver extending the South Park Railroad, thus as readily as by building from Colorado Springs. Denver now gets most of Canon City and Colorado Springs trade. But without more detail I will enumerate some points for your reflection:

## Advantages of Canon Route.

1. Low gradent, 52 feet per mile for 80 miles, 75 feet maximum for remainder; can carry coal in and ore out cheaply. A 24-ton engine on eight driving wheels (three tons to a wheel, same weight as our Fairlie), could haul 20 cars loaded, up to Malta, and any number down. Our Fairlie can bring 50 or more cars of coal from Canon mines to Pueblo, and take supplies back; also merchandise and passengers attached.
2. Good, sweet water all the way in abundance.
3. Good winter route, deep valley, no snows to bother; these would trouble all the way across South Park.
4. Has considerable timber and population en route.
5. The Arkansas, after 30 miles up from Canon City, is a good agricultural valley, all the way to near the mouth of Piney, say 60 miles. Less upper canon, above Pleasant Park, 10 miles, leaves 50 miles of good agricultural valley for oats, wheat, field peas, potatoes, hay, barley, etc. It is greatly to our interest to control such valleys, so that we can give the farmers protective rates and get the country settled up and secure carrying of supplies back and passengers.
6. It would form the most valuable tourist route in Colorado. Our passage of the Veta has already shown how popular such railroad rides, showing wonders of

natural scenery, quickly become. From Canon City to Oro the attractions to passenger travel are unusual. The Arkansas Canon would undoubtedly be traversed by nearly every tourist coming to Colorado, and much of the California travel would come by way of Pueblo or Denver, in order to take in this bit of grand scenery. The resident population of Colorado would mostly manage to see it by means of excursions, to which the natives are much given. Above the Arkansas Canon the ride is mostly through the cultivated, park-like valley of the Upper Arkansas, interrupted by dashes into occasional short canons, with rapids and falls. For 60 miles here the passenger can look up on one side to the Continental Divide, which the line runs parallel with, and from whose crest it is but about 12 miles distant between Poncha and Oro. He looks up in this last three hours' railroad ride at ten peaks whose elevation exceeds 14,000 feet, and sees fields of snow which drain into two oceans. On the right is the high rim of the South Park. When within 11 miles of Malta he passes the outlet of the Twin Lakes, a mile or two distant, nearly encircled by high mountains, whose height seems doubled by reflection in the blue waters. There is nothing I know in Colorado finer than this spot. The lakes attain a depth of 80 to 100 feet, and the trout cannot be exhausted here by armies of tourists. The park around Poncha is very attractive. The hot springs here have the greatest abundance of waters, and seem to be very like those of the State of Arkansas, while by climbing 16 miles up Trout Creek, the basin of the South Park, with the Snow Mountains opposite Fairplay, Grey's and Pike's Peak are seen. We have hitherto considered the Ute Pass route superior for passenger travel, because of its proximity to Manitou. The Arkansas Canon, however, is worth much more, besides bringing the Manitou frequenters and those from Denver over 82 miles more of Denver & Rio Grande line.

7. We have a large amount of capital invested at Pueblo, Canon City, etc., which this would make good. Colorado Springs was not expected to rely upon mer-

cantile business, and can be sustained on other attractions. As regards the branch railroad, I take it the result is the same, whether the gain goes to main line or branch, but by building from Canon it may be made to benefit both, since all the business from Denver would pass over 120 miles of main line, besides the branch, and the tourists from Manitou would likewise traverse both.

8. As iron works will be at Pueblo, large smelting works, etc., we could supply iron cheaper to the mines in the mountains, the argument being similar to the coal traffic.

9. It will pass very large deposits of 60% hematite iron ore near Poncha (up South Arkansas), on Trout Creek, and adjoining Oro. This ore could be brought down to Pueblo very cheaply, and maybe the cheapest way to get rich ores to mix with the carbonates of Trinidad.

10. This route has a mineral range on each side for the whole distance; mines have been opened on nearly every tributary and gulch on each side. Besides Rosita, recent strikes have been made in Wet Mountain Valley; copper at Bayles; copper at Poncha, etc; with the argentiferous carbonate of lead and other silver deposits, from Trout Creek to head of the Arkansas; the gold mines of Granite and California Gulch. Gold washing is being carried on in the Arkansas river and in side valleys, as far down as Brown's Canon, 50 miles below Oro.

11. The route commands and helps develop besides the immediate Arkansas Valley, collaterly, the Rosita mines, our magnetic iron mines by a deviation of route, Wet Mountain Valley (which has 2,200 people), Texas Creek Park, the Elk Mountain country, South Park, and a country beyond the Tennessee Pass, on head of Eagle, Grand and Blue, (dominated by Mount of the Holy Cross), through which wagoning would extend 100 miles, as it now does for 100 to 200 miles west of Colorado Springs, Canon City and Garland. The Wet Mountain Valley has over 20,000 head of cattle, and with Texas Park, Elk Mountain country, Upper San Luis Park, and the south rim and slopes of South Park,

constitute a large cattle country, and a most important factor in the new dressed-beef trade.

12. It would COMMAND the following important railroad passes: The Arkansas Canon, Grape Creek Canon, Poncha, Marshall's Pass, Trout Creek, Weston's Pass and Tennessee Pass; some of these against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and others against a disposition to advance from the Denver and South Park Co.

13. While the best route for local business, passenger travel, gradients, climate, water, strategy, cheap operation, etc., it also takes in the South Park by a branch of 39 miles from Trout Creek to Fairplay, crossing with no grade exceeding 150 feet, and that for only 16 miles, and which can be built very cheaply.

14. It not only has the main Continental range, 12 miles distant on the left (for 70 miles from Poncha Pass to head of the Arkansas) and the limestone rim of the South Park basin on the right, but by certain passes (through one of the poorest of which, Cottonwood, a wagon road has already been built by the people of Colorado Springs) at the head of a branch of the Poncha, Chalk Creek, Cottonwood, Lake Gulch, etc., the Continental divide is easily crossed, and the Elk Mountains can thus, in proper time, be easily developed.

15. I heard from old miners and others many praises of the country beyond Oro, on Eagle, Frying Pan, and Roaring Fork, for precious minerals, timber, water and pastures.

16. By extension in due time, either through Marshall's Pass (the middle Poncha, which heads direct with the Tomichi), down the Gunnison waters, or over the Tennessee Pass, to the Eagle, or both, it forms a cheap and easy grade trunk line, through a good local country to the Grand River, from a point on which (see map) one line can be extended northwesterly to the White River or the Green, and so on to Salt Lake; and another southwesterly to and through Southern Utah, Southern Nevada, and the mines of the Desert of California, to Morengo Pass, San Bernardino, Los Angeles and San Diego. This would make a real Central and National

Pacific railroad line, good for Oregon and Southern California, equally on the west, and Chicago and Memphis, or Texas, on the east. This plan would leave our southwest line, from Alamosa, to reach and develop the San Juan proper, the Wingate and Zuni districts, the copper of the San Francisco Mountains, the Prescott mines of Arizona, which I hear are producing now about one and one-half millions yearly (and whose ores are rich and easily treated), and eventually be prolonged southwest to Tucson, in Arizona.

17. The "Marshall Pass" route, from the Arkansas range at Poncha, would go down the Gunnison waters, with Lake City, Ouray and San Miguel mines on the south, and the Elk Mountain country (of which Prof. Gardner formed most favorable opinions) on the north.

18. The Arkansas Canon route to Oro, when extended to Utah, or the Pacific, would form the most attractive passenger route across the continent by all odds, with the best climate (a medium one). The southwestern extension would pass not far from the Grand Canon of the Colorado, doubtless the greatest scenic wonder of this continent.

19. The Oro carbonate of lead district furnishes the largest immediate business, being "poor men's mines," cheaply and quickly opened, paying from the grass roots nearly, and yielding 50 tons daily. They are of particular value to transporters, because, 1st, they can be mined and delivered at furnace or a railroad depot at $3 per ton. Some of the ore is soft like sand, and a good miner has taken out 10 tons of ore in a day. Very little capital or machinery required; 2d, they furnish large immediate business in shipping high grade ores out; 3d, the ores smelted there will require nearly one ton coke to four tons ore; 4th, even the low grade ores smelted at Oro furnish one ton base bullion to every three tons of ore for transportation out; 5th, the large number of mines that can be worked at once when cheap transportation is afforded will furnish a demand for large supplies, merchandise, supplies, provisions, clothing, etc., back, with forage; 6th, with a district averaging from

10 to 12 mines now opened over so large an area, 40% lead and 30 ounces silver per ton, and requiring no preparation, how much ore ought to be produced daily, if freight per ton to St. Louis was but $15 per ton, instead of $28 as now ($18 to Colorado Springs, plus $10 to St. Louis). Captain Breese says that upon two months' notice the district could furnish 500 tons daily, if freight were only $15 to St. Louis. Stevens says 1,000 tons; Wood, at least 500 tons. I should think 100 would at least be within bounds. The supply will last long enough, anyway, I have no doubt, to build up into activity other mining districts along the railroad line on each side for the whole distance. What would this make lead cost at St. Louis? Let us see. The amount of ore in Stevens and Wood's mile of continuous development by shafts, that has in it 40% lead and 10 ounces silver ore, is enormous.

| | Per Ton |
|---|---|
| Cost mining and delivery ore at railroad station, say | $ 5 |
| Freight to St. Louis, via Canon City | 15 |
| Per ton of ore | $20 |

| | Per Ton Lead |
|---|---|
| Equivalent, say (at 40% lead) to | $50 |
| Deduct the silver in 2½ tons ore, at $10 | 25 |
| | $25 |

Add cost of reduction per ton lead

Gives $50 per ton lead as net cost at St. Louis, $25. Total, $50, or 2½ cents per pound.

Lead has not gone down that low yet. Harrison tells me the ore he has been shipping over our railroad averages 40% lead and over 50 ounces silver, and he says it would do to ship at present low prices of lead down to 20% lead, in spite of the expensive wagoning.

20. The carbonate of lead deposits have been traced in the limestone on the tributaries of the Arkansas River down to Trout Creek, and even I believe to the South Arkansas.

21. It is the shortest and cheapest single line which will at the same time tend to keep out both the Atchison Company and the Denver and South Park Company from our territory; while also certainly paying from the start.

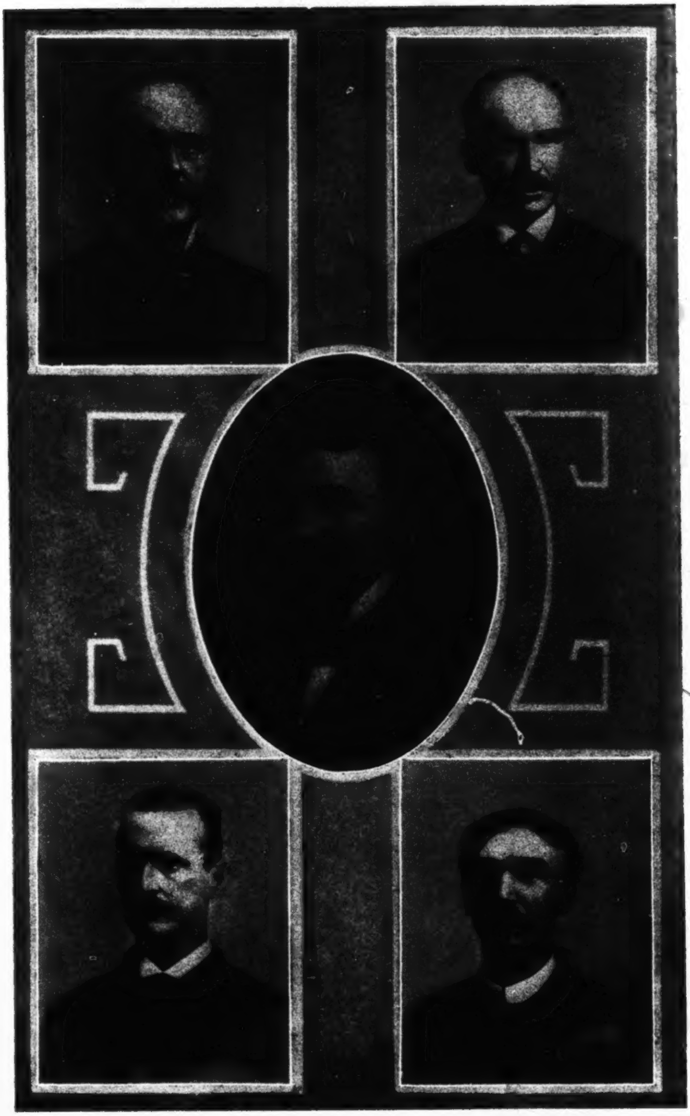
22. The westerly terminus, near Oro, would be within 350 or 400 miles of Salt Lake City, which could be built for $3,000,000; the most costly part would be already built.

23. One of our last freight engines could haul 18 or 20 loaded cars (150 tons freight) up the line to Oro from Pueblo.

24. The most sheltered and appropriate places for consumptives in winter that I have seen are the little warm openings or parks beside the dashing river which separates the several canons of the Arkansas, from Canon City up to the South Arkansas (Nepesta).

25. Sources of freight traffic: Up—Hay, coal, coke, merchandise, machinery, forage, flour, provisions, groceries, etc. Down—Ores, base bullion—lumber, cattle and beef both ways. Local—Oats, field peas, (everybody was raising them in the upper valley) grasshoppers don't hurt them, hay, wheat, dairy produce. Feeders—Wet Mountain Valley, Rosita, Texas Creek Park, South Park, Poncha, and intersecting valleys each side and for 100 miles in front of Oro. The agricultural country above the canon begins at mouth of South Arkansas and extends to three miles above Riverside (total 42 miles), with say 12 intersecting valleys. Up the South Arkansas there is a fine fertile valley ten miles long by two wide, say 10,000 acres. Even below, after plunging into the long canon, in ten miles from South Arkansas, we reach "Pleasant Valley," where there are twelve-miles-in-length of open fertile park—say one mile wide, 7,500 acres good lands. Corn, hay, barley, etc., were seen all over the park. After first 25 miles above Canon City the mountains begin to have forests of fine timber, beginning with heads of Texas Creek. Wet Mountain Valley is strong on hay, oats and potatoes, all of which will probably be needed up in the mountains. Can raise

8,000 to 10,000 tons hay yearly, and for export ship about 5,000 to 8,000 tons. Bell's volunteer crop of oats, just being cut when we arrived, was a marvel—6,000 bushels on 130 acres of land. The grasshoppers destroyed it last year, so he did not prepare the ground or sow at all for this crop. It came up of its own accord. Our ride from Texas Creek saw mill to cheese factory, 17 miles, was a most interesting one—a beautiful country, many streams coming down from the Crestones and Sangre Cristo range; many ranches, lots of hay, timber on the mountains, a rolling, smooth, glade country. This is Texas Park, and is good for perhaps 3,000 tons of hay yearly. Dr. Bell has 1,000 tons of hay in stack at his cheese factory. Although there is no market for hay now, there were 3,000 to 4,000 tons in stack in Wet Mountain Valley. If the railroad goes up Arkansas Canon, the shortest and cheapest branch to develop Wet Mountain Valley, Texas Park, and Rosita Ula mines, would perhaps be from the mouth of Texas Park (I examined it down to its mouth), up Texas Park, and across to Wet Mountain Valley through the country last above described, 20 miles to Ula, the capital of Wet Mountain Valley, 22 miles to Bell's cheese factory, and 30 in all to Rosita, a very cheap line, costing not much over $150,000. But, if thought best to avoid the main Arkansas, a good line exists up Grape Creek from Canon City, past the Iron mines, thence over to Texas Creek, and down to the Arkansas again at the mouth of Texas. This would be, perhaps, 16 miles longer, which would more than balance possibly the saving of $67,000 in grading and bridging over the main Canon line. It must be examined more carefully, however, as a shorter line may be got possibly. It would have the advantage of going by our magnetic iron mountain, and of crossing within ten miles, say, of Ula, with first-class, easy road thence to all parts of Wet Mountain Valley, including Rosita, 18 miles. Cost to build, complete, $90,000. It may be that Rosita is more important than Fairplay. If so, Oro and Rosita can be reached for $1,000,000 (without equipment), and still use the Arkansas Canon. The



E. L. SALISBURY
American Association of
Mining Engineers

W. S. WARD
Principal Owner Morning
and Evening Star Mines

PETER FINNERTY
Prominent in Early Mining
Development Leadville District

WM. L. DAVIS
American Association of
Mining Engineers

JOHN L. EMERSON
American Association of
Mining Engineers

roundabout line I have described would have 150 feet grades, and be but temporary. In time the line from intersection down to mouth of Texas, or to mouth of Grape, would be taken up and used to prolong to Rosita. Rosita is nine miles from Bell's, elevation 8,600, in smooth, picturesque, grassy country. Clark's Mill and Mallet were running night and day, producing 410 pounds silver bullion weekly. Clark's is 500 fine; Mallet, 900. (Both are running merely from the old dumps of Humboldt mine, thrown aside as useless before these works were built). Average fineness, say 800, say $340,000 yearly from these works. Another is about going up on Oak Creek. Clark is smelting six tons daily. Mallet seven tons. There are also being shipped from Humboldt, Bassick and Lucille mines three tons daily—say 20 tons per week—to Hill at Black Hawk. Total, 16 tons, which is worked up and shipped daily. The ore reduced at Rosita averages $50 per ton. The Virginia, Humboldt and Bassick are running; Lucille and Pocahontas mines just starting up. Bassick gets net for his ore at Rosita $235 per ton. This is the gold blow-out to which I have alluded. The Lucille ore is 250 to 300 ounces per ton taken from the shafts, of which there are six (for 600 feet length). The shipping ores going off average, I believe, 125 ounces per ton. They go over our road from Canon to Denver. Prof. Hill told me he thought the Rosita district good for 20 tons shipping one daily. A good mine is announced, since I left, as discovered within a mile and a half of Ula. Clark says the Verde district opposite Bell's, at foot of Sangre de Cristo range, is quite promising. The wagon rate on ore from Rosita to Canon City is $8 per ton; on merchandise back, $10 per ton. If Oro line were built through main Arkansas Canon, getting the benefit of easy gradient, gross yearly earnings of but $51,000 would be required to pay operating expenses ($3,000 per month), and 10% interest on cost of building branch from mouth of Texas Creek to develop Wet Mountain Valley, Rosita and Texas Park. After allowing present passenger travel, mails and expresses, $42,000 would be required to be earned yearly, gross for freight $65 per train (one each way daily), at say $3 per ton, equivalent to 22 tons each way daily (three car loads). Would the 8,000 tons of hay, potatoes, oats, barley, salt, (both smelting works use it), coal, ores, machinery, lumber, dairy produce, etc., make up this quantity? I think it would. It looks as though the sanguine predictions of our cautious French expert, Chapier, with regard to the Rosita district, are in a fair way to be fulfilled. I returned from Rosita down the Hardscrabble by wagon road to Pueblo, 50 miles. It is no railroad route, but we came through the Hardscrabble Park, where there were more crops than I have seen this year elsewhere in Southern Colorado. A large farming population is here, and as far as the eye can reach were crops (being gathered) of wheat and oats. All their water is being used for irrigation; cause, no grasshoppers last year. Hence they had the courage to plant. It will make them independent. Now for South Park: There was not much change since you and I were there last. At Alma Hill's works were smelting seven to 10 tons daily into $1,500 to $2,000 per ton matte, and shipping that to Black Hawk. Hill told me if his works were moved from Black Hawk to Denver he would shut down Alma, and ship 20 tons of ore daily to his Denver works. At Dudley Gill, with amalgamating works, was smelting 10 tons daily, he said, into silver. The Moose mine, on Mount Lincoln, was working 75 men, winter and summer, producing $250,000 per year. Dolly Varden mine was yielding only $125,000 per annum (can do much more). Gill uses 5% salt (100 pounds to one ton of ore). It comes from Kansas. He amalgamates all ore with 55 ounces per ton and sells to Hill or East all above that grade. It runs up to 330 ouncees per ton. Average of all Moose ore last year was 157 ounces per ton. I looked over the books for the year, and saw how it was running. The ore is very rich. Gill estimates all the Fairplay district is yielding now 25 tons daily. Hill's superintendent at Alma considers it nothing near that, but that a railroad would increase it to 30 tons. He has at times shipped ore to Colorado Springs as low as $10 per ton—84 miles. The country across the range on the Blue seemed to be developing, but bases mostly now on Georgetown—that is, Colonel Candler does. McMurtrie went through the Arkansas Canon for us several winters ago, and is confident of his estimates of that part. The curves are not severe. The rest of the lines I went over during this trip, very carefully with him, estimating by short sections of classified work, and we make no mistake in trusting to them. At the same time it may be well to allow a small margin—equipment, that will be required. The work could be finished and rails laid in six months—winter about as readily as summer. Ties will be quite cheap.

Under date of March 23, 1878, General D. C. Dodge, who later became General Manager of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, wrote to General Palmer from Denver as follows:

"In conversation with E. Harrison, last evening, he told me they had purchased the Gallagher mine, near Leadville, and that they would ship 25 tons of ore per day by the 1st of May. Harrison goes East via Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, on invitation of Mr. Strong. They are determined to get his shipments of ore if possible. Mr. Strong is getting all the information he can with regard to that section, and I believe intends to make a move in that direction. Harrison says there would certainly be 75 tons of ore shipped every day, if a railroad was completed from Canon to Leadville. He will enter into a contract to ship 50 tons per day the first year, at a rate not exceeding $10 per ton ore, Leadville to Canon (110 miles), and 30 tons coke back at same rate. His business alone would almost pay to build the road."

On April 15, 1878, Gen. Dodge wrote to Gen. Palmer as follows:

"Mr. Collins, of the Executive Committee of Harrison Reduction Works, just left my office. He says they are going to increase their shipments of ore and bullion to 50 tons per day, as soon as they can get the wagon transportation, and, if they cannot get it here, they will send it from the East. He says they could ship 100 tons a day if the transportation could be had."

R. F. Weitbrec, Treasurer of the Denver & Rio Grande, on March 28, 1878, wrote to Gen. Palmer as follows:

"Mr. Streeter told me last night that the Harrison Reduction Works were anxious to make a contract for moving from Leadville to Colorado Springs, this season, of ore and bullion daily, 100,000 pounds. As whatever they ship out has always served as a basis for up-freights, the up-freights would probably be increased proportionately, say as in the past, 60% of down freights, 60,000 pounds, total 160,000 lbs.=80 tons. This, for one concern alone, being at the rate of 24,000 tons per annum. Streeter said he thought it would be impossible to move it. It is purely a question of transportation whether the tonnage would not exceed that of New Mexico and San Juan combined."

Chas. B. Lamborn, Vice-President C. C. Improvement Co., wrote to Gen. Palmer, April 1, 1878, as follows:

"The ore shipments this summer promise to be much larger than at present. Mr. Streeter, freighter, informs me that he has arranged to take charge of the transportation from Leadville across Weston's Pass to South Park, with mule teams. From the Park down to Cold Springs bull teams are being arranged for. He has agreed to commence during this month, and carry over Weston Pass 50,000 pounds ore and bullion per day, and to increase at any time, on notice, to a capacity of 100,000 pounds per day. Harrison's people expect to ship soon 100,000 pounds per day, and are only anxious to get enough transportation. The rate they expect to pay is $18 per ton to Colorado Springs and Canon City. Streeter says that, owing to the large amount of merchandise going into the mountains from this point, he is trying to arrange for a portion of the ore to be delivered at Canon City, and he will want coke at Canon as well as here. It is quite probable that, for the sake of good grazing for teams, and the number of animals likely to be on the road this summer, a good deal of ore will be delivered at Canon City. From about May 1, Harrison will take ten tons coke per day. The Omaha people expect to ship about ten tons of ore per day."

Hugh Moore wrote to Charles B. Lamborn from Leadville, May 7, 1878:

"I have been in this camp about two weeks, during which time I have visited many of the mines, and traveled over much of the country in this district. The season with us will probably not be fully open till 1st prox. The prospects for a busy one are very flattering indeed. Since my arrival here many good developments have been made, as well as numerous 'strikes,' and from all I have been able to learn I am of the opinion that, during the coming season, from 8,000 to 10,000 tons of ore can be worked or shipped at or from this district per month, provided transportation can be obtained at reasonable figures. Experienced men and money are much needed for the proper development of the mines generally, and reduction works of large capacity, adapted for the successful working of low grade—say from 20 to 50 ounces silver per ton—ores could be of very great value to mine owners, and conducive generally to the prosperity of the camp."

# CHAPTER XXIII.

## ALLUREMENT OF MINING BOOMS—FINGERBOARD TO FORTUNE—BIRTH OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER

Great excitement was produced at Denver, in the autumn of 1877, by the reported discovery of rich carbonate ore in Boulder County, a few hours' ride to the westward, and there was a mad rush to the new "diggings." I easily became infected with the fever, but restrained undue impetuosity with the reflection that I should not know what to do or how to do it upon arrival.

I compromised with myself by joining Col. John Arkins in the expense of sending a representative. That is what in mining parlance is termed "grub-staking." For this mission James M. Burnell was chosen, he having been a native of Gilpin County, familiar with mining, and always imbued with the miner's eternal hope of "striking it rich." Arkins and Burnell were printers, employed on the Denver *Tribune*.

The alleged discoveries did not materialize, the boom collapsed, and Burnell returned to the "case."

A few weeks later excitement was again aroused by reports of fabulously rich silver ore discoveries in California Gulch, near the site of the former Oro City.

Undaunted by the Boulder fiasco, Burnell was ready for another expedition, and was promptly dispatched to the new fields.

Denver and California Gulch had long been connected by a single telegraph wire, and Burnell, after a twenty-four hours' investigation, hung a dispatch on the line that fairly sizzled with hope and encouragement.

"Greatest silver camp on earth; but better for a newspaper than for silver."

Here was something to conjure with. Newspaper patronage in mining camps is proverbially generous. The new one already gave indications of permanency. Without delay I wired Burnell to return.

Within twenty-four hours following his arrival at Denver, "The Chronicle Publishing Co." was organized —Davis, Arkins and Burnell the incorporators. Arkins was to edit the new sheet, Burnell to manage the mechanical department, while I was to be the business manager. Arkins was dispatched to the new camp, now dignified with the magic name of "Leadville," to rent quarters, solicit advertising, and otherwise to prepare the way for the new venture, while I was sent to St. Louis to purchase an outfit.

Our combined capital aggregated but $3,000, a beggarly sum with which to launch a daily newspaper in a mining camp more than ten thousand feet above sea level, two hundred and fifty miles from a railway, and where the cost of everything soared with the altitude. But we were undaunted. With us it was "Leadville or bust," and into the pool we cast our last dollar.

Notwithstanding previous experience in the publication of a newspaper, it promised little service to me in this undertaking, so totally different were all the conditions, circumstances and environment.

I contracted with the St. Louis Type Foundry Company for a modest plant, to cost $5,000, giving $1,000 cash and notes for deferred payments. But for the fact that I had been a prized patron of the company while at St. Charles, such favorable terms could not have been hoped for. I knew intuitively that every remaining dollar would be required to launch the enterprise; hence I selected material sparingly.

The plant purchased, I soon realized that my trials had only just fairly begun. Arkins had been wiring me to make all possible haste, since we "were losing a hundred dollars a day," and following with the almost paralyzing statement that an "office could not be rented for love or money," adding that "we must buy a lot and build one." To do that would call for the expenditure of more dollars than we possessed.

The next blow was administered to me in the St. Louis office of the Santa Fe Railway, where I went to arrange for the transportation of the printing office. The rate given me was well nigh prohibitive. I did not at once disclose my hand, but returned to my hotel to cogitate over the situation, and frame up such an appeal to the agent, Mr. S. P. Hynds, as would pierce the very citadel of his sympathetic nature.

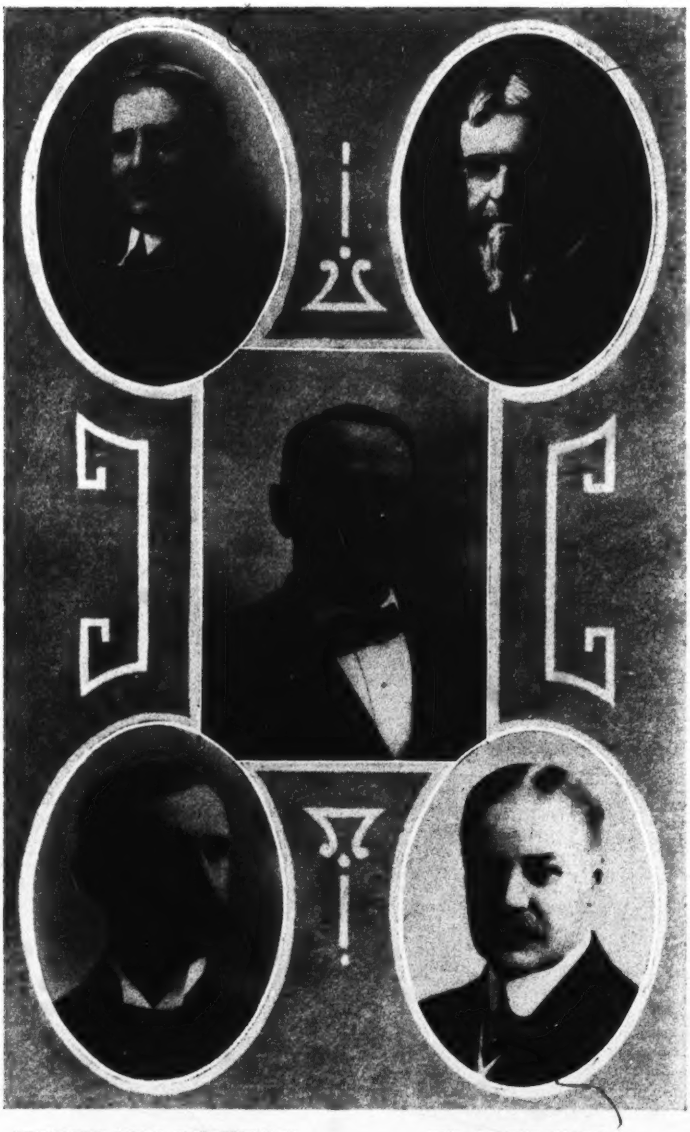
Next day, I again called upon him, exhibited my letters and papers, told him how liberal the foundry people had been, hinted at the value to a railroad of newspaper friendship, and finally suggested that, in addition to the printing plant, I had a "jag" of household goods at St. Charles that I desired to ship with it.

The last suggestion, advanced with excessive timidity, proved a key to a solution of the problem. But for that Mr. Hynds could not have made me a rate. But for that I might not have had the courage to ship that plunder to the mountains at all. But for that the Leadville *Chronicle* might never have been born.

Tariffs, he reminded me, were inviolable, but—there was a rate on "emigrant household goods."

It was with some difficulty that I restrained my impulse to fall upon his neck and weep tears of joy. I think I did suggest to him that he was deserving of a blessed immortality, and let it go at that.

The outcome was that Mr. Hynds got permission of



KENNETH LORD FAHNESTOCK
Mining Promoter and
Superintendent

WM. K. BURCHINELL
Ex-Sheriff Arapahoe and
Lake Counties

CHARLES L. HALL
Pioneer Mine Promoter
and Operator

DAVID G. MILLER
Prominent Mining Engineer

HARRY S. PHILLIPS
Postal, Bank and Club Man

the Wabash Railroad to back the car containing the printing material up to St. Charles, where my little snag of household effects was added, the car sealed and billed through to Colorado Springs as "emigrant household goods," the charges scarcely more than equalling tariff on a single printing press!

# CHAPTER XXIV.

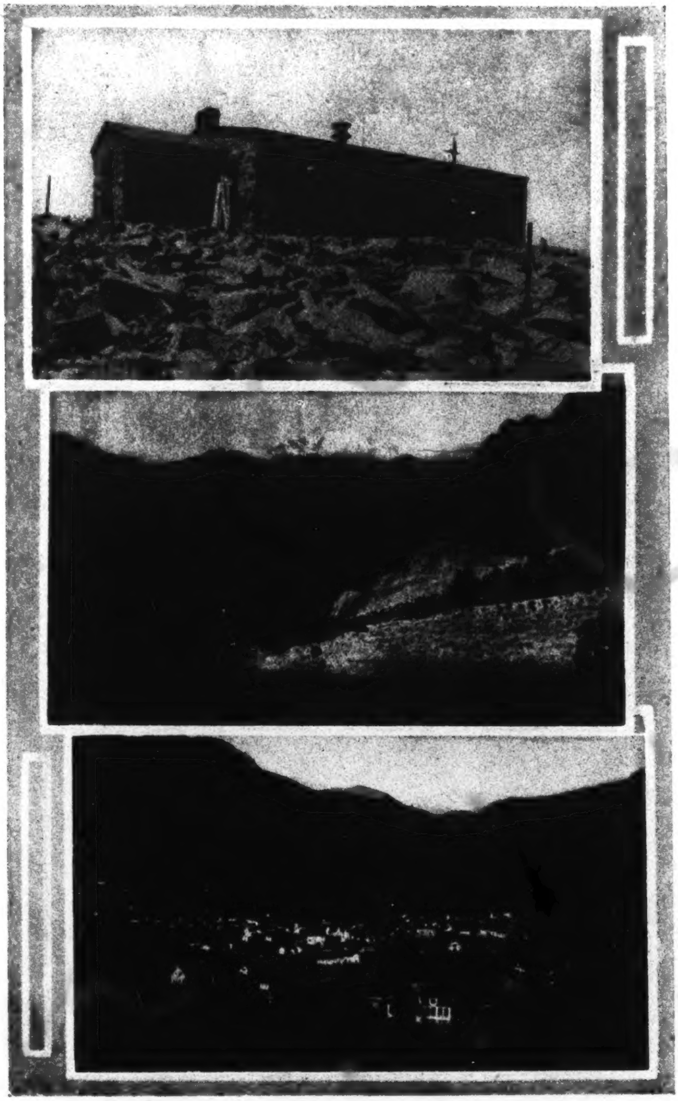
## SNOWED IN ON THE KANSAS PLAINS—DISCOMFITURE OF A RAILWAY AGENT

Returning to Denver, I awaited, with ill-concealed impatience, the slow movement of that precious car westward. During my absence announcement had been made through the Denver press of our contemplated enterprise at Leadville, a most unfortunate, though well enough intended service, for the reason that it gave hint to the owners of two weekly papers at Alma and Fairplay, in an adjoining county, of the great promise the new camp held out for a daily publication; and, before we succeeded in getting our material into Leadville, two daily papers were being published where we had counted upon being the pioneers. Both, however, chose the morning field, an apparently inconsequential circumstance at the time, but one which contributed to their downfall within sixty days after the *Chronicle* was launched.

For the first time in the history of the Santa Fe Railroad, the train bringing our plunder was snowed in on the plains of Kansas, occasioning a delay of three weeks.

Burnell had been left to earn what he might, but Arkins and I were living on our capital, and the delay was almost maddening.

Another grave complication had in the meantime arisen. The struggle between the rival railroads for possession of the Grand Canon was at its height, and the officials of both were at daggers' points in their relations with each other. It was necessary to break bulk at Pu-



U. S. Signal Station, Summit of Pike's Peak

Gateway to the Garden of the Gods, base of Pike's Peak

City of Manitou, Early Mecca of the Indians to the Curative Waters of the Springs

eblo, and transfer freight destined for the north from standard to narrow-gauge cars. My material called for two cars of the "Baby Road," and I feared that when the erroneous classification was discovered there would be an explosion, a reclassification, and demand for full tariff.

I was at my wit's end to discover some method of meeting such a contingency. Finally I received intelligence that the stuff had been transferred, and that the train hauling it would arrive at Colorado Springs the following night.

Dropping down there early in the morning, I engaged True & Sutton, a freight-hauling firm, to transport the plunder to Leadville. I dared not sleep, and on one of the coldest December nights in 1878 I walked the streets of Colorado Springs until sunrise. My plans were all laid, and they worked out with mathematical precision.

Acquainted with the local agent, Mr. Ellison, I "laid" for him, followed him to his office, and asked for the expense bills. These properly receipted, I safely tucked away. Then I asked Mr. Ellison for help in unloading, pleading a desire to get the stuff well out of town before nightfall.

The work had not proceeded very far when one of the railroad roustabouts reported that the shipment did not consist of "household goods." This brought Mr. Ellison down the platform in high dudgeon.

"Davis," shouted he, "by what sort of d-d hocus pocus did you get that iron foundry billed through here as emigrant household goods?"

Casting an eye upon the remains of a marble-top table upon which a press cylinder weighing half a ton had been deposited, I replied: "Aren't these household goods, Mr. Ellison?"

"Not by a damned sight," he retorted, "nor would they be if you had not the expense bills in your pocket."

There was no help for Ellison.

Just as the sun was falling behind Pike's Peak I had the satisfaction of seeing seven "prairie schooners" containing my plunder pull out of the Springs, pointed toward the Ute Pass.

THE CLOUD CITY IN THE EARLY DAY

AN IMPRESSIONIST VIEW IN THE SPRING OF '78

CONTINENTAL RANGE, LOOKING WEST

THE MODERN CITY

A CITY IN THE MAKING
Harrison Avenue in 1879, Showing Log Cabin in Center of Street

## CHAPTER XXV.

## An Impressionist's View of the Wierdest City on the Face of the Globe

There has been but one Leadville. Never will there be another,

A city on a mountain throne,
With vaster wealth than ever shone
In India's lap—peerless, alone.

From the cold womb of certainty,
Born in a day, an hour, we see
The marvel of a century.

Once the wildest and most tempestuous municipality on the face of the earth, it since has settled down into a quiet and decorous place, where life and property are as secure as in any American city. Crude and incongruous elements here, in the course of three decades, have developed into a fair civilization. Order has come out of chaos, and a quiet, peaceful life has succeeded the hilarious roundelay of the "days of '79."

High on a mountain bosom born,
Bride of the snow, whose childhood's morn,
When years had scanned thy waning prime,
Will seem as story of mystic time.

When Islam prated of Genei's might,
And fortunes garnered within a night,
Not old Damascus, by ancient stream,
Not Golden Ophir, present in her dreams,

Compared with thee, whose youth doth own
And gather all that Science yet has sown.
Deep lunged and strong, thy children rend
Thy mountains' breasts, and from their trend

Of rich arteries wrung such hidden store
Of marvelous wealth that nevermore
Shall Croesus' hoard or Inca's gold
Make wonder when thy story's told.

Bride of the snow! whose suburbs teem
With silvery rock and golden stream;
I greet thy hills, thy pine clad domes,
Thy children's love, thy children's homes!
Though falsely charged with guilty fame,
Sweet Charity redeems thy name.

The site of Leadville is picturesque in the extreme. It lies in an elevated basin, between the main range of the Rocky mountains and a parallel spur, known as the Mosquito range, and between them, midway in a broad valley, courses the Arkansas River, its source but twelve miles distant. At right angles with the last named range California gulch extends westward to the river. Midway on the left bank of the gulch Oro City arose and fell, the early settlement having been made there in close proximity to the placer workings, and without thought of future needs for expansion.

Early in the history of Leadville, and before it had been dignified with a name, the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company amended an application for a pending placer claim, higher up the gulch, surveying a narrow strip along the water line to a point sufficiently wide and level to accommodate a good-sized city. This was platted, and the meager little subdivision sold to the pioneers, at excessive figures, as the town began to expand.

This obvious perversion of the intent of the federal mining laws, secured by means of untruthful declarations regarding "mineral in place," was, nevertheless, subsequently sustained by the Supreme Court, and it enabled the owners of the patent to hold up lot-buyers from the very inception of the town.

The elevation of the plateau upon which the city was built ranged between ten and twelve thousand feet above sea level. Back to the eastward, and paralleling the Mosquito range, extended four mountain spurs, known as Carbonate, Iron and Breece Hills and Ball Mountain, the main treasure chest of what came to be officially known as "The Leadville Mining District," and reaching an altitude of nearly 14,000 feet.

The resident population of Leadville in January, 1879, was estimated at 1200, but within six months had increased to 60,000.

The soil upon which it is built is almost as barren as the lava beds of Arizona. Stunted pines, with an occasional scrub oak, alone varied the unattractive landscape. Untold wealth lay buried below the surface—above it naught was found to sustain life. Only stout hearts could have conquered the natural obstacles to city-building in such an isolated place, where man's every requirement had to be hauled in wagons a distance of three hundred miles over mountain roads, crossing successive ranges nearly two miles above the sea, and frequently with twelve to fifteen per cent. grades. But it was accomplished, despite the stern protest of Nature against the wierd invasion.

# CHAPTER XXVI.

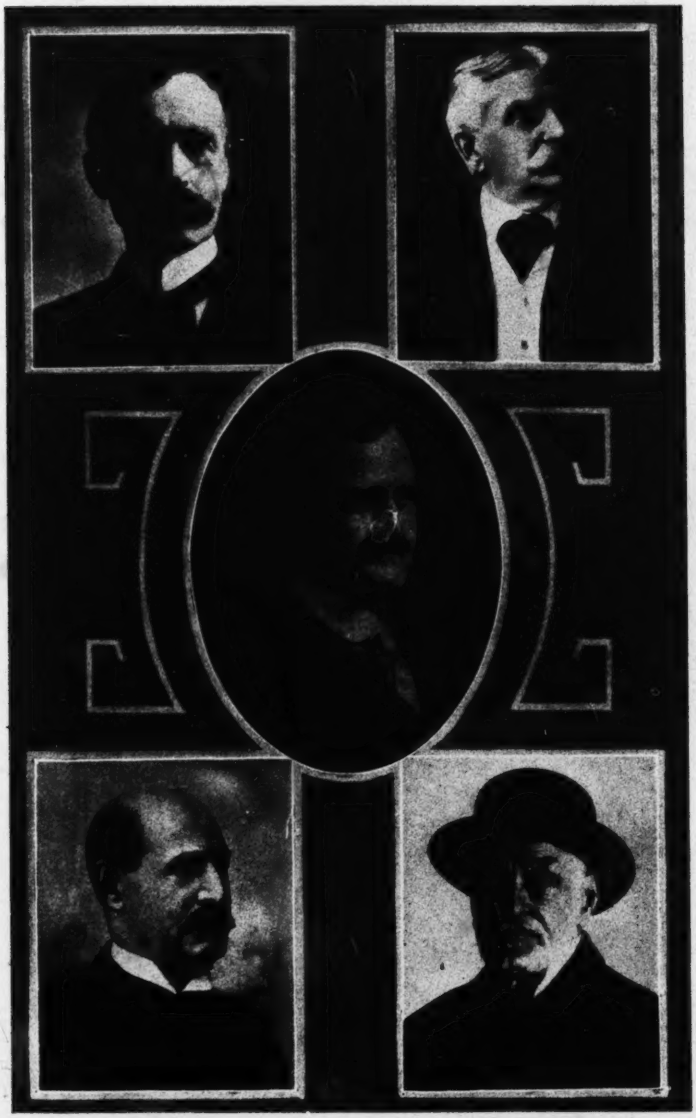
## CLIMBING INTO THE CLOUDS—LOST IN A BLINDING SNOW STORM AT HIGH NOON

I confess to a feeling of disappointment over my first sight of Leadville, in the early part of January, 1879. It came after a more than ordinarily tedious forty hours' journey from Denver, on the top of a Concord coach most of the way, feet hanging over the boot, the mercury far below zero, and the frost-laden wind blowing such a gale that it was difficult to keep a blanket over one's knees.

The route traversed, the great South Park, is a wide depression in the mountains, sixty miles in length, eight thousand feet elevation, but as level as a floor.

On the first day out, and at high noon, a terrific snow storm was encountered. The heavy moisture-laden clouds came down to the very earth, completely enveloping coach and passengers, and soon it was realized that the driver was lost. He stoutly denied the imputation, jocularly retorting that it was the wigwam that was lost, but finally conceded the fact, and appealed to the eighteen men in the coach, and on its hurricane deck, to help him out.

By ranging ourselves in a line and grasping each others' hands, we formed a human whip-lash, and thus disposed, we circled round about the coach in all directions in the hope, about the only one left us, of thus locating the telegraph poles stretched along the road. This device finally proved effective, and soon we were again pointed in the right direction.



THOS F. WALSH
Pioneer Proprietor of the
Grand Hotel, Leadville

HOWARD CHAPIN
Formerly Proprietor Clarendon Hotel, Leadville

CALVIN HENRY MORSE
Proprietor Brown Palace
Hotel, Denver

W. H. BUSH
Formerly Manager
Clarendon Hotel, Leadville

C. W. KITCHEN
Formerly Proprietor Hotel
Kitchen, Leadville

The episode, singular as it was, yet lacked the thrill, later experienced, when the lumbering coach, rolling like a crippled vessel in the trough of the sea, lurching from one side to the other, bumping over boulders and into ruts and quagmires, plunged and swayed down the winding, tortuous road, from the summit of Mosquito mountain, 13,000 feet above the sea, to the level of Leadville, and in sight of its scattered blinking lights.

At 11 o'clock the coach rounded into Chestnut street, and brought up in front of the Grand hotel, the pioneer hostlery of the Cloud City, presided over by a person whose name subsequently became widely known to the people of two continents—Tom Walsh, one time owner of the Camp Bird mine, a multi-millionaire, distinguished as the mining partner of King Leopold of Belgium, and lavish entertainer of official Washington.

How gladly I record the fact that, notwithstanding his financial, political and social triumphs, in the capital of the nation and elsewhere in his world wanderings in state, he remained to the last that same large-hearted, broad-minded, kind, sympathetic, genial, bluff Tom Walsh, who welcomed me to the shelter of his hospitable boarding house in Leadville, on that cruelly bitter night in the long ago!

# CHAPTER XXVII.

## FIRST NIGHT AMIDST SCENES NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED IN A CIVILIZED COUNTRY

Disappointment over my first glimpse of Leadville's single street was short-lived. After a midnight meal, partaken of with unconcealed gusto, and assignment to a ten-by-ten chamber, the bed of which I must share with another, and a stranger at that, I set out for an inspection of the city.

The scene unfolded was unlike anything I ever before had seen or conjured in my imagination. The main thoroughfare was pretty closely and compactly lined with houses on either side, for a distance of two miles, following the contour of the gulch, all of log or rough-hewn slab construction, only a few of them two stories in height. Every other door seemed to open upon a saloon, dance hall or gambling den. There were no street lights, but the thousands of coal oil lamps indoors cast fitful flashes of baneful light across the way.

The board walks on either side were filled to the center with a constantly moving mass of humanity, from every quarter of the globe, and from every walk in life. The stalwart teamster jostled the banker from Chicago; the deep-lunged miner, fresh from underground workings, divided the walk with debonair salesmen from Boston; the gambler and bunco-steerer walked arm-in-arm with his freshest victim picked up in the hotel lobby. Apparently, every nationality was represented in that throng of fortune-seekers, their garb, and carriage, and address, aiding in the classification.

At that hour, long past midnight, few could have had any mission other than sight-seeing, hence the mass was constantly being augmented or diminished by the crowds pouring in and out of the scores of resorts with which the thoroughfare was lined.

Had one the least cause for haste, he was compelled to seek the roadway, not so densely thronged with the curious, excited, impetuous sight-seers.

Belated Concord stages, hauled by six-horse teams, huge freight vans, lumbering prairie schooners, and all manner of wheeled vehicles, were toiling up and down the street, separated from the board walk by parallel lines of snow, piled in the gutter to a height of three or four feet.

The buzz of conversation, the resounding snap of drivers' whips, the crunching of steel-shod wheels in the icy thoroughfare, and the frequent profane shouts to weary horses and mules, that mingled with the questionable musical sounds from the orchestras within, filled the air with a compound of sounds scarcely soothing in its effects upon unaccustomed ears.

Taking in the spectacle, I joined the throng, passing from door to door and witnessing scenes that almost beggar description. Chief among the places visited was Pap Wyman's combination concert and dance hall, with every game of chance known to the fraternity in full blast—faro, keno, roulette, stud poker, pinochle, and what not. On the face of a monster clock, behind a bar scintillating with a wealth of crystal, was painted the significant invitation to guests, "Please Do Not Swear," while upon a slanting shelf on the counter, facing the motley throng, was a large Bible, whose well-thumbed leaves gave strong indication that it had been frequently consulted. An orchestra of many pieces was grinding out popular music for the dancing that never lagged, and which kept up until the dawn of day drove the weary participants to wretched sleeping quarters, the heavens only knew where.

Here, perhaps, were a score of girls and women of the underworld, of varying ages and types of attractiveness, attired in more or less picturesque and fantastic garb, some wearing little surplus apparel of any description, dancing with bearded bull-whackers, uncouth delvers in the mines, with soil-besmeared attire to mark their vocation; with the dapper clerk, out for a night's lark—with anybody and everybody disposed to clasp their soiled waists, whirl them through the mazes of a two-step or a polka, and then accompany them to the bar, the only compensation exacted by the house, but quite ample, since each number consumed but a few moments of time, and the drink at the close was as inevitable as fate.

The floor manager, yclept "the herder," with a diamond on his soiled shirt front as large as a two-bit piece, kept the figures moving, and distributed to the girls the pasteboard checks entitling them to a commission upon the liquor consumed by self and partner at the end of each number.

Elsewhere in the immense hall were seen groups of men from every walk of life gathered about a faro table, with stacks of white, red and blue chips piled before them, eyes riveted upon the dealer, each watching the successive turn of the cards with an earnestness and intensity that indicated all too well their alternating hopes and fears.

Other groups, perhaps not so intensely absorbed, sat around a roulette table, or lounged upon the rim of the crowd of players, placing their coin on the red or the black or the numbered squares, raking in the proceeds of the bet, or seeing it ruthlessly "swiped" by the representative of "the house," this happening much oftener.

Other and smaller crowds were gathered about little tables, playing stud poker or some other popular game of chance; while to one side a noisy crowd indulged the more healthful, if less seductive game of ten pins, the roar of the huge balls, as they flew down the course, drowning anon the clatter of ivory chips and the din of the orchestra. Billiards and pool, and the throwing of dice, filled a niche here and a nook there, each adding interest and picturesqueness to the wierd and near-enchanting spectacle.

Across the street a vaudeville theatre was in the midst of the night's programme at 3 A.M., and there I lingered for another hour, fascinated at what was being unfolded. The programme announced that there were forty "ladies" in the cast, and I discovered that this embraced some of the best-known and most popular artists, male and female, in the country. An orchestra, of proportions unusual, was rendering music of really high order, and if there were any weary eyelids in the vast audience that thronged parquette or dress circle, the fact was not obvious.

In a vast hall adjoining the theatre, in the same building, another gambling hell was disclosed, replica of Pap Wyman's, minus Bible and clock, but with other features scarcely less unique, including what I took to be a No. 2 Hall's safe, but which, for my special delectation, was quietly folded up by the manager and tucked away in his overcoat pocket—its entire construction being of cork.

I was told that the management of this theatre paid $1,750 a month rental for the building, exclusive of the gambling privileges. And it lacked a good deal of having a monopoly in furnishing amusement for the multitude. The procenium boxes, six in number, were filled with "classy" customers from the higher walks of life, the mine-owners, managers and superintendents, prosperous chemists and assayers, bankers, merchants, traders, contractors, well-known politicians and office-holders, the major portion many thousand to the good in their mining operations, with prospects of adding unmeasured wealth to their store.

Far removed from home and friends, the bars down and all restraint removed, these men gave themselves up completely to the wierd fascinations of the place, the scenes and the hour. Fortunes made in a day were squandered in a night, and accent was given to the couplet:

"Its day all day in the day-time,
And no night in Leadville."

On that first night I fequently saw golden eagles cast upon the stage at the feet of some favorite actor or actress, at the completion of a catchy skit, while at other times "Bland dollars" fairly rained upon the heads of the more popular members of the cast.

There was a constant pop of champagne corks all the night through in the procenium boxes, the opulent revelers scorning plebeian beer. Between acts they, in turn, entertained the more attractive actresses and the painted darlings of the chorus.

Unwilling to return to the hotel until assured that the party booked to sleep with me had arisen, I was willingly led by my guide to places viler than any yet visited, to witness scenes of degredation I previously supposed had no existence beyond the confines of Canton, Pekin or Shanghai.

Some of these dens occupied sumptuous quarters, richly furnished and presided over by persons with some pretentions to gentility, but most of them were in rookeries, reeking with filth, and emitting odors that smelled to heaven.

I was denied the consolation that my own countrymen could not fall into such depths of depravity, for I was told that up to that hour no Chinaman had ever dared to set foot in Leadville.

Just as the sun was lighting the snow-capped mountain tops of the main range, I found myself back at the Grand hotel, my sleeping partner up and gone, and a warm though not altogether wholesome bed awaiting me. Without wasting much time in re-arranging the coverings, I was in and off to Dreamland.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### WIERD SIGHTS BY DAYLIGHT—A BANK OUTSIDE THE COUNTER—WONDERFUL POSTOFFICE

I had seen the greater portion of the city proper in the few hours following arrival. The next afternoon sufficed to complete my tour of inspection. Aside from Chestnut Street, there were but a few slab shanties scattered here and there over the broad plateau selected for the prospective mining metropolis.

There were at this time no public utilities whatever. Water for domestic purposes was being pumped and sold by the barrel. Coal oil was the sole dependence for lighting. Sewers, gas and means of local transportation were to be provided.

A bank had just been opened in Tabor's store, brought down from Oro City, but it had no fixtures as yet, and the cash was kept in an ordinary iron safe that sat outside the counter, and the cashier divided his time between the dry goods and grocery divisions, the receipt of deposits and the writing of exchange.

The postoffice was a feature worthy of brief description. It yet was a fourth-class office, the salary of Postmaster based upon the sale of stamps. No allowance was made by the department for rent, light, fuel or assistance, but Postmaster Tabor[*], already on the

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[*] "Tabor" is a name to conjure with in the Rocky Mountain region. Of all the human documents he may be said to be the "father of Leadville." His son, N. Maxey Tabor, has helped me to the subjoined brief sketch of the movements of his parents antedating the Leadville era:

"Along about 1855 my father settled upon a farm in Riley County, Kansas, and during some of the border troubles was either in the State Militia or volunteer companies in connection with the Quan-

Lower Chestnut Street, Leadville, Tabor's Bank in Left Foreground

Lower Chestnut Street, Leadville, Tom Walsh's Hotel in Right Foreground

highway to affluence, provided the necessary funds to handle the enormous incoming and outgoing mails. While yet his salary could be named in hundreds of dollars, he provided a suitable housing for it, and employed twenty clerks. But one mail each day was received, and that took the force all night to sort, ready for delivery in the morning. Long before the opening hour a line of patrons formed in front and extended far down the street, and so eager were the people to secure their letters without delay that cash in large sums, ranging from one to five dollars, was paid for positions at the head of the line. Indeed, this practice early became so common that a few persons profited handsomely by selling their places, returning to the foot, again advancing, and selling again and again.

It may be helpful to the reader to know that cash was always abundant in Leadville, and its expenditure ever lavish. Few came in without ample funds; whereas,

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trell troubles. In the spring of 1859, imbued by the Pike's Peak gold excitement, he gathered up all of his effects and family, and we landed in Denver in June of that year. Shortly thereafterwards, leaving my mother and myself at Golden, he followed the crowd up Clear Creek to Gregory Gulch, and engaged to some extent in mining operations there. In the fall we moved to Colorado City and spent the winter there. In the early spring of 1860 we went on up Ute Pass and across South Park and down Trout Creek, to where Buena Vista is now located, then on up the Arkansas River to the mouth of Cash Creek, where the town of Granite is now located, and while engaged in prospecting there a party passed, going west, that a short time later were the discovering party of California Gulch, and it was not long until news reached our party of this discovery, when the party moved on, and sometime in the month of May, 1860, arrived in California Gulch, and were the second party to arrive there. During that summer my father engaged in mining operations, and that fall, accompanied by my mother and myself, returned to New England for the winter, coming back the next spring and continuing operations in California Gulch for the summer of 1861. That fall we moved to Park County, going over Weston Pass, and located in Buckskin Gulch, where the town of Buckskin later came into existence, engaging in the mercantile business, and remaining there until the spring of 1868, when we returned to California Gulch, continuing in the mercantile business until the beginning of the Leadville discoveries." Mrs. Augusta Tabor enjoyed the distinction of being the first white woman in California Gulch. The second woman was Mrs. Mary M. Hall. A population variously estimated at from thirty to sixty thousand soon crowded into the narrow gulch.

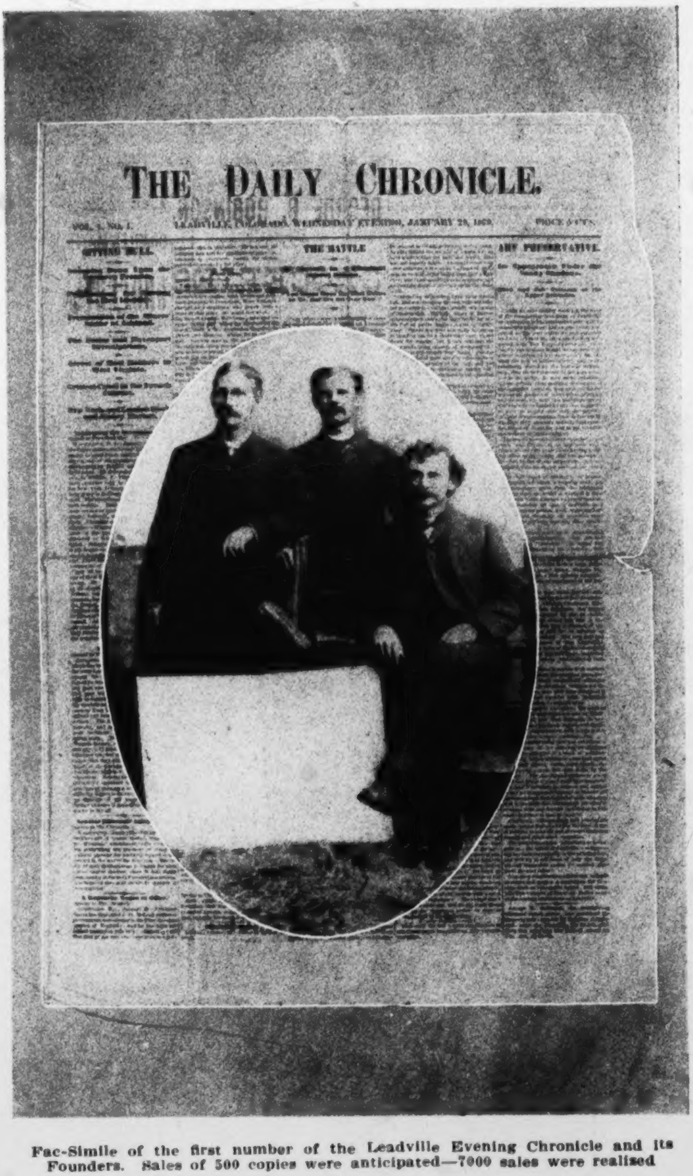
the greater number were realizing handsome profits from the production and sale of fabulously rich silver ore, mines and prospects.

Cost of living was excessive, due to the high freight rates, rents and salaries. Nothing could be bought for less than twenty-five cents, the ruling price for a glass of beer, a shave or a shine; whereas the minimum charge for a meal was one dollar.

Several smelters and sampling works were in operation in the gulch, treating only the highest grade of ore. Freight rates were practically prohibitive, and the lower grade stuff had to await the coming of the railroads, or the lessening of the cost of home treatment.

Three wagon transportation lines were in operation over three different routes, and five to seven thousand men were engaged in the business of hauling the enormous quantities of merchandise, building material and machinery required for the rapidly augmenting population, for the construction of habitations for the sixty thousand yet to come, and the vast tonnage comprehended in the requirement of mines and smelters in the way of boilers, engines, hoists, piping and other accessories.

Such, briefly told, and much interesting detail omitted, was the aspect Leadville presented on the first day of my pilgrimage.



THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1. NO. 1.

Fac-Simile of the first number of the Leadville Evening Chronicle and its Founders. Sales of 500 copies were anticipated—7000 sales were realised

# CHAPTER XXIX.

## LAUNCHING OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL JOURNAL IN HISTORY—AN ENORMOUS SALE

No one perhaps is better qualified to record the history of journalism in Leadville than the writer; since my direct connection with it covers an uninterrupted period of seventeen years, and would have continued to this day and hour had not its exactions resulted in a complete physical breakdown, forcing me to surrender the substantial business built up, under such nerve-racking conditions, to others, and to seek surcease from pain and a modicum of comfort in a lower altitude, and under more friendly skies.

Familiar with every phase of the subject, it will be a comparatively easy task to record the events as they occurred, with fidelity to the subject, with perfect candor, and unvarying devotion to truthfulness.

And yet there is no other division of the work that I approach with such feeling of hesitancy and caution, mainly because, as so often happens, truth is stranger than fiction, and in this instance I am warranted in apprehending that my simple relation may by some readers be set down as a Munchausen yarn, wholly transcending the realm of belief.

Again, in recording the facts, it will be necessary to exalt myself above a multitude of co-workers, and to at least appear to claim more than was and is my due. But it would not be history were it not true, and so I shall endeavor to keep steadily to my purpose, which will be to give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicacity to that which was obscure, and accuracy to that which was recondite. I will try truthfully to relate what has been, and for all I shall humbly ask the considerate reader—

Gently to hear, kindly to judge.

Taking into consideration the time and the place, the almost unsolvable problems and inscrutable perplexities involved in altitude, climate, incongruous and shifting population, difficulties and excessive cost of production, meager equipment and total lack of credit, the most ordinary success in building up a great newspaper property, on the very crest of the continent, over 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, might be regarded as bordering upon the miraculous. But my venture there proved vastly more than that.

The fact is widely recognized that, relatively, the Leadville *Evening Chronicle* was the most successful journalistic enterprise ever launched in America. This was more largely due to the conditions that obtained than to any superior intelligence, skill or sagacity upon the part of its founders. Indeed the lack of these qualities only served to place a limit upon its success.

While waiting for the arrival of the material, Col. Arkins had purchased a lot, 25x67, out in the sage brush, a thousand feet north of Chestnut Street, and caused to be erected upon it a slab shanty 20x30.

The only title to realty obtainable was a squatter's quit-claim deed, conferring possession only, and for this he paid $175. At the same time, as was the custom, he entered into a contract with the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company to pay a "nominal price" to it for the lot when, by the acquisition of a placer patent, it could give a warranty deed, perfecting title.

The demand for lumber was so great that something more than the tender of the exorbitant price was necessary to secure it, and heavy bonuses were frequently exacted. Lumber dealers bought and sold millions of feet without a board ever reaching their yards.

Weary of the delay, Col Arkins finally stationed himself at Malta, a settlement five miles below town, where he was able to intercept supplies as they approached. Buying and paying for the lumber was not in itself an assurance of securing it, however, since a higher figure might be offered and accepted before reaching destination; hence Col. Arkins shared the seat with driver, with a free hand to his hip pocket, to provide against a contingency that had happened to others.

Later, when a few boards, surfaced on one side only, were required for drying shelves for printed matter in the job department, four hundred dollars were paid for what at this day could be obtained for a single golden eagle.

Another interesting detail of construction related to the providing of a chimney. In securing brick for this Col. Arkins was in the market from October to January. When the expense bill was analyzed, the startling fact was developed that the brick could have been shipped in by mail for considerably less money, only that each brick slightly exceeded the four-pound limit.

The choice of a location remote from the business center was due to its relative cheapness, and the fact that fire risks were unpurchaseable. Out of abundance of precaution, Col. Arkins had located on the extreme northern boundary, but within six months from the completion of the building it was found to be south of the businesss center, so rapid had been the city's advancement.

Although unlooked for at the time, Col. Arkins' sagacity had prompted the leaving of a five-foot open space to the south, that the printers might not be deprived of light. For ten feet of that space, or an area of 5x10 feet, one-story high, soon was rented for a news and tobacco stand, the modest rental of $45 a month being cheerfully paid by the lessee, John M. Whitton, a pioneer newspaper man from Deadwood, who enjoyed the distinction of being the first man employed by the Chronicle Publishing Company, and placed in charge of its circulation.

With the addition of a number of rudely constructed sleeping bunks in the corners and the loft, the little 20x30 slab shanty was ready for the reception of the presses and other material some days before arrival.

Col. Arkins had made contracts for advertising, but here his sagacity had utterly failed him, for the rates were so out of proportion to the cost of everything that it would have been madness to attempt to fulfill their terms; hence arose the embarrassing necessity of appealing to the merchants for cancellation of the old, and the signing of new contracts. The cheerfulness with which this awkward appeal was complied with indicates the fairness and broad-mindedness of the early mercantile firms.

Presses and other machinery in place, type distributed and help engaged, every preparation was found complete for launching the little daily on the afternoon of Thursday, January, 29, 1879.

At the outset, power was lacking to drive the machinery, and two burly negroes were engaged to turn the driving wheel of the cylinder newspaper press. The dollar an hour agreed to be paid to each for this service was not considered excessive.

But the high cost of everything deemed essential had well nigh depleted the company's treasury, and the evening before the initial publication the three doubting and distraught founders of the enterprise held a solemn conclave to determine the weighty problem as to whether they could afford to buy a hand-saw and buck, with which to work up the office fuel, each having discovered that an axe was not adapted to the pulpy nature of the only wood obtainable.

Probably never before was a daily newspaper launched without a subscription list previously obtained. But the *Chronicle* started without a solitary subscriber. The people had been disappointed in the performance of pledges made by the two morning papers, that had slipped in and begun publication while our plant was snowed in on the Kansas plains, and were ready to welcome the product of three men whom the Denver papers had assured them were "live wires." We felt well assured that we should meet with the success merited—that, if we should succeed in creating a real newspaper, it would sell.

But our most ambitious hopes and optimistic calculations as to the patronage that would be extended were so far exceeded that realization came in the nature of a shock. We had been entirely too modest, and, consequently, suffered by our excessive conservatism. I had determined to be satisfied with initial sales of 500 copies. The capacity of the press was 1,800 an hour, but at first the production did not exceed 1,500. The machine was started at 3 o'clock, and it was not until six hours later that the clamoring crowd in front of the office dispersed, their appetite sated. Nine thousand papers had been printed and sold by newsboys and over the counter! This exceeded many times the entire population of the city at the time, and is accounted for by scores of orders of from one to five hundred from mine owners and managers, promoters and real estate operators.

But this phenomenal reception was disconcerting. Should it be repeated for a week or two, our summer's supply of print paper might be exhausted before fresh invoices could be secured. The *Chronicle* was a five-column folio, not much larger than a theatre program. Before retiring the first night I telegraphed for material for enlargement and additional supplies of paper.

Subsequently the journal went through all the changes from a five to a six, seven, eight and nine column folio; and then to a twelve column quarto—eight pages and supplement.

By the first of May the street sales averaged five thousand a day, with two thousand subscribers served by carrier, so rapid was the growth of the city.

And before that date the lights in the offices of our morning contemporaries, the *Eclipse* and the *Reveille,* had forever gone out, leaving the *Chronicle* master of the field.

Animated Street Scene in Leadville, Winter of 1878-9

Sketch of the Early Leadville, Before Honored with a Name

# CHAPTER XXX.

## PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF THE CARBONATE CHRONICLE
## $3,500 FOR 10,000 COPIES

Emboldened by the phenomenal reception accorded the daily, the publication of a nine column folio, with the caption: *"Carbonate Weekly Chronicle,"* was begun. This met with instant success at home and before long was being mailed to nearly every State in the Union. In Iowa alone it boasted of eight hundred subscribers.

Pen pictures of the unique and wonderful city above the clouds had proven wholly inadequate to portray its principal features, and the strange and wierd scenes rapidly following one another in the streets. The demand for pictures was universal, and I made them a leading feature of the weekly publication.

The standing order of four local newsdealers called for 10,000 copies of that publication, while other venders took a smaller number. The price to dealers was seven cents, to the public ten cents. Wagon loads went out each week to every quarter of the globe, and not a few to Europe.

It was regularly kept on file at the Paris office of the New York *Herald,* the Anglo-American Bank, and similar public places in the chief cities of the continent.

The special editions sent out on the first of each January met with astonishing sales. The first venture in this line was on New Year's day, 1880. It was patterned after such publications as the *Ladies' Home Journal,* printed on fine calendered book paper, and profusely illustrated with half tones of scenes typical of mining camps and mining camp life.

The home facilities for such a publication were wholly inadequate; hence, I contracted with the New York *Graphic,* the first illustrated daily in the country, for the printing. When all other details had been arranged, I was asked how many copies would be required, and when I said sixty thousand, the *Graphic* man gasped with astonishment. He declared that twenty-five thousand copies of the holiday number of the *Graphic* was all the metropolis of the country would consume. Sixty thousand for a wild and woolly mining camp, on the dome of the continent, was to him unthinkable; and I later learned that, before signing the contract, he inquired of my bank references, not only as to my financial standing but as to my sanity as well.

But I knew the people and the market, and my judgment was confirmed on New Year's day following by the sale of the last number before the sun went down over Mount Massive. The retail price was 50 cents a copy; newsdealers' rate 35 cents. One dealer, Ben Gardner, later a prominent stationer of Los Angeles, handed us a check on New Year's eve for $3,500 for ten thousand copies. And this before seeing even a sample copy.

I took the precaution of insuring the sheets, while in process, for $10,000. Although the cost of publication was excessive, I was able to carry $7,500 to the profit side of the ledger for that single issue.

Ever since 1880, on each recurring New Year's day, a special edition of the *Carbonate Chronicle* still goes out to the world, telling the thrilling story of the year's events, the production of mines, and the performance of smelters—none so elaborate, perhaps, as that initial number, but always bulky, and crowded with attractive features, pictorial and letter-press.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### FIFTY THOUSAND TO THE GOOD THE FIRST YEAR—VALE ARKINS AND BURNELL

The balance sheet at the end of the first twelvemonth disclosed astonishing totals. I had, within that time, purchased and paid for the interests of both my partners. For Mr. Burnell's interest, the Company (Col. Arkins and myself) paid more than the combined capital of the three at the inception of the enterprise, three months previously, and for Col. Arkins' half interest I paid, before the close of the first year, $15,000, he having enjoyed several dividends in the meantime. I had added a story to the *Chronicle* building, augmented the equipment of the plant, cleared off the debt to the type foundry, and increased the bank balance to $29,000.

All this in a building 20x30, from which went out three editions of the *Evening Chronicle* and a monster weekly.

The job printing department was so crowded with orders that it was necessary to run the presses day and night, nor did the thunder of the clanking cylinders seem to disturb the slumbers of either Davis, Arkins, Burnell, or the eleven other men, editors and printers, stowed away in narrow bunks against the wall and above the ceiling, although these latter did sometimes complain of the snow sifting in upon their couches and into their faces at night.

Mr. Burnell withdrew from the company at the close of the first quarter, attracted by the seeming greater inducement to engage in active mining operations. I parted with him with extreme reluctance, for sentimental as well as business reasons. Primarily it had been his enterprise. He had been the original discoverer. But for his sagacity it never would have been undertaken. He had wholly taken from my shoulders all responsibility for the proper working of the mechanical department, and had been a good counselor and loyal friend. Before long he made a fortunate strike in a Red Cliff mine, parting with it one hundred thousand dollars to the good, and later duplicated his experience in other districts. A few years later, unable longer to resist the allurement of the print-shop and the smell of printer's ink, he purchased a large interest in the *Rocky Mountain News* at Denver, the ownership of which had been acquired by Col. Arkins, and became its Business Manager. In this capacity he at once won distinction, soon increasing the value of the property from a few thousand dollars to half a million, upon which valuation he later parted with his half interest.

Col. Arkins' withdrawal was involuntary, his physicians cautioning him that he could not hope to survive the rigors of climate and altitude. Parting with him was not easy, since he was one of the most genial, companionable and lovable characters that ever came into my life. He had, during our brief association, performed more than his part, borne more than his share of the burden, and perhaps contributed more than myself to the phenomenal initial success of the *Chronicle*. In the broader field of Denver, which he soon after entered, he rapidly arose to distinction as a versatile editorial writer and political commentator.

Before dismissing these "old pals" I must revive a story told of the three, by that incomparable wit and practical joker, the late Eugene Field, then editor of the Denver *Tribune*. The yarn had little foundation in fact —just sufficient to hang a story upon and Field's production speedily went the rounds of the press. As before stated, the demand for printed stationery was pressing. Hundreds of business houses of all sorts were being established, and all were impatient for their letter heads, cards, envelopes and invoices. Such a dialogue as this, then, was not uncommon:

Customer: "What is your price for a thousand letter heads?"

Burnell: "Fifteen dollars."

Customer: "All right. When can I have them?"

Burnell: "Some time next week."

Customer: "Can't wait. I'll give you twenty dollars if you will get them out this week."

If, as alleged, it became habitual with Burnell to postpone delivery until "some time next week," possibly he may escape serious criticism.

Field's story ran something after this fashion:

A gambler desired some numbers, 1 to 0, printed in big type on card board, for use in a game of chance of questionable sort. Characteristic of that liberal class, the gambler neglected to ask the price, and Burnell entered the order on his job register, fixing the charge at $10.

Davis, scanning the register, noted the entry, and demurred to the price, declaring that we would be justified in holding up such a disreputable character as the one in question.

Burnell changes the charge price from $10 to $20.

Enter Arkins, who is appealed to by Burnell for justification of the charge. "Sure," replies Arkins, "He is a disreputable whelp, deserving of no consideration. Besides, he'll pay $30 as quickly as $20."

The charge price is again changed.

Then Whitton, the circulator, comes in, and Burnell inquires about the gambler.

"Know him?" replies Whitton, "I should say I do. Why, he's an escaped convict from the Dakota penitentiary. If you are doing work for him, slap on the price. He is in an unlawful business, and will not dare to squeal."

Advised as to the charge and the successive raises, Whitton finally advises making it $50.

To this Burnell agrees, providing Whitton will deliver the goods and make the collection. After satisfying himself that the cards had been correctly printed, the gambler draws a check for $50 and hands it to Whitton without a word, but as the latter turns to depart, he is hailed by the Bad Man from Dakota with: "John, I was a thief once myself, you know. But, isn't this price a little high?"

# CHAPTER XXXII.

## FIGHT FOR TITLE—DIFFICULTIES IN PROCURING NEWS—DEADWOOD DESTROYED

By the 1st of July the country road upon which the *Chronicle* office had been erected developed into a broad street, and was pretty solidly built up on both sides for a distance of three blocks. This was named Harrison Avenue, in honor of Edwin Harrison, President of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company, a corporation that, by means of resurveys and questionable testimony before the Land Office officials, in which I feel well assured Mr. Harrison took no part and had no knowledge, had acquired title to a large portion of the area north of Chestnut Street, over which the city was rapidly extending.

The contract made with it by Col. Arkins, before my arrival, provided that the Chronicle Publishing Company should have a deed for its lot for a "nominal" consideration.

Not satisfied with the ambiguous clause, I sought to have the Smelting Company define its meaning in figures, before the patent was issued by the government. Twenty-five dollars would have been such "nominal" price at the time the Smelting Company applied for title, but in the meantime realty values were advancing by leaps and bounds, and the best compromise I could make was the insertion of $750 in the contract.

Ordinarily, that would have closed the incident. But after receipt of patent I tendered $750 and demanded a deed, only to be laughed at for my tender. The representative of the Smelting Company repudiated the contract, and advised me that I could have the alternative of paying $3,000 for the lot or abandoning it.

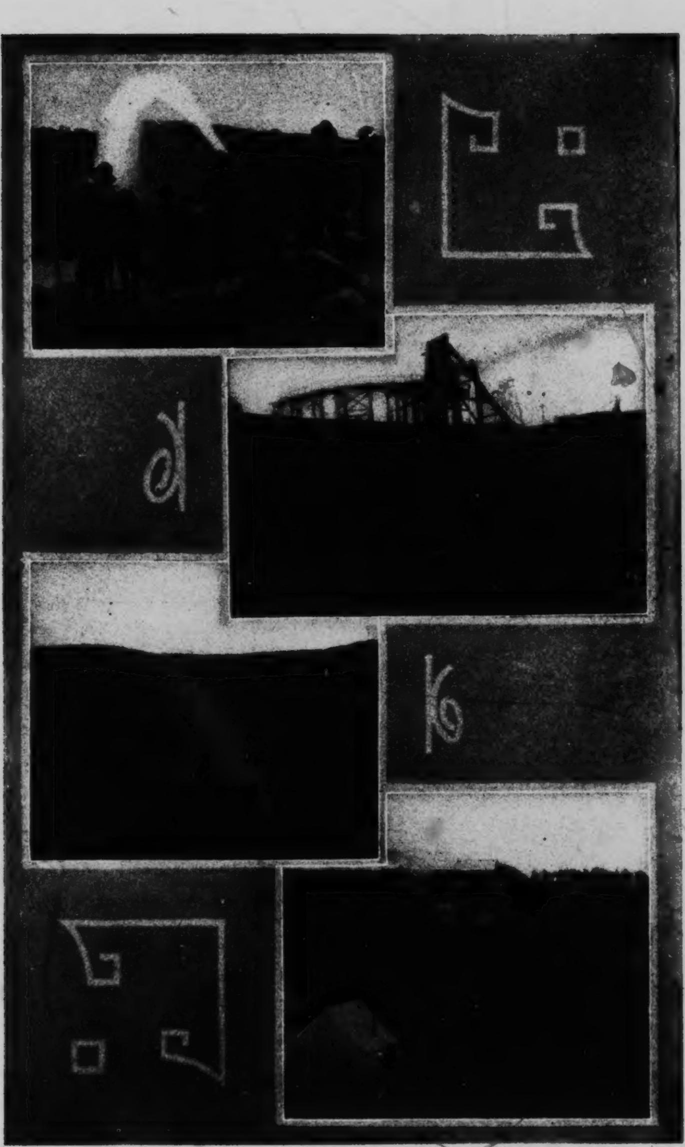
Suit in ejectment followed, and, after three years of litigation, Judge Hallett, of the federal court, decreed that I should have a deed for $750.

The Smelter people, in the interim, had paid taxes on the lot, which they could not recover, and the property in the meantime, small as it was, had advanced in value to more than ten times the contract price. Indeed, $8,000 had been offered for it, and refused, two months after the first issue of the *Chronicle*.

One reason for the early demise of the pioneer morning papers, the *Eclipse* and *Reveille*, and perhaps the major reason, was that they made no attempt to furnish their readers with telegraphic news. There was but a single wire connecting the city with the capital, and commercial business almost completely monopolized it.

Knowing that the Western Union could not deliver the Associated Press report to the *Chronicle*, we employed a correspondent at Denver, to skim the columns of the world's news from the Denver morning papers and send it to the *Chronicle* in cipher. The few hundred words thus wired were extended to the limit, and made to fill a page of our little paper. Col Arkins did the "padding" of this skeleton report, and I greatly fear he at times wove into the daily story features not wholly warranted.

Thus, upon occasion, we received two hundred words, descriptive of a fire in Deadwood. Leadville was full of people from the Black Hills, all of whom it was presumed would be intensely interested in the incident. With the assistance of Circulator Whitton, who had recently come from Deadwood and was acquainted



HYDRAULIC MINING
Breaking down the Banks
in California Gulch

PLACER MINING
Sluicing for Gold in
California Gulch

A CITY FEATURE
Dump of the Penrose 30
feet above street level

CALIFORNIA GULCH
Scene of Early Work, Showing Primitive
Sampling Works

with all of its people, Col. Arkins built up a vivid story of the calamity, a full column in length, giving the losses and insurance in extenso, and set it off with a "scare" heading so luminous as to warrant the reader in believing but little of Deadwood remained. A diagram of the burned district also was given. No city in history was ever so quickly and neatly removed from the map as was Deadwood on that occasion.

Sales of the paper were greatly augmented that day. A fortnight later, when exchanges from the place were received, it was with difficulty an account of the fire could be located, the Deadwood papers having dismissed the incident with a single short paragraph!

Wire trouble was frequent, and sometimes truly exasperating. It was not an uncommon thing for members of the *Chronicle* force to get into the field and assist the Western Union linemen in restoring a fallen pole or grounded wire, in order to expedite service.

Before spring arrived there came a demand for the *Chronicle* in the neighboring towns of Kokomo and Robinson, Summit County, eighteen miles distant, and over a mountain range of thirteen thousand feet elevation. To supply this demand an early edition was issued and dispatched in a sleigh over that waste of snow and ice.

It was an arduous task for the driver, but he never failed to reach destination in time for the rustling newsies to serve three thousand subscribers, and affright the frosty mountain air of the eyries at sunset with the legend: "Here's your *Evening Chronicle!* All about the shipwreck in California Gulch!"

We had a noble band of these Arabs on the *Chronicle* and I always felt well repaid for any particular attention accorded them. Knowing all, I was one day attracted by the appearance of a new acquisition, the most diminutive chap I had ever seen in the trade. Hailing him, I said:

"Where do you get your papers, young fellow?"

"Oh, I buy 'em of Johnny Green."

"Oh, you buy them of Johnny Green! What do you pay for them?"

"Five cents."

"What do you sell them for?"

"Five cents."

"Well, you don't seem to make any profit, at that rate. What do you do it for?"

"Oh, *just to get to holler.*"

Meeting another, one day, I thus saluted him:

"How are you getting on, Walter?"

"Oh, I'm gettin' on fine, Mr. Davis; I've got a system."

"Oho, you've got a system? Well, well, what's your system?"

"Well, I made up my mind that whenever I lose one subscriber, I'll just go out and get two new ones."

I assured him no one could beat a system like that, energetically pursued. The same little chap, before the end of the first year, had earned the price of two cabins, which he rented at good figures.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### ORDER OUT OF CHAOS—CITY FLOODED—OFFICE FORTIFIED—LIFE IN JEOPARDY

Prior to the advent of the *Chronicle,* chaos prevailed in the location and identification of freight, for it must be remembered that within a period of six months nearly sixty thousand persons were being added to the population. All had to be housed, clothed and fed, and every requirement had to be transported hundreds of miles over rough mountain roads. As the "end of the track" advanced from week to week, machinery and merchandise of every conceivable description was piled upon the right of way in the uttermost confusion. Wagon freighters were unable to handle the enormous tonnage offered. Hundreds of loaded wagons arrived daily, and their cargoes dumped in confused heaps within twenty enormous warehouses, without attempt at sorting, classifying or indexing. Merchants with waiting storerooms and clamoring customers were frenzied by their inability to secure consignments after arrival.

Great difficulty also was experienced in locating individuals. Twenty monster coaches would dump their passengers in the street at all times of the night, and within an hour they would be lost in the crowds that surged up and down Chestnut Street, or in the hills back of town.

There were neither street names or house numbers; the utmost confusion prevailed, until the *Chronicle* solved the problem, and almost within a day order and system was established and maintained.

A representative of the newspaper, stationed at the end of the track, daily secured the names of passengers, and copied the way-bills of the railway in extenso, telegraphing the information as fast as compiled. Thus, readers of the *Chronicle* were advised as to those that would arrive the following day and by which stage line, and shippers were informed as to which transportation line was bringing in their freight, of what it consisted, date of probable arrival, and to what warehouse consigned.

The *Chronicle* lost no subscribers by this stroke of enterprise. Ninety per cent. of the people were directly interested in the two propositions. Virtually everybody *had* to have the *Chronicle*.

Rapid increase in circulation necessitated the substitution of some kind of power for the two darkies employed to turn the cylinder of the big newspaper press. Upon completion of the water works a turbine water wheel was introduced, and during the summer of '79 filled every requirement; but, when winter came, the water discharged from the pipes froze in the gutters of Harrison Avenue and overflowed half the town. This trouble had not been anticipated, and before the water wheel could be exchanged for a steam engine, scores of merchants were threatening damage suits.

We telegraphed an order, appealed to the railroads to expedite the shipment, and offered a bonus of $100 to the freighter that should land the engine in the office within thirty days.

The wagon freight on that boiler and engine, from the end of the track, at ten cents a pound, far exceeded the railway expense bill from Troy, N.Y.

During that thirty days' period of waiting we were put to our wits' end to keep the office from being mobbed by sufferers from the overflow. But the Chief of Police and Sheriff finally came to our relief, loaning the services of a little army of prisoners from city and county jails. At times a hundred men were required to keep the gutter open to California Gulch.

Perhaps the gravest problem was to maintain a stock of news print paper, since at times supplies were on the road for two months. In such crises it became necessary to send mounted couriers out along the several transportation lines, instructed to find freighters with consignments of paper and offer handsome bonuses to the one first arriving. Once only did it happen that the last sheet was being fed to the press when a fresh supply appeared in sight.

To suspend publication for a single day would have inflicted immeasurable damage upon the mining industry. Many columns were filled with advertisements of patents pending, a legal requirement of the government of sixty days' continuous publication. The lapse of a single issue would have necessitated a republication of them all, the delay inviting the filing of adverse claims. Upon our fidelity in strictly complying with this regulation might involve the title to claims valued in hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars.

Difficulty was at times experienced in procuring even so common a commodity as coal oil, sole dependence for lighting purposes, and I not infrequently stood in line for an hour behind an oil wagon, waiting my turn to be served, at a dollar a gallon.

Before the installation of a water system, that essential was purchased of peddlers at 50 cents a barrel. My order for an empty barrel was filled at the end of a three weeks' wait, and the final possession of that barrel, my dear reader, might easily have cost me my life.

The merchant, Mr. Geo. B. Robinson, directed me to a warehouse at the rear of his store, where a barrel had been set aside for me, but a burly miner from the Black

Hills got to it first. He towered above me a full six feet; there was apparent in his features a set determination, while in his belt dangled two six shooters.

It didn't take him long to convince me that I didn't want that particular barrel at all, though by all the rules of law and equity, not to mention courtesy, it was my property. I had ordered it, waited three weeks for delivery, and paid three dollars for it. I believe I apologized for coveting the barrel at all, and timidly backed out of the warehouse while he was rolling it out of another door! As a reward for my patience, Mr. Robinson soon supplied me with another barrel.

Early in the history of the *Chronicle,* S. C. Beckwith, New York representative of the Kansas City *Times,* wrote for authority to act as our agent in the metropolis. His credentials being satisfactory, an exclusive agency for the Eastern States was given him. On a visit to New York, two months later, I found Beckwith installed in a badly equipped office, in a dingy loft in Park Place. This was not likely to impress large advertisers. He was just starting and not able to plunge. I authorized him to lease the finest obtainable suite in the *Tribune* Building, telling him if the Kansas City *Times* would not share in the expense of suitably furnishing it, he could draw upon me for the entire cost.

The genius in his make-up had not escaped me. The arrangement made with him as agent proved a master stroke. The business secured for the *Chronicle* from Eastern advertisers aggregated many thousand dollars annually. From time to time he was permitted to take on other non-competing newspapers, until the "S. C. Beckwith Special Newspaper Agency" came to be recognized as the largest in the country. Beckwith possessed a large quantity of gray matter. Its pre-emption by the *Chronicle* proved immensely profitable.

In the course of time Beckwith wrote me that the leading newspaper men of England and America were arranging a pretentious banquet, to be given in London, in honor of Mr. Barrett, advertising manager of Pears' soap, the largest patron in Europe of American newspapers, and soliciting a contribution toward the expense of the elaborate function. I responded with a check, accompanied by a copy of the *Evening Chronicle,* wholly printed on white satin, and carrying an advertisement of Pears' soap in the center of the first page.

This unique souvenir of a journal, printed at an elevation two miles above the sea, was presented to Mr. Barrett at the banquet, eliciting the attention and admiration of the hundreds of guests present from all over the continent. Years later, when a wide-spread financial crisis dictated curtailment of advertising in America, the Leadville *Evening Chronicle* was the only paper in Colorado that escaped the sweeping retrenchment order.

Casting bread upon the waters sometimes is expensive, but there are occasions when it is returned multiplied an hundred fold.

# CHAPTER XXXIV.

## STARTLING DISINTEGRATION OF THE WORKING FORCE—ONE MAN ONLY AT THE HELM

I assume that, ere this, the reader will have concluded that the publication of a daily newspaper in Leadville was a trifle difficult. I have really related but a few of many instances suggesting it. Surplus men, skilled in journalism, were never wont to hibernate where altitude and cost of living were on a level. Editors and printers had to be imported from Denver or farther East.

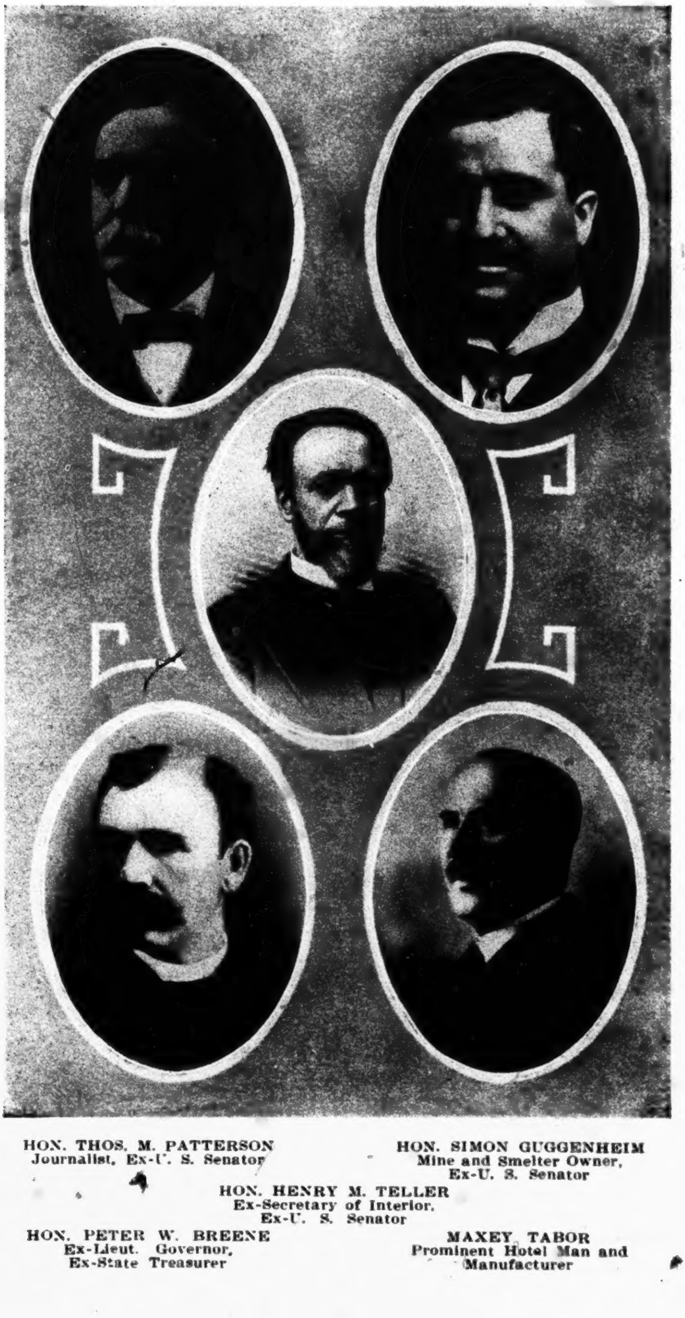
Before the paper was four months old Col. Arkins was attacked by pneumonia, and it was arranged to send him to the valley.

The same day the advertising manager received telegraphic announcement that his wife was dying in Missouri, and he decided to accompany Col. Arkins.

That night the pressman died, and the next day, before Arkins and Manager Pritchett had fairly cleared the outskirts, word came to me that five printers had become ill, presumably from drinking water from a spring, discovered the day before in the mountains.

The working force eight men short on that memorable Monday morning, made the prospect of an issue of the paper exceedingly doubtful, but with a fair representation of editorial, local and telegraphic news matter, I closed the forms at 4 o'clock, threw on the power, and took the pressman's place at the feed board.

It well may be doubted if ever, before or since, an



**HON. THOS. M. PATTERSON**
Journalist, Ex-U. S. Senator

**HON. SIMON GUGGENHEIM**
Mine and Smelter Owner,
Ex-U. S. Senator

**HON. HENRY M. TELLER**
Ex-Secretary of Interior,
Ex-U. S. Senator

**HON. PETER W. BREENE**
Ex-Lieut. Governor,
Ex-State Treasurer

**MAXEY TABOR**
Prominent Hotel Man and
Manufacturer

issue of a daily newspaper was accomplished practically by a single individual.

While the paper was being printed that day one of the most remarkable characters I ever met edged his way into the press room. Without stopping the machine to learn his mission, I yet was able to scan his stolid features and eccentric garb, and, mentally to speculate as to his proper place in the economy of nature, if indeed he could claim place. Certain I was that his counterpart had never been seen. Five feet nine inches in height, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, with broad chest and well shaped, muscular limbs, he was a veritable Hercules in physical appearance. He had a shapely head, crowned with a wealth of black hair, straight as that of an Indian, eyes of the same hue, set far back, a heavy mustache falling over a distinctly overhanging jaw. Every feature was indicative of strength, but aside from that characteristic, it would be difficult to determine whether he was a peasant newly arrived from Hungary or the Balkan States, an emigrant from Western Pennsylvania, a Sherlock Holmes in one of his many disguises, or a plain clothes man from Scotland Yard. His trousers, of coarse material, were tucked in rough horse-hide boots; his other visible garment was a diminutive jacket or "wamus," the whole surmounted with a policeman's cap!

Introducing himself as Seth Payne, he said he was a newspaper man in search of work.

I much doubted him, and under ordinary conditions would have turned him down without ceremony. But the circumstances were distinctly extraordinary, and, without waste of words or time, I assigned him to the streets, to gather what news he might for the morrow's paper. Before 7 o'clock the next morning the copy hook was loaded with local intelligence, stories of exceeding great human interest, and "personals" that fairly sizzled with wit, humor, irony and pathos. Let me give an illustration of his "style:"

"John Henderson, an escaped convict from the Indiana penitentiary, arrived in the city last evening. He is quartered at 316 Hemlock Street, adjoining the Last Chance Saloon. Six feet two inches in height, black hair, florid complexion, deep scar on left temple. Expects to locate permanently."

This, perhaps, would be followed by a minute description of the personnel of a Bishop of the Episcopal faith, including every detail of his attire, how he appeared as he entered the dining room of the Grand Hotel, and appended with a list of items selected from the menu for the evening meal, the only possible inference being that the reverend gentleman was a gourmand, wholly deficient in spiritual characteristics.

No reputable journal in this day and generation would give place to such atrocious caricaturing of a divine, distinguished or lacking in distinction, but it was highly acceptable to a large element of the population, and I printed it, without much thought as to the deep humiliation it might cause the Bishop. That he took the outgoing coach the following day is not surprising. As for the "escaped convict" item, I felt it might prove expensive to me before the subject should leave the camp.

From all quarters of the globe there congregated in Leadville, in 1879, all manner of wicked persons—murderers, thieves, bunco-steerers, confidence men, good and bad members of the gambling fraternity, pickpockets, thugs, yeggs, and promoters of all sorts of swindling enterprises.

Every day brought its round of crimes, committed the night before, and as time passed and they were unmolested by the almost powerless peace officers, they grew bolder in their operations.

The *Chronicle* had just begun a merciless crusade against this element, determined to drive it out of town. In pursuit of this policy, Payne was in his element. His looks, dress and general make-up greatly aided him in his savage probing, since no one so much as guessed his identity. He had the courage to write the truth, and the *Chronicle* had the courage to print what he wrote.

When the chiefs of the outlaws came to realize that it was to be a relentless crusade, they sent their emissaries to me in the hope that I could be bought off. They reasoned and plead, cajoled and threatened, but all to no purpose. In their boldness they did not hesitate, through agents, to parley with me over the counter, brazenly offering to share plunder with me upon a percentage basis, or to give a fixed sum per diem for my silence.

My bookkeeper was a human dictograph, and every proposition made was taken down at the time, subsequently extended and published in extenso in the next issue, names and description of the emissaries never omitted.

Discouraged by their efforts at bribery, they resorted to threats of personal violence toward myself and members of the staff, and to raid the plant and burn it down. It was at this juncture I first barricaded the office and armed the employes.

Before the crusade had reached this extreme limit of peril, an amusing incident occurred. Payne, his identity wholly unsuspected, was watching the games in a large gambling hall adjoining the Grand Central Theatre, and apparently became absorbed in a particularly brazen bunco scheme operated by "Doc" Baggs, one of the most widely known all-around swindlers of the country. Finally Payne was importuned to take a hand, but pleading that his funds were in his room, he turned to leave, feeling that the atmosphere was getting a trifle too warm for him. He was followed to the door by a "capper" for Baggs, to whom, in order to bring the matter to a climax, he tendered his card:

"SETH PAYNE,

"City Editor *Chronicle*."

The capper, who had sized him up as an easy mark, was almost petrified by the intelligence that the intended victim was none other than the hated reporter who was firing such hot shot into the camp of his cult three times a day. Had the disclosure been made while yet in the jungle, there is no conjecturing what might have happened.

Instead of exploding, however, the capper became convulsed with laughter over the contretemps, and grasping Payne's hand he gave to it a cordial shake, invited him to revisit the den that night, and promised to give him enough material to make a good story.

The invitation was accepted, but as a precautionary measure, I accompanied Payne, and both were highly entertained by an extended description of all the games and how they were employed to wrest money from the unsuspecting. Payne's report upon that evening's development speedily went the rounds of the press of the country.

Seth Payne held the position of City Editor for two years. I soon learned that he was not, as at first presumed, a product of the far West. His native habitat had been New Jersey, and he was the founder of the

Jersey City *Times*. He had previously enjoyed the distinction of being the brightest and wittiest paragrapher on the Atlantic Coast. His "style" had upon occasion landed him in the penitentiary, convicted of criminal libel, and while incarcerated he wrote a book upon the treatment of prisoners in penal institutions that had a large sale. Mrs. Payne managed the *Times* during the entire period of his confinement.

Payne's eccentricities were not wholly confined to dress. During his lengthy connection with the *Chronicle* he never wrote a line in the office—always and invariably at the precise locality where the "bones" for his article were discovered. The end of a counter, or convenient beer barrel in saloon or gambling den, a newly-made grave in the cemetery, the surface of a wall in the city bastile, the steps of a church, bench in park or school room—wherever the news originated, there Payne would sit down, were there a seat, or stand up in its absence, and write his story, handing into the office the "copy" so produced in passing.

Thus it happened, in writing a description of a forest fire that had reached the outskirts of the city, and threatened its destruction, he remained in an abandoned cabin until the roof caught fire and fell upon his devoted head, and so intent was he, even then, that he be allowed to finish his story there, that he had to be forcibly pulled out by the members of the fire department.

Suffering from insomnia, Payne was in the habit of frequently changing his sleeping quarters, in the hope that in a different environment he might fare better, until he hit upon the idea that in the solitude and "dim religious light" of the sanctuary he might find rest. Rev. Tom Uzzell, the "fighting parson," accorded him access to the Methodist Church, behind the pulpit of which, and on the floor, but well wrapped in blankets, he thereafter found an abundance of "Nature's sweet restorer," nor was he ever known to look for other accommodations.

Another notable eccentricity, the occasional exercise of which almost drove me to hard drink, was his proneness to drop out of sight, without hint left at office as to why or wherefore. Thus would he wander off into the mountains and remain for days at a time, resuming his duties when fancy dictated, but without explanation of his mysterious disappearance or apology for the inconvenience occasioned the management.

I cheerfully overlooked these extraordinary lapses, realizing the impossibility of replacing him. To the continued fame of the *Chronicle,* as a live wire in the journalistic field, he was at the time well nigh indispensable. But the Great Reaper came noiselessly along one bleak November day, and thereafter Seth Payne had no difficulty in sleeping. Under the soughing pines of Evergreen, beneath the shadows of Mount Massive, with perpetual ice and snow for a winding sheet, we mournfully laid him, lovingly, tenderly, thinking only of his virtues, piecing out his imperfections with our thoughts.

In sooth he was a man.

His daily toil and rough hardships of an arduous life
Making some rude and rugged—
Filled him still
With kindly courtesy.

His faults, say you?

Aye, if he knew one such
'Twas overbourne by the great good he wrought.

# CHAPTER XXXV.

## THE RETORT FINAL—"A THIEF BY INSTINCT, A BLACKMAILER BY PROFESSION"

Col. Arkins' mantle had fallen upon the capable shoulders of Major Henry Ward, U. S. Army, retired, who for years had lent to the editorial pages of the Denver *Tribune* its brightest gems of wit and wisdom. A man of mature years, scholarly and dignified, his conscientious work at once gave the *Chronicle* commanding position along with its elders in the field of Colorado journalism. Major Ward was a man of wonderful poise and self-control, complete master of his emotions, and I recall but one instance, during his long connection with the paper, when he gave vent to consuming inward fires. A local morning contemporary, edited by a fire-eating "Colonel," one Bartow, had for years proceeded upon the theory that an issue of his newspaper that did not contain an abusive thrust at the owner of the *Chronicle* was a dismal failure.

Major Ward was restive under my policy of silence. One morning he came in visibly agitated over a particularly scurrilous diatribe directed at me by Col. Bartow. The latter had a distinctly bad personal record, familiar to Major Ward, and upon this occasion the latter plead with me to permit him to pay his respects to the libeler. "Let me write 'two sticks' about him," pleaded the Major, "and I'll wager he'll never again mention you or your paper."

I yielded, more as a concession to the man who had been so loyal to me than through desire for reprisal, and the result was the most illuminating exposure of a wicked pretender I ever remember to have seen in print. One of the Major's mildest expletives, that I now recall, held up the offending Colonel as a "thief by instinct and a blackmailer by profession."

The article was actionable in every line and paragraph, but Bartow knew the laws of Colorado permitted the truth of publication to be set up in justification, and he had no disposition to have his bankrupt reputation aired in a court of justice.

Major Ward's conjecture proved correct. Bartow never again referred to the *Chronicle* or its proprietor. However, Major Ward's bitter castigation rankled in the Colonel's bosom, and it was rightly surmised that he would either challenge me to the field of combat or seek an encounter with me in the streets. I was urged to arm myself, and more as a concession to the fears of my associates in the office than apprehension of possible consequences—really in a spirit of ironical mockery—I permitted them to lay on my table, in full view of passers-by in the street, two loaded six-shooters. This hasty preparation had scarcely been completed, when the pompous Colonel was observed approaching. A moment later he passed the window behind which I sat, obviously saw the ugly weapons lying before me, and moved hurriedly by, doubtless mentally wrestling with the conclusive proposition that:

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who in the battle's slain
Will never live to fight again."

In later years I embraced an opportunity to even scores with Col. Bartow. His employers, without an hour's notice, had dispensed with his services, which left him practically penniless to face the rigors of an approaching winter, without provision for his dependent wife and children.

I had not recognized him since the Ward episode, but, learning of his unfortunate plight, I sent for him, extended temporary financial relief, and tendered him a position suited to his tastes on the *Chronicle*. This he gratefully accepted and did yeoman service. He may at times have winced, when the name of the late lamented Major Ward was incidentally mentioned in the office, but I never gave distant hint of the "late unpleasantness."

He was high strung and supersensitive. I, perhaps, was rather considerate and forgiving. The war between the North and South again was closed, at an Appomattox of my own choosing. Col. Bartow rests at Evergreen, companion of Major Ward, in the dreamless sleep of the eternal years—

"Under the sod and the dew,
    Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
    Under the lilies the Gray."

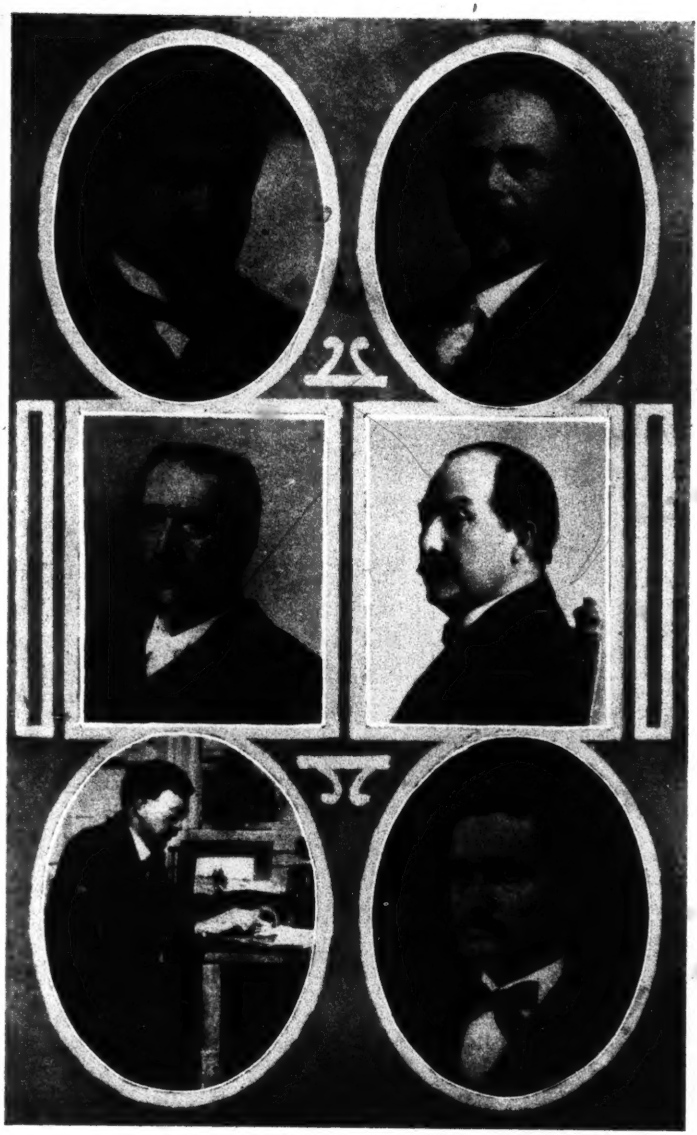
# CHAPTER XXXVI.

## FIRST EDITOR OF HARPER'S WEEKLY JOINS THE STAFF—REPORTER'S TRAGIC END

Leadville now was attracting a better class of people, a higher order of intelligence and culture, and the hilarious roundelay of the days of '79 was gradually giving way to a more quiet and decorous civilization. Changed and changing conditions called for corresponding improvement in the tone and policy of the paper. Without sacrificing the distinctly "yellow" feature of the local pages, for which there yet was a pronounced demand, I supplemented thrilling narratives with a literary department, placing it in charge of Harry Norton, "Poet of the Sierras," who came to me with the prestige of years of cultured toil on the press of the Pacific Slope. "Fern Leaves," and other volumes of verse, had established his reputation as a poet. Adapting his muse to the unique environment of Leadville and its cosmopolitan population, that department of the *Chronicle* was instantly received with joyful acclaim, and its popularity maintained.

George Wallihan, author of the "Scarlet Letter," and one of the conspicuous characters in a nation-wide scandal of the period (not related to the Hawthorne Scarlet Letter, however) was next enrolled amongst the galaxy of stars in the newspaper firmament of the Far West, and contributed immeasurably to the steadily increasing fame of the *Chronicle*.

The paper had come to be as profitable as popular. Hence, I was able to hang up seductive salaries, and to



**JAMES MacCARTHY ("Fitz Mac")**
Literary Editor Leadville
Herald-Democrat

**COL. JOHN BONNER**
Mining Authority, Editor Leadville
Chronicle

**HENRY C. BUTLER**
Latter-Day Dean of Leadville
Journalism

**JAMES RILAND**
City Editor Leadville Herald-
Democrat

**EDWARD R. COWEN**
Managing Editor Leadville Herald-
Democrat

**SETH PAYNE**
Eccentric City Editor Leadville
Chronicle

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pick my material without much reference to cost. Thus, in turn, I engaged the services of Col. John Bonner, a profound writer on political economy, philosophical commentator and historian, author of "Child's History of the World," an editorial writer on the New York *Herald* back in the 50s, and the first editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Coming from England in early life, he located in the metropolis, and engaged in banking; but in the historical financial crisis of '73 his concern became deeply involved. Col. Bonner emerged from Wall Street with an unsatisfied judgment against him of $250,000. While in my employ he obtained a thirty days' leave, to enable him to return to New York to endeavor to have this incubus removed. Failing in the undertaking, he came back to Leadville, to resume his labors with the enormous burden still upon his shoulders.

Graduate of Oxford and Cambridge, but especially equipped with technical knowledge of geology, mineralogy and ore occurrence, he built up for the *Chronicle* a reputation as a mining authority nation-wide in its scope, and surviving to this day. So capable was he in this field that he came to be regarded as a seer, and when his views seemed to conflict with periodical reports of the United States Geological Survey, local mine owners and managers inclined to the opinion of Col. Bonner, rather than to those of Prof. Emmons and other illustrious mineralogists and metallurgists of the bureau.

In 1897 I met Col. Bonner for the last time. Although past eighty, he enjoyed a fair degree of health, and his activities would have taxed the strength and endurance of many men his junior. Besides editing the San Francisco *Bulletin*, he was contributing signed articles to other coast journals, as well as to various Eastern periodicals, walking to the office daily, scorning street cars in reaching it, and the assistance of stenographers when arrived there. A year or two later I was greatly surprised to learn that he had pushed on almost to the Arctic Circle, with operating base at Dawson.

Col. Bonner was at times amusingly eccentric. He would brook no interference, advice or dictation in the conduct of his mining department, and to "manage" him without friction called for the exercise of considerable tact and diplomacy. I recall but one instance, however, when our ideas clashed. He insisted upon spelling Czar with a "T"—and it continued to be spelled that way to the end of his "reign."

Another valued acquisition to the local staff of the *Chronicle* was Henry Thornton. His record was clean and wholesome, although without special distinction, but his tragic death warrants a paragraph here. Of a deeply religious nature, he early allied himself with the Presbyterian church and the good work it was doing in the riotous mining camp of the period. In the course of time he recognized a "call" to do missionary work in Alaska, accepting with the proviso that he first be privileged to return to his native Pennsylvania village, marry the sweet, patient girl who long had been waiting for him to come out of the Great West with a "stake," and take her with him. They were assigned to Cape Prince of Wales, last outpost of civilization, with but eighteen miles of water separating the United States from Siberia.

Bride and groom were the only white residents of a broad scope of frozen land, the nearest military post more than a hundred miles down the coast, transportation overland confined to sledges. An occasional whaler or fishing smack put in at the Cape, but opportunities for getting away depended wholly upon the fickleness of Chance.

Here Henry and his wife established a mission church and school, and devoted themselves assiduously to the work of regenerating the stolid and sodden Alaskan Indian. For diversion they "published" a diminutive newspaper, filled with interesting news, comment and gossip, the few copies issued being produced wholly with pen and ink—red, purple and black—the product constituting a most unique souvenir of their mission work. Had they contented themselves with ministering to the physical requirements of their wards, and given less heed to their moral uplift, all might have been well, but a fatal mistake was made in attempting to deprive the Indians of liquor, procured by swapping pelts with itinerant traders. Drunkenness was creating havoc in the tribes, and to the eradication of the evil Henry and his wife enlisted every faculty.

Unfortunately, he delayed too long the making of an appeal for protection, and his dalliance cost him his life. In a lengthy communication to me he pictured the situation and extreme peril of his position, and expressed fear that a climax at any moment might be precipitated.

I promptly wired the facts to the War Department, and urged the Colorado delegation in Congress to support my appeal. But, before an expedition could be fitted out to succor the unfortunate missionary, a band of drink-crazed Indians forced their way into his cabin at night and brutally murdered him before the eyes of his devoted wife.

Can the reader, keeping in mind the salient facts, here briefly recited, conceive of a more desperate situation than that which confronted this fragile American girl, on that bleak Alaskan shore, and in the deep solitude of the long Arctic night, alone with the dead body of her beloved and devoted husband! My pen is palsied in contemplation of its duty in depicting the horrors of the scene.

How, I do not now recall, but in some way, and by some means involving fresh hardships and new and terrifying perils, she made her way to the nearest military post down the coast, returning with a detachment of soldiers to recover the remains of her husband, by no means assured of finding them upon arrival, and haunted with the fear that they may have been mutilated in her absence by the frenzied authors of her misery.

Brave little woman that she was, to accompany her husband upon such a mission, her later heroism, in coming out with his voiceless remains, pursuing alone the long journey from the Arctic Circle to the Atlantic Coast, is calculated to bewilder the imagination.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE BRILLIANT CAREER OF ORTH STEIN, A STRANGELY CONTRADICTORY CHARACTER

Orth Stein! After more than fifty years of journalism and near journalism, involving an acquaintance with members of the craft from ocean to ocean, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, plus a few overseas, I here record a conviction that his peer as a reporter has never yet been born. And good newspaper men are always born, never made. At the same time, and I set it down painfully, there never was another so utterly deficient in moral turpitude.

His mind was as active as the fan of an aeroplane, as clear as the tones of a bell; his instinct keen and alert; his insight into the springs of human thought and action marvelously clear; his conception of the laws of proportion accurate; his judgment faultless. His vocabulary was large, although his diction might not so impress the reader. He had a flowing style, always clear and lucid, never in the slightest degree involved. His creations were so plausible that the reader unconsciously absorbed them as the very essence of truth.

His appearance, mannerisms and address, afforded the strongest possible contrast with his character and conduct. And nothwithstanding his equipment for attaining exceptional distinction in his profession, he never employed it in that quest, seeming to prefer infamy to fame, easily within his grasp. Eldest son of one of the first families in Indiana, grandson of Godlove S. Orth, a statesman of renown, for whom he was named, his career contradicted all of the favorite dogmas of heredity. Perhaps these animadversions should have followed, rather than preceded, a recital of his connection with the *Chronicle,* for his exploits as an outlaw mainly occurred after leaving Leadville.

Interest attaches even to the details of his initial employment and his first performance on the paper. A mutual acquaintance from Stein's home at Lafayette, Indiana, had exhibited some clippings of his work on the local press, that satisfied me of his rather extraordinary ability, and I wired him an offer to come West. He advised me of his acceptance, giving probable date of arrival, and I awaited his coming with eagerness, his services being much needed.

Passenger trains arrived only in the morning and evening, and although failing to put in an appearance in the early hours, I assumed that he had laid over at Pueblo, and would come up the next morning. Early in the afternoon, however, he presented himself at the office, and declared himself ready for assignment. I told him he could take the street and gather what he might for the next day's issues.

At this he handed me a large roll of manuscript, with the explanation that, had he taken the risk of first identifying himself with the *Chronicle,* he scarcely could have hoped to be successful in gathering the information forming the basis of his contribution. He had, in fact, arrived on an early morning train, and successively visited every physician and near physician and surgeon in the city, representing to each that he was a medical student desirous of finishing his studies in Leadville. There were scores of them practicing there at the time, and often it had been hinted that their "practice" had not always been confined to the living.

Closely scrutinizing what appeared to be a diploma, hanging unusually high in the office of one of the busiest "doctors," he took advantage of a temporary absence to slip it out of the frame and into his pocket, having discovered it was simply a working card in the plasterers' union! Other, and younger men, growing confidentially communicative, boasted to him of their success in practicing without diploma, license or examination, while others chuckled over fat fees earned and to be earned.

The mass of information gathered, in the early morning hours of that first day, showed that but comparatively few of the hundred alleged doctors were entitled to practice, and that the community was being outrageously plundered by a merciless gang of quacks.

Extended, Stein's story filled four columns of about the hottest stuff that ever found place in a daily paper, embellished with a *fac simile* reproduction, in double column width, of the plasterer's working card. The article produced a distinct sensation, was the talk of the town for weeks following, and directly to it may be traced the inspiration for the laws of Colorado now governing the practice of medicine in that State.

One day, soon after the assassination of President Garfield, a quiet little woman, with mysterious air, called at the office and purchased a copy of each issue of the paper since the event. She explained that she had been in the mountains for a fortnight, and had not heard of the tragedy until that day.

The incident attracted the particular attention only of Stein. He reasoned that the woman had some peculiar motive for desiring the complete file, and scented a story back of the palpable nervousness and wistfulness displayed. Adroit probing, while she tarried in the office, developed little, but sufficient to warrant Stein in following the woman to her home in the suburbs. There, after gaining admission by a ruse, he applied the "third degree" with such vigor as to uncover the fact that the mysterious woman was Mrs. Guiteau, wife of the assassin of the Chief Magistrate.

Once the disclosure was made, Stein's abundant evidence of her identity, in a batch of letters from her husband, supplemented with a document of more than ordinary human interest at the time, comprehending a large lithographed marriage license, adorned with portraits of the high contracting parties, her recital of the lives and experiences of self and husband, contained a vast fund of illuminating information, especially regarding Guiteau himself, about whose history and antecedents the entire nation was excessively eager to learn.

This data, plus the employment of Stein's rare imaginative faculties, culminated in a story of extraordinary interest, that was quickly reproduced in every newspaper of the land. It, of course, was embellished with a four-column *fac simile* reproduction of the marriage license.

It was a clever bit of journalistic work, affording wide scope for Stein's facile pen. But he ever seemed more at home in the realm of fiction, albeit he never wrote a summer story that was not sufficiently plausible to carry conviction to the mind of the average reader. Reference to a few such creations would seem to fit into this chapter.

Wandering over the mountains of the main range, one Sunday afternoon, he stepped upon a bit of boggy ground, into which he began rapidly to sink, and, before realizing what had happened, he found himself slipping down a slope of about forty-five degrees inclination into a vast underground cavern, with arched entrances leading into it from all sides, like cross-cuts in a mine. These, he later found, led into other vaulted chambers, of which there were scores, the entire excavated area comprehending several acres in extent. Coursing through the monster cave was a stream of water, containing an almost unbelievable percentage of auriferous mineral in solution, and here and there were seen the bent figures of a number of men engaged in panning the gold. From the ceilings of the caverns stalactites of varying lengths and exquisite formations projected, and, under a more powerful light than that furnished by the candles in the helmets of the miners, would have produced a dazzling effect. Mineral-bearing veins were clearly defined in the enclosing walls, but, in the absence of picks, shovels and drills, no effort had been made to extract the unmeasured wealth. As yet, the placer gold had proven sufficiently remunerative, albeit the miners, realizing that

> The mill will never run
> With the waters that have passed,

were confining themselves to the recovery of the placer gold with which the water yet flowed, knowing that the quartz gold could not escape.

Stein's quickly formed purpose, his appearance on the scene not having been observed, was to return to the surface the way he had entered, make a hasty survey, set his stakes and hasten to the land office to file discovery papers. But an inspection of the incline showed the hopelessness of getting out that way. No other opening was visible, and finally he was forced to the alternative of making his presence known to the canny operators in an adjoining cavern. His sudden appearance in their midst was presumably as startling to them as it was filled with apprehension on Stein's part, since he had no means of knowing what sort of a reception would be tendered him. Fortunately, their attitude was not belicose, and a truce was quickly arranged, by the terms of which Stein reserved for himself the privilege of the caverns as a "show place," while he was to file upon the claim in the names of the original discoverers. His description of the cave occupied more than a page of the paper, liberally embellished with illustrations of the various chambers, with stalactite ceilings, each of which was given a suitable name, the golden rivulet and the figures of the men panning the glistening sand.

*Fiction,* from headlines to tail piece! But so realistic and plausible, in general and in particular, as to dispel any lingering doubt as to the substantial truth of the narrative. Indeed, later, upon application of the publishers, I loaned the cuts, and each successive year thereafter, the story of Stein's marvelous discovery was featured in "Crofutt's Guide," as one of the many attractions of Leadville.

No less lurid and illuminating was a later discovery by Stein of a full-masted minature ship imbedded in the solid granite walls of Battle Mountain. This remarkable story, with even less warrant in fact, was not only devoured by home readers with excessive avidity, but attracted the attention of noted scientists throughout the East, some of whom wrote to me for confirmation and additional facts.

An episode in the history of Leadville, standing out clearly in my mind, was the legal execution of two condemned murderers, Rosecranz and Gilbert, in which Stein figured most disreputably. Usually the simple device of a "drop" is employed, but upon this occasion the Sheriff was persuaded to use a device of Stein's conception, by which the victims were to be lifted into the air by means of a weight, instead of being allowed to dangle in space by removal of the platform upon which they were to stand.

With hellish design, Stein specified a weight sufficient to wrest their heads from their bodies, a climax that he contemplated with ghoulish anticipation! Fortunately, the fact dawned upon the Sheriff in time to save the heads, if not the necks, of the miserable creatures, as well as to preserve the name of Leadville from lasting reproach.

After Stein left Leadville, I lost sight of him for an extended period, until the Associated Press finally brought the news that he was in custody at Kansas City, charged with the murder of a theatrical manager there who, it was alleged, had become involved in one of Stein's many liasons. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Powerful home influences were then brought to bear to save him from the gallows. His distinguished uncle, Godlove S. Orth, appeared in his behalf. A writ of supersedeas, stay of execution, admission to bail—the familiar story where wealth and political influence become allies—and Stein was again free. I knew nothing of the circumstances; he might be innocent, for all I knew; but he must live, and to live, he must needs work. I wired for him to return to his former position, indulging the fond hope that the terrible ordeal through which he had passed would have had a wholesome effect; that, if he should emerge from a second trial a free man, he possibly might in time live down the shame and ignominy he had brought upon his honored name, but the thought was as hopeless as the baseless fabric of a dream.

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

He had been thoroughly inoculated with the virus of crime, and I soon was forced to recognize the painful fact that the man was hopelessly lost, having no reserve moral character to found a reformation upon, and I determined to dismiss him. He had given sufficient provocation in an indulgence of a propensity for borrowing money, but he broke down completely, cried like a whipped child, and begged to be allowed to remain until the date of his second trial.

I reminded him that his creditors all over town were embarrassing the collector, they insisting upon offsetting claims of the newspaper with Stein's obligations; but he parried that with the suggestion that he was expecting a large remittance shortly, and that with it he would satisfy all his creditors, and would create no further debts.

Technically he kept this promise, but the funds used in clearing off debts which I specified were borrowed from others! It was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Had I a modicum of Stein's facility for borrowing money, I should have no fear of dieing a pauper. Even after his criminal instincts had begun to develop, it was found easy for him to negotiate loans in quarters I should have hesitated to enter.

His second trial at Kansas City resulted in acquittal. A few weeks after freedom was regained the Associated Press brought the intelligence that he had robbed his own mother of money and valuable jewels and decamped from his native town.

There will be no profit in pursuing him through a subsequent career of crime, or waste time in guessing what particular jail or penitentiary claims him for a guest.

# CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## Discovery of a Prodigy—An Editor with Fifty-Six Ounces of Gray Matter

I one day received by mail a beautiful tribute to the actor, Sheridan, signed "L. H. B., Box 36, General Delivery." It was a classic in its way, and displayed rather extraordinary familiarity with actors and the history of the stage.

By a process of elimination I arrived at the conclusion that the contributor must be a certain cultured lady of the city, Mrs. L. H. Barnes, and I at once acknowledged receipt of the communication, solicited further contributions, and begged the privilege of helping her to seats at the Opera House at her pleasure.

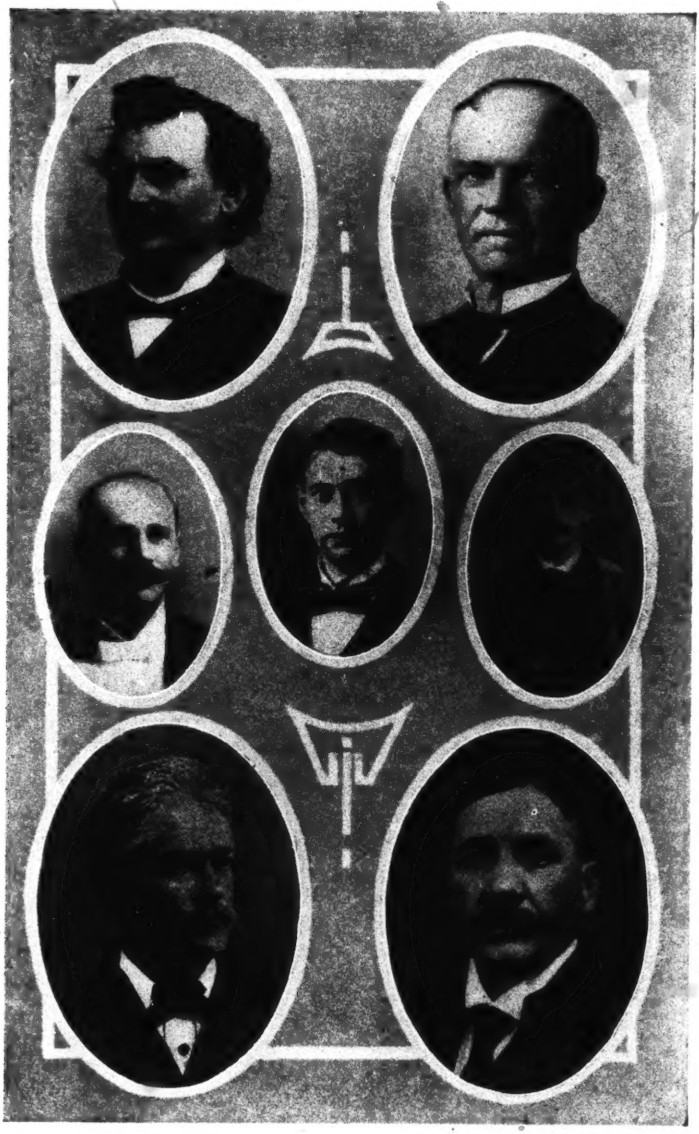
Mrs. Barnes hastened to assure me she was not the author of the Sheridan tribute. Shortly "L. H. B." wrote, asking for two passes to the Opera House. I was careful to locate these next to those always occupied by myself, that I might become satisfied as to the identity of "L. H. B." Two very young men occupied the seats. Repeated a fortnight later, and two impossible old women sat next me. Next time I remained away, instructing the ushers to note who occupied the seats. No one—seats vacant. Then I wrote to "L.H.B." that I needed an understudy for city editor, asking if *she* could recommend any one. This resulted in smoking out "L.H.B.," no longer a woman, but instead a frail young man, colorless cheeks, but bright eyes, Luther H. Bickford by name, salesman for a local coal company, born in Leadville, never beyond the confines of the city, and hence his acquaintance with matters histrionic extremely limited.

But there was the Sheridan tribute, a classic in stage literature, and disclosing talent almost approaching genius.

I determined to give him trial, and never had occasion to regret having done so. He did faithful, conscientious service on the *Chronicle,* and in the course of time wrote a number of musical comedies and extravaganzas, each enriched with distinct Rocky Mountain flavor—plot, time, place and characters readily identified as belonging alone to Leadville. Some of these were staged in New York, bringing the author prominently into the limelight. Later he accepted a position on the San Francisco *Chronicle,* and speedily gained repute as the ablest dramatic critic on the Pacific Coast. His literary and histrionic fame firmly established, it was not long before he was offered the position of managing editor of the Sunday edition of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean,* which he accepted and filled until his death.

As clouds may arise
To darken the skies,
And the bright light of noon may grow dimmer,
In the first flush of youth
You may learn this great truth,
There's a good many holes in a skimmer!

Had Sheridan not conveniently died, there would have been no occasion for that delightful tribute, and "L. H. B." might have indefinitely continued to illuminate wagon bills of a coal company, instead of familiar legends on favorite librettos. The moral which the youthful reader may glean from my poor tribute to Bick-



JOHN ARKINS
One of the Founders of the
Leadville Evening Chronicle

JAMES M. BURNELL
One of the Founders of the
Leadville Evening Chronicle

JACOB HEIMBERGER
Business Manager Leadville
Evening Chronicle

LUTE B. BICKFORD
City Editor Leadville
Herald-Democrat

MARK L. GOLDENBERG
Business Manager Leadville
Herald-Democrat

COL. JOHN A. JOYCE
Managing Editor Leadville
Herald-Democrat

JAMES M. KNIGHT
Business Manager Leadville
Herald-Democrat

ford is that one cannot judge what's in a boy until he is given an opportunity. Now, as ever, is it true,

'Tis neither wealth or rank or state,
But git-up-and-git that makes men great.

I neither had ambition nor time to conduct a newspaper kindergarten. Lute Bickford came to me by chance, as did another in the person of Robert Gauss. I had known the latter previously as a struggling young lawyer in Missouri. He reached Leadville in 1883, stranded, after an unsuccessful jaunt through the State. I offered him the position of assistant editor. His progress was slow, but his work was full of promise, and in time he was promoted to the managing editor's desk. As in the case of Bickford, he needed only opportunity to develop the best that was in him. After two years' service he went to Denver, and for twenty-nine years following was the chief editorial writer on the *Republican* of that city. He died suddenly in January, 1913, by universal acclaim conceded to be the ablest editorial commentator the State ever produced. But he was more than that. He played a very important part in the development of agriculture on the semi-arid plains. Long before the people of Colorado began to realize what an empire of agricultural wealth lay at their doors to the eastward, Mr. Gauss, through his writings, and by actual experimental work, demonstrated that the dry lands could be made productive without irrigation. He, of course, was laughed at, but his optimism never flagged, and he lived to witness fruition of his persistent preaching. He bequeathed his brain to science. Its weight was found to be 55.7 ounces, or three ounces heavier than that of his grandfather, the famous German mathematician, Karl Frederick Gauss. In weight it equalled a number, and exceeded a few, of the most noted men in history—Cuvier, Abercombie, Lord Byron, Schiller and Dante.

Thirty consecutive years' service without a holiday is the record of another graduate of the school of journalism claiming the *Chronicle* for *Alma Mater*. The work of few editors, even of metropolitan journals, will compare with that of Henry Butler, who, before coming to me, had never had a day's experience. Clean, wholesome, vigorous, forceful and effective, his writings appeal to the cultured taste as well as sound judgment of the discriminative reader. He has given the best years of his life to the creation and maintenance of a position —still at the desk where I placed him three decades ago —another striking figure of the self-made man.

Col. Marble and his petite wife, Callie Bonnie Marble, formerly of Philadelphia, both liberally endowed with the divine afflatus of poesy, and capital builders of short stories, lent to the paper its brightest flashes of wit and wisdom. They worked side by side, sympathizing with each others' labor, the one a tower of strength to the other. Their team work was ever harmonious, oftentimes brilliant, rarely indifferent. It indeed was a unique combination of rare talent.

A "live wire" in journalism, who, perhaps, to a greater extent than any other, stamped his strong personality upon the local and news pages of the *Chronicle* and the *Herald Democrat,* was Edward D. Cowan, one of the most accomplished all-around newspaper men I ever had the privilege of knowing. Of myself, I should not like to have it said that I am "first of all an accomplished nawspaper man," but Cowan enjoyed that distinction. He gained international fame, after his Leadville career, in following that peerless statesman, James G. Blaine, to Europe, in the early 80's, and reporting his every movement all over the continent for the Chicago *Record-Herald*. For this he was excoriated by the higher class journals throughout the country. But the nation-wide "roast" didn't give Cowan a bad half hour. Indeed, he rather enjoyed the notoriety, justifying himself with the plea that he was simply obeying instructions of his employer. In the early 90's he was sent to England, to manage the London edition of the New York *Herald*, later retiring to a ranch in the Sound section of the Northwest, becoming a political factor of no small importance at Seattle. Cowan was a most lovable chap. The only way to avoid liking him was to keep away from him.

# CHAPTER XXXIX.

## COL. JOYCE OF INSANE ASYLUM AND PRISON FAME ASCENDS THE TRIPOD

The reflective reader will recall my parting with Col. John A. Joyce, of whisky ring fame, at the portal of the Missouri Penitentiary at Jefferson City, back in '76. Ten years later I was mystified by the receipt of a telegram from him, dated at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where he had been a guest at a banquet given to commemorate the completion of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway to that point. The message was a characteristic epigram: "I am coming over to sweep out your office." Next day he stalked in, as magnificent a personality as ever I had beheld, unless I except the Beadle in the Bank of England. Straight as an arrow, with eyes that fairly danced in their brilliancy, cheeks as rosy as those of a country maiden, but hair as white as the snow that mantled Mount Massive, changed from the glossy black of the '70's by two years' confinement.

His story was brief. Ten years of hilarious living at the national capital was telling upon him. He desired to place half a continent between himself and his boon companions. Moreover, he was charmed with Colorado, and wanted to begin life anew amidst the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, and where he could draw strength and inspiration from the eternal hills. He never had worked under a "boss," but loved me and was not afraid.

Col. Joyce would have been considered an acquisition to any journal in the land. He could have commanded any salary within reason on any of the metropolitan journals. His name alone would be worth more than I should have to pay for it. But, and I candidly said it, Leadville was not just the place in which to reform a wine bibber. The office of the *Herald Democrat* and the *Chronicle* had won no laurels as a Keeley cure. Saloons were as numerous as notaries public, and the sidewalks leading to them were as level as a floor. Albeit I had some ambition to sleep o' night.

However, after a rather protracted heart-to-heart talk, I engaged the Colonel as chief editorial writer, with the privilege to him of dropping into poesy at will on the local side of the papers. As an evidence of his firm determination to break away from "red licker" as a regular diet, John suggested that we step down to the Board of Trade and have a cocktail. Over this was drunk his favorite toast, "Well, here's to our noble selves! There are few like us, and—as few like us!"

For a year Col. Joyce abstained from drink, and did the best pen work of his life. At no time were the editorial pages of my paper read with greater zest, pleasure, satisfaction and profit. Then he fell! And

> What a fall was there, my countrymen.

A single glance at the Colonel, one day as I entered the office, was sufficient to satisfy me that he could not be depended upon to prepare editorials for the morning issue. I took his desk, saying nothing. All through the long night John gravitated between the office and the Texas House, a noted gambling hell, upon each return quietly handing me a batch of manuscript. His contributions, hung upon a spindle in his presence out of respect for the author, were inspected at my leisure next day, disclosing not a single scrap in prose! There was "An Apostrophe to the Moon," "A Tribute to my Land-lady," a sonnet dedicated to "The Sylph of My Neighbor's Kitchen," "Lines on a Stage Horse," "The Red-Eyed Blue-Haired Biscuit-Shover of the Vendome," and much more near poetic rot that only could emanate from a whisky-muddled brain. Next day I procured a one-way ticket to Washington, and sorrowfully handed it to John. My emotions at the moment may be summed up in the language of that beautiful stanza from the "Universal Prayer" of Pope:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

After Colonel Joyce's death, which occurred in Washington City in March, 1915, it was found that he not only had written his epitaph in verse, but also had contrived his last will and testament into a jingle of two stanzas, a singularly unique document:

To my daughters, Libbie and Florence
In equal proportions to share,
I give all cash and property,
When my spirit is soaring in air.

And appoint Mrs. James J. Lampton
To execute this, my last will,
When I rest 'neath the bloomy flowers
In Lot 444 on Oak Hill.

The distinguished Western author and poet, Mary Hallock Foote, was for a long time domiciled in Leadville, where she came to procure local color for those breezy Rocky Mountain stories that contributed so much to her fame. Her mission did not permit her to contribute regularly to the columns of my papers, but such desultory work as she was at liberty to do was highly appreciated by their more cultured clientele. Two romances, scenes and characters from real life in Leadville, had a wide reading—"The Led-Horse Claim" and "The Last Assembly Ball."

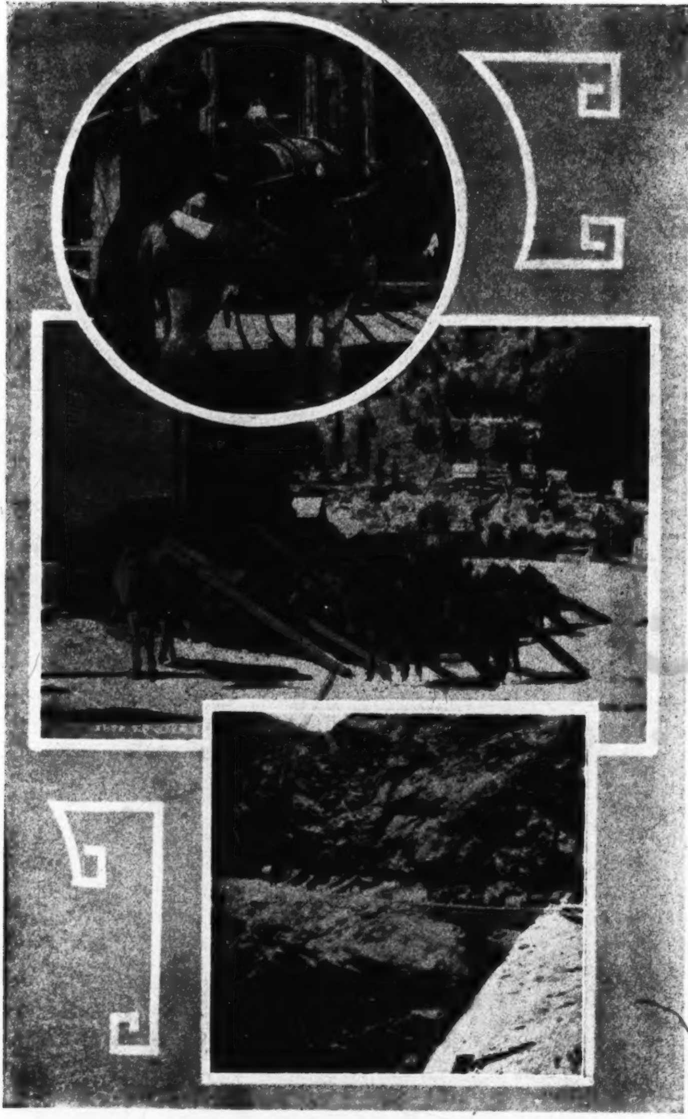
## CHAPTER XL.

### VIVIAN, CREATOR OF THE BENEVOLENT ORDER OF ELKS, JOINS THE LOCAL STAFF

For a brief period, on the local staff of the *Chronicle,* Charley Vivian did no work requiring blue penciling. He was its dramatic critic, and his contributions displayed painstaking, conscientious effort. An actor by profession, he was able to inject many pleasing side lights into his reviews and criticisms. He also had charge of the sporting department, and occasionally favored the paper with acceptable verse, having distinct local color. Later he conceived the idea of a great secret society—the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks—wrote the manual for it, organized the first lodge, and lived to see it spread into every State in the Union, its membership mounting into the hundreds of thousands. He died in Leadville, and was followed to his last resting place in Evergreen by an immense throng, including many notables, but largely composed of his genuinely sorrowing friends of the press and the theatrical profession.

> Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
> His pity gave ere charity began;
> Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
> And even his failings leaned to virtue's side.

Two decades he rested beneath the shadow of the mountains he loved so much; then his remains were disinterred and removed to Columbus, Ohio, under the auspices of a committee of the national body represent-



THE MILKY WAY
How the Babies Were Served in the Upper Altitudes in the Early Day

ARCHITECTURAL ACTIVITIES
A Lumber Train Ready to Start for the High Places

DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL
An Improvised Foot Bridge Across an Ice Crevice

ing the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. A beautiful and appropriate shaft marks the spot in the family burying ground in Ohio's capital, while his portrait graces the Assembly room of nearly every Elks Lodge in the nation.

James McCarthy filled a short engagement on the hyphenated dailies, but he proved a distinctive misfit. His career with me may be said to have been brief and brilliant. Over the pen name of "Fitz Mac" he had earned a unique place in Western journalism as short story writer, poet, character delineator, interviewer, political philosopher and commentator. But as the responsible head of a department on a daily paper he was a sore disappointment. He was an inspirational chap, and when the divine afflatus struck him, he was good for an entire page of most acceptable matter; but Alas! and Alack! when not in the mood his column was a fathomless void. He proved himself wholly unequal to the exactions of a given space per diem, and rejoiced over being relieved of the irksome responsibility. There never was a man on the staff of any of my newspapers who could fill his place, and yet he was incapable or unwilling to perform the duties of the least important of them.

I believe I enjoyed the distinction of being the first American newspaper manager to employ a female reporter. At all events, the results of the experiment were questioned by the contemporary press of the day. Kate Williams was the girl, and she made good on every assignment. The first was to report a race meeting, and her failure was freely predicted. But the unexpected happened, and, instead of being helpless on the ground, amongst the touts, the ticket and sheet-writers, solicitors and runners, starters and judges, she had a hundred men running to her with news of the track and the ponies and the betting game, that the average male reporters had to rustle for. She got all that was to be had, put it in good English, got it on the wire in time, and in all respects vindicated my judgment as to her capacity. Leadville men, justly proud of her, were ever ready to lend a hand.

I have felt warranted in taking this side-step, at this juncture, in order to pay brief tribute to the earnest, faithful, loyal, never-flagging members of the editorial staff, who almost lost their identity in patient, continuous devotion to my interests and their chosen mission. Their labors were not confined to the *Evening Chronicle,* however, for, as soon will be seen, I did not content myself with the building up of one great newspaper.

# CHAPTER XLI.

## THE CHRONICLE ABSORBS DEMOCRAT AND HERALD, BECOMING A GRINDING MONOPOLY

Emboldened by the immediate success of the *Chronicle,* another afternoon journal, the *Times,* was launched in the early summer of 1879. By the demise of the *Eclipse* and the *Reveille,* the morning field was open to the projectors of the *Times,* but for some inscrutible reason they chose to enter my domain, thus inviting still other competitors. It was neither logical nor businesslike to attempt successfully to compete with an established journal, but it required three months' experience, and all kinds of financial sacrifice, to demonstrate the blunder.

The suspension of the *Times* did not discourage others from entering the rich journalistic field, and before the end of the year two large morning papers started upon a tempestuous career.

A syndicate of strong local capitalists were sponsers for the *Herald,* a Republican journal; while an equally formidable syndicate of Denver men, headed by Gov. W. A. H. Loveland, founded the *Democrat.* Both were provided with modern plants, complete in all details. Capable writers, also, were imported. The population had increased to 60,000. The Associated Press had decided to grant three exclusive franchises, one to each of the existing papers, the *Chronicle,* the *Herald* and the *Democrat.* Wire facilities were now sufficient to carry the full news report of that Association.

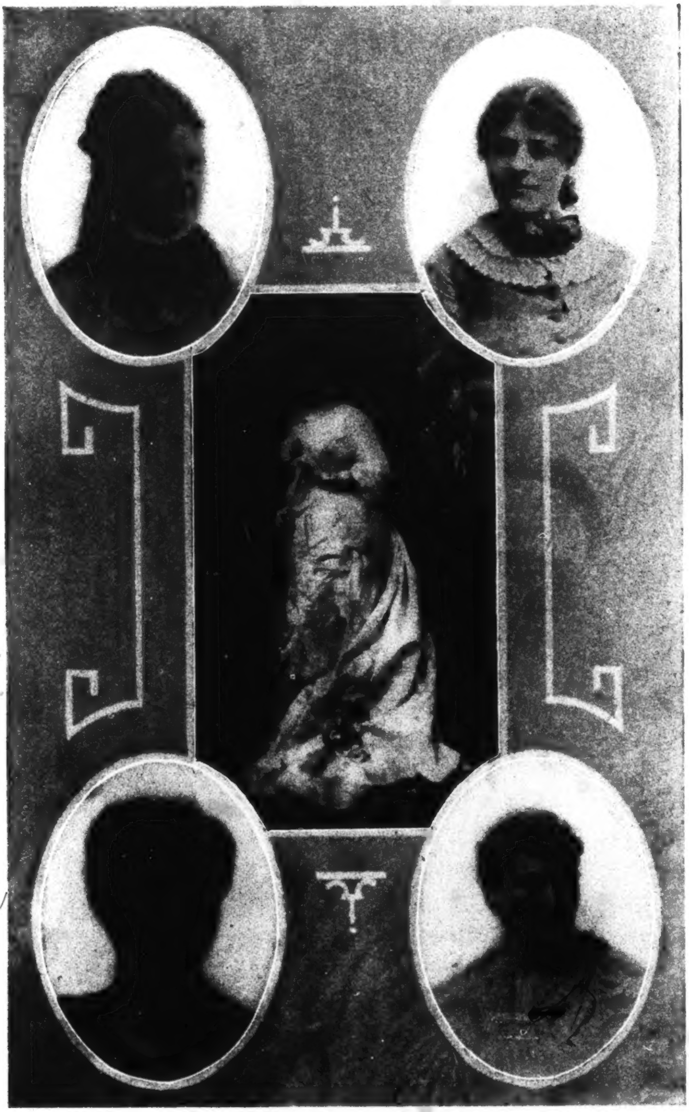
The first election for municipal offices was carried by the Republicans, and the *Herald,* which had supported the ticket, was not only awarded the city printing, but its manager, Captain R. G. Dill, was given the fat berth of City Clerk. This obvious discrimination occurred a second time, but the *Herald* was not again the beneficiary.

Thus, before the close of Leadville's first year, the journalistic field was wholly filled and properly proportioned, each of the two great parties supplied with an organ, the *Chronicle* remaining a free lance, with strong Republican leanings. It was, in fact, as loyal to Republican tenets as was the *Herald,* the only difference being that the latter was owned by and conducted in the interest of politicians, while the *Chronicle* was "owned by its owner."

For two years the situation remained practically unchanged, but early in 1883 the *Democrat* began to exhibit that "tired feeling." Owing to bad management or internal bickerings in its Board of Directors, it became involved in debt, and finally was sold to satisfy its creditors. I was the only bona fide bidder, and when my offer reached a figure corresponding with its secured and floating debts, its was knocked off to me.

For a time I was compelled to publish the two papers, morning and evening, in offices widely separated, the *Chronicle* building being too small to house the large printing plant of the *Democrat,* but soon I succeeded in finding spacious quarters for the dual dailies in the State Armory, where their publication has continued down to this hour.

It soon was made obvious that my journalistic career in Leadville, uninterruptedly successful thus far, was to meet with a check. Had it been a simple case of legitimate competition for business in the morning field, I should have had no cause for apprehension as to the



**MRS. GEO. GOLDTHWAITE**
Authoress and Dramatist

**MRS. FLORA BURNELL**
An Early Leadville Society Matron

**MRS. W. S. WARD**
Early Leader of Leadville Society

**MRS. DAVID G. MILLER**
Leader in Early Leadville Society

**MRS. FRANK G. BULKLEY**
Popular Leadville Society Matron

outcome. But it was a brace game I was up against, and when the dice are loaded the honest player stands little show of winning the other fellow's money or saving his own. The *Herald* had been acquired by the late Senator H. A. W. Tabor, seven times a millionaire, and was being run in the interest of that gentleman's ambition to be Governor of the State. It mattered little to him or to his managers whether the paper earned dividends, or even paid expenses. The weekly deficit was wiped out with a draft on "the old man." Under such conditions, prices of advertising, for job printing and blank-book making were slaughtered by the manager of the *Herald,* whose only interest was to make the paper *appear* to be well patronized. The advertiser was not aware of the conditions that had obtained, nor was it an easy task to convince him that he should pay more for space in the *Democrat* than in the *Herald.* The contest narrowed down to a struggle between my practical knowledge of every ramification of the publishing business, my experience, and the closest personal application, and Tabor's millions. It was a losing business for him from the inception of the competition, but he could afford to lose. After a time it also began to be a losing business for me, and it was obvious I could not stand it long. There is nothing that absorbs cash so rapidly as a newspaper. The losses, when they occur at all, are apt to be heavy. By the summer of 1883 I had exhausted all I had earned with the *Chronicle,* and owed the Carbonate National Bank $26,000. The situation was growing desperate, and, when I began to doubt the final outcome, I went to Dr. D. H. Dougan, President of the bank, and proposed to him, my principal creditor, that I make an assignment and go back to setting type. This met with a wholly unexpected and altogether vigorous negative. His response was: "Not by a d—— sight, Davis! Anybody who says you'll not pull through is a liar, and I can whip him! How much more do you want?"

Notwithstanding my obligation to the bank, naught but my note was exacted, and I look back with pride upon the fact that a mortgage was never recorded against my property.

With the assurance of continued backing, I put the possibility of failure behind me, and buckled down to work again.

In the meantime, Tabor's gubernatorial aspirations had been denied; he had advanced $150,000 in two years to keep his newspaper afloat, and had no taste for continuing the expensive luxury.

I had made overtures to him, but because I had opposed his political ambitions, he refused to consider a sale to me.

However, what I had failed to accomplish directly, I achieved in another way, by employing James McCarthy ("Fitz Mac") to turn the trick. He had theretofore declined all tenders of positions on the press of the State, and when he offered his services as managing editor of the *Herald,* they were eagerly accepted. In due time he made an acceptable offer for the property, and it was turned over to him. Twenty minutes after the deal was closed and the consideration passed, he reconveyed it to me—to my great relief and Tabor's extreme disgust. The latter never forgave Fitz Mac for the "Irish trick" played on him.

The printing plants of the defunct *Eclipse,* the *Reveille* and the *Times* had been absorbed by the *Democrat* and the *Herald.* By the acquisition of the two latter, I had come into possession of the presses, engines, boilers, type and other appliances of six daily newspapers, including thirteen base burner stoves! The combined plunder represented a cash outlay exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, plus paper consumed and labor expense lost, monuments to the ambition of individual man and the impractical ideas of inexperienced boards of directors!

I had survived them all simply by the steady and persistent pursuit of ordinary common-sense methods. While boards of directors were debating whether an obviously proper thing should be done, I did it. I did unto others what they would have done unto me, and I "did it fust." That was all.

Remoteness from market made most of the junk unsalable, and a large part of it went into the scrap heap. In addition to this contribution to the wrong side of profit and loss account, I found myself saddled with three Associated Press franchises, when only two were required. Monthly tolls on each, abnormally high, had to be met, or the surplus franchise would lapse and be resold.

For some time my monthly contribution to the greatest monopoly of the century—the monopoly of the news of the world—exceeded that of all the newspapers of the capital. But Leadville, at that time, was larger than Denver—promised, indeed, to distance it in population, and was already bidding for the State Capital. In the conventions of the two great parties, in '79-'80, Lake County's representation exceeded that of Arapahoe. As long as I could maintain the franchises, successful opposition to my morning and evening journals was not possible. In the years that followed twenty-seven distinct attempts were made to do this without the Associated Press news, and all found eternal rest in the same burying ground! Finally I made an appeal to the Associated Press to cancel one of the franchises. This, with the cordial fraternal help of the managers of the Denver newspapers, was successful. The surplus franchise was killed, but the tolls were added to those already being paid by the Denver press! This unlooked for and unmerited burden was taken up with deep murmurings. But the equity involved was indisputable. I now had complete possession of the field, and was not seriously opposed. When, from time to time, the afternoon field was invaded, I threw all of my energy into the *Evening Chronicle;* when the morning field was undertaken, the *Herald Democrat* had the major attention of self and staff. It was never a question of capital—a daily paper without Associated Press news was what Senator Ingalls would have denominated "a d——n barren ideality." The sea upon which I was embarked, occasionally placid, nevertheless became tempestuous at times, and, to successfully ride the storm that periodically impended, called for the exercise of all the intelligence, experience, tact, moral and physical courage which I possessed. In subsequent treatment of other themes of greater human interest my struggles will to a greater or lesser degree necessarily be accentuated.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### HUMAN LIFE THE CHEAPEST COMMODITY IN THE LOCAL MARKET—SHAMEFUL CORRUPTION

For a number of years nothing was so cheap in Leadville as human life. Nor was the murderous instinct confined to the lower and less cultivated element of the heterogeneous poplation. The bars were down and free rein was given to promiscuous blood-letting. The history of crime easily would fill a large volume. One homicide had particular significance to me, since a libel suit for $50,000 damages grew out of it. In the spring of 1883 a most brutal and unprovoked murder was committed in the heart of the city by one T. C. Early, a fiery Southerner and a lawyer of some considerable local prominence, his victim being Patrolman Townsend, with whom he had been quarreling over some trivial matter.

Editorially and otherwise, in both of my papers, I denounced the crime in fitting terms and demanded swift punishment. So bitter was my denunciation of the crime, and so persistent my pursuit of the perpetrator, that he had little difficulty in procuring a change of venue to Summit County, the State's attorney being forced to admit that a fair trial in Leadville was not obtainable.

The hearing was manifestly so gross a perversion of justice that I hesitated not to repeat the declaration often made in my papers, even after the acquittal of the accused, that it nevertheless was a cold-blooded, inexcusable murder, without shadow of provocation. It had been so universally regarded in the community that

Early realized he never could hope to live it down, and at once upon his release from confinement he located in the practice of law in Denver.

In the District Court of that city he speedily filed an action against me for libel, fixing the damages at $50,000.

I realized that it was a bluff, pure and simple, an attempt to speculate upon his bankrupt reputation in a community where he was unknown, and that he never would bring the case to trial. However, I was obliged to meet the issue and promptly prepared to do so by retaining Judge Markham, later a member of the Supreme Court, to file an answer, setting up the truth of my allegations as a defense, permissable under the statutes. I had no further need of counsel. I was abundantly fortified, having reliable witnesses to prove that the jury trying the case, as well as the Sheriff who summoned it, had been bribed. I also was prepared to prove that the wife of the prisoner visited him while in jail at Leadville, wheeling into the prison a baby carriage containing an infant, and that upon leaving she took with her the coat of her husband, concealed beneath the mattress. Taking the garment out into the suburbs and hanging it upon a tree, she shot a hole through the pocket, and this provided an "exhibit" upon which counsel based the plea that the crime could not have been premeditated, since Early had not even drawn a weapon. This information reached me through the medium of a neighbor whom Mrs. Early invited to accompany her in her evidence-producing mission.

With such facts as these at my command I welcomed the action, since it promised to afford me an opportunity of justifying my attitude and exposing the shameless methods tolerated by the trial court. Thus prepared I awaited Early's next move.

More than a year passed before he made any attempt to have the case set for trial. Finally, in March of 1884, immediately upon the adjournment of the Republican State Convention, he had the hearing set for the day the National Republican Convention of that year was to meet in Chicago, in June following. I had been chosen a delegate-at-large to the latter convention, and Early counted upon the difficulty I should have in securing a postponement, since courts are not in the habit of recognizing political exigencies. His purpose was to embarrass me by keeping me away from Chicago. I succeeded, nevertheless, in securing a continuance for thirty days. The case was docketed for a certain Monday morning at 10 o'clock, yet I permitted the day to approach without employing counsel or even preparing to put in an appearance myself, although at that time a judgment against me for the entire amount claimed would have been collectable. On the Sunday afternoon preceding the day of trial I sent for the lawyer who had defended Early in the Summit County Court, who personally had done the dirty work that resulted in his acquittal. He responded to my summons, scarce dreaming of the object of it, since I had not recognized him for more than a year, but he obviously was perturbed. "Scott," said I, looking steadfastly into his eyes, "I want you to go to Denver tonight!"

"To Denver? And what for, sir?"

"You will take the Rio Grande train for Denver tonight, see your client, Early, in the morning, and upon the opening of Court have that libel case against me dismissed, *at his costs*. If you fail in getting Early to act as I have suggested, you need not trouble yourself to return to Leadville, because I do not intend that you shall continue to live here!"

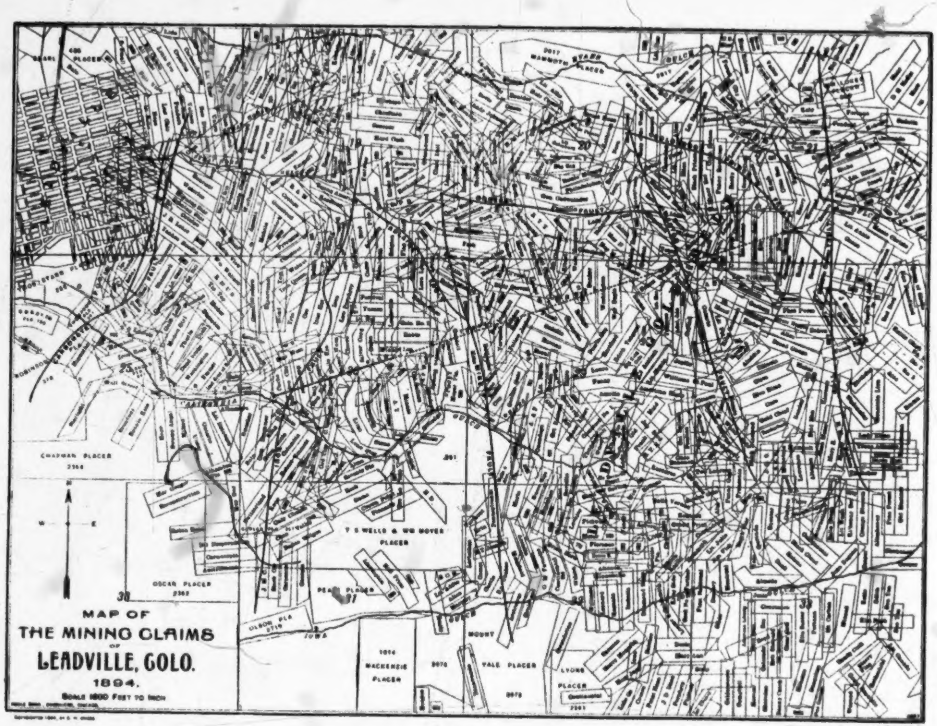
It was a rather bold proposition to make to a prominent lawyer, but he realized that I possessed knowledge of his methods, in other instances as well as this, and his first utterance convinced me that my bluff had succeeded.

Without demurring to the main proposition, he pleaded lack of funds for such a mission; but I had anticipated that by procuring a round-trip ticket for his use, and handing this to him, together with a ten dollar note for his hotel bill, I dismissed him.

At 9 o'clock the next morning I received a wire from the lawyer to this effect: "Early will dismiss for fifty dollars."

Any compromise would have saddled me with the costs; hence I sent a rush message: "Not fifty cents. Remember!"

The case was dismissed, and that was the last I ever heard of it or the villain who instituted it.



A RICH FARM ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP
From an area ten square miles in extent, 40,000 mineral claims, 500 x 1500 feet in extent, over $400,000,000 in mineral values have been taken.

# CHAPTER XLIII.

## FABULOUS RICHES UNCOVERED—FORTUNES IN A DAY—30,000 CLAIMS RECORDED

Great strides had been made in the development of the mineralized section, and for the treatment of the constantly increasing tonnage of silver-bearing ore a number of large sampling works and smelters were established in California gulch, employing thousands of unskilled workmen. Only the richest ore would stand treatment charges; that carrying less than sixty ounces of silver content to the ton was left on the dumps. The ore encountered, almost on the surface, was a silver-bearing carbonate of lead—hence the names "Leadville" and "Carbonate Camp." It was immensely rich, and, carrying its own fluxing material, was easily treated. I have seen as much as $30,000 in values brought down from the hills in an ordinary wagon.

The early great bonanza mines on Fryer Hill multiplied millionaires and gave great impetus to prospecting. Over the entire area, which later came to be designated as the "Leadville Mining District," prospectors swarmed in all directions, and before the close of the second year thirty thousand claims, 300 x 1,500 feet in area, were considered worth patenting. Indeed, no man felt secure in his rights until they were confirmed by the land department of the government. A few instances will illustrate the excessive richness of the silver ore and its abundance.

Sandwiched in between the famous "Little Pittsburg," "Chrysolite," "Aime," and other bonanza properties, was a claim located by a group of Southern gentlemen, and named the "Robert E. Lee." Development of this mine, at the time I reached Leadville, was confined to a vertical shaft sixty feet deep. Here water was encountered, and it was no longer practical to sink deeper without a "hoist." The locators had exhausted their means. No mineral had been encountered, and the only encouragement to continue operations was the proximity of the claim to heavily producing properties. My partner and I took a sixty-day option on a sixth interest for $1,500, the owners agreeing to expend the money in unwatering the shaft and sinking to mineral. We permitted the option to expire, being unable either to take it up or negotiate its sale. Within thirty days after maturity, and while still using an old-fashioned windlass and bucket, values aggregating $129,000 were taken from the shaft within twenty-four hours. In the decade following, the Lee mine yielded $7,000,000.

I have never thought our failure to take up that option indicated poor judgment. On the contrary, it seems to me now, as it then did, that it would have been madness to have invested any considerable sum of money in a sixty-foot hole in the ground, full of water, with no other merit than being near to producing mines. At that time, it should be remembered, mining was not prosecuted along scientific lines, and the average prospector, ignorant of geology, mineralogy, or ore occurrence, was quite as likely to blunder upon a rich find as his more learned neighbor.

Prof. Emmons, and other distinguished members of the United States Geological Bureau, have since surveyed, mapped and charted the entire district, located the principal mineral deposits, their dips, spurs and angles, defining the faults and disclosing every feature of underground Leadville, reducing the pursuit of mining to a fixed science, and enabling the miner to sink with intelligence, to drift with knowledge, to cross-cut with certainty, to discover, extract and hoist the ore to the surface with economic appliances, securing the maximum results with the minimum of labor cost.

It is rather singular, nevertheless, that the larger number of important discoveries in the early days were made by uneducated miners, and that the men most liberally equipped with scientific knowledge were proverbially unsuccessful in their exploitations. Episodes similar to the one related frequently occurred, and it would be a comparatively easy task for me to fill a volume with duplicate incidents. Perhaps, by a little generalization, I may better succeed in impressing the reader with Leadville's contribution to the wealth of the world.

The simple statement that, in the first thirty years of its history, it aggregated four hundred million dollars, is scarcely impressive, but when one reflects that the sum represents four dollars for every man, woman and child in the United States, and that it was all taken from an area ten miles square, its significance begins to be realized.

Interest here also attaches to the immense labor cost in extracting that vast tonnage from the bowels of the earth, from a depth of from one to twelve hundred feet, and from drifts and cross-cuts many hundreds of miles in length. Another illustration will here best serve my purpose.

In 1886 a bill was introduced into Congress, carrying an appropriation of $250,000 for a public building at Leadville. In support of this measure it became necessary to compile a mass of statistics for the information of Congressmen, and to me was assigned the task. One feature of my exhibit was a statement of the tonnage of the two railroads for the six years they had then been in operation. The facts were secured from the auditing departments of the lines, hence official and dependable. But here again I was confronted with the necessity of making comparisons, to the end that the figures should prove impressive. I took account only of ore shipped in and out, bullion shipped to Eastern refineries, and coke, coal and lime-rock with which the local smelters were supplied. Merchandise was not included. I found that the tonnage of the items enumerated, within the period of six years, if loaded into freight cars, twenty tons to the car, would make a continuous train extending from New York to San Francisco, and a thousand miles into the ocean! And the value of the mineral thus treated and handled was sufficient to pay the debt of every State and Territory in the Union. Add to this the tonnage since produced, and we should have a train girdling the world with several laps to spare. The tonnage thus disclosed, all handled at the two Leadville stations, exceeded the total tonnage, within the same period, of the Atlantic and Pacific railway, eight hundred miles in length!

The Guggenheim Syndicate, composed of half a score members of an old Dutch family, is known to the world of finance in every land. Yet few are aware that the foundation of their immense wealth was laid in Leadville, midway of the decade 1880-90. The father, failing in business in Philadelphia, came to Colorado in company with R. B. Graham, both men of mature years. Their combined capital was represented by four figures. With this meager sum they bought two claims lying together on the slope of California gulch, known as the "A Y and Minnie," deferred payments to be taken out of the mine.

The properties were supposed to be worthless, and long had been idle. The main shaft was at once sunk to "second contact," generally believed to exist, but the fact never proven. Within six months the production netted in excess of $100,000 a month. This sum was evenly divided between the two aged partners, any excess going into the treasury of the company for working capital. The elder Guggenheim, with a steady income exceeding half a million yearly, soon became a power in the Western world of finance. One after another of the sons joined the father, until all of the male members of the family had become active factors in the rehabilitation of the lost fortune of the house of Guggenheim. They built a large smelter at Pueblo, the Pennsylvania, which proved immensely profitable, enabling them to extend their operations to Old Mexico in the south, and to British Columbia and Alaska in the north. All of the interests of the family were merged in the "Guggenheim Syndicate," a corporation commanding capital reaching into the hundreds of millions. Wealth, no less than poverty, however, has its trials and its griefs no less than its responsibilities. The meteoric rise of the Guggenheims in the world of finance invited envy and jealousy, and the members of the family, without exception, became the targets for all of the outrageous slings and arrows of envious people and at least of a section of an unscrupulous press. The elevation of Simon Guggenheim to a seat in the United States Senate opened wide the door to slander and vituperation, and the family has been made to suffer all of the penalties of vast wealth without protest from a people and a country immeasurably benefited by activities vastly enriching empires in extent in two republics. It may be conceded that Simon Guggenheim would not have attained eminence had he been a poor man, but how many members of the greatest deliberative assembly in the world owe their triumph to intellectual or moral attainments ? He doubtless spent more money in the campaign for the Senate than another might have done, but I question if he knowingly spent one dollar for any dishonorable purpose. Liberality is one of Simon Guggenheim's marked characteristics. No worthy person or cause ever appealed to him in vain for succor. His charities have ever been broad and generous, but perhaps not too discriminative. And if he entered the Senate with a meagre equipment in the way of experience as a legislator, I believe it will not be denied that he bore himself at the national capital with becoming dignity and a proper appreciation of the high trust imposed in him. His public career began after I left the State, and I have not had opportunity personally to watch his course; but I am reliably informed that he accomplished more for the State and the interests of his constituents than any other man ever sent to the capital. Such a record as that should be a pretty effective answer to his detractors. Not yet past the mid-century mark, Senator Guggenheim is far from being a waning factor, and may yet give a good account of himself in the world of finance and commerce. He is a native of Philadelphia, educated in the public schools of that city and the universities of Europe, and altogether is so affable and lovable a person as to make acquaintance with him a privilege. His friends in Colorado are legion, and not one of them but bear willing testimony to his exceptionally fine qualities of heart and mind. The Guggenheim family have done a great deal for Colorado, and deserve much gratitude from the people of that State. That a vein of Spartan heroism runs in the house of Guggenheim was abundantly illustrated in the tragic death of a younger member in the historic sinking of the Titanic, his conduct in that awful calamity having been above praise.

Before the close of the first decade the great deposit of carboniferous ore was found to be practically exhausted, and it was freely predicted that Leadville had seen its best days, and that before many years it would begin to decline. Among a now numerous class who entertained a belief that a second contact exists below the deposit of carbonates, stood out prominently the late Eben Smith, mining partner of the late David Moffatt, who was encouraged by the success of the Guggenheims. Mr. Smith was found quite willing to spend Mr. Moffatt's money in proving his theory, and after hundreds of thousands had been so expended in extending the main shaft of the "Maid and Henriet" mine, enormous bodies of rich sulphide ore were uncovered.

Leadville thereupon began a new era, known as the sulphide period, and its life immeasurably extended, for the deposit of sulphide ore was found to underlie the carbonate throughout the entire district. It also became an era of deep mining, vastly more expensive, but promising endurance.

Later, when Congress repealed the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, and silver was deprived of its legal tender quality, Leadville sustained a body blow! The selling price of the white metal steadily fell from its coinage value of 1.29.29 an ounce to 50 cents, and many mines were in consequence closed. The fact that Leadville could turn out thirty to forty millions of silver annually alarmed the bankers of the world. They began to fear there might be many more places just like it, and their fears culminated in the closing of the India mints to silver and the collapse of the whole silver fabric. Prospectors ceased the quest for silver and took up the search for gold. Chief among those whose courage and persistence in this behalf were rewarded was John Campion, who, in the lower levels of the "Little Johnny" mine, uncovered the richest body of gold ore ever discovered in America.

Before information of his good fortune became public property he had acquired an extensive area, end-lining and side-lining the Johnny, added largely to the equipment of the property, and began a campaign of exploitation that resulted in the production of millions annually.

Campion was something of an eccentric. He had brought a snug fortune to Leadville in the early day, and had about exhausted it when the Johnny began to reward his labors. Indeed, it was whispered that on the eve of that event he possessed scarcely enough money with which to buy a meal ticket. In his operations, he had met with some success, but the surplus taken from one property would be promptly sunk in another, He observed, however, that mines named for the deer family uniformly yielded returns; whereas, no mine otherwise christened ever produced anything. Hence, just before his great discovery in the Johnny, he changed the name to the Ibex, and to this day he is said to believe that alone responsible for his good fortune. Among his holdings thereafter were the Deer, Moose, Antelope, Kidoo, Bison, and so on to the exhaustion of deer nomenclature.

For a quarter of a century, mining was retarded and treatment charges enhanced by the presence in all of the mines of the district of varying quantities of zinciferous ore, an exceedingly refractory mineral, necessitating its treatment in conjunction with a carbonate ore, the one fluxing the other. But in the course of time a process was discovered for economically separating precious metal values from the zinc, and thenceforth the former pestiferous metal was changed from a costly liability to a very profitable asset.

Improvements were made also in the treatment of all varieties of mineral, greatly lessening smelter charges, and bringing into pay large numbers of low grade properties, besides yielding profitable returns from the roasting and resmelting of the old dumps and tailings from the smelters.

For many years, seventy-five per cent. of the output of the camp found its way to the smelters by traversing the length of Harrison Avenue. Naturally, quantities of finely pulverized mineral sifted through instertices in the wagons and was deposited in the street. An observant individual, I am advised, recently had some of the street dirt assayed for precious metal content, but was close-mouthed regarding the result. Adroitly precipitating a newspaper campaign anent the wretched condition of the thoroughfare, and the obvious necessity for repaving it, he delayed action until the populace were of one mind; then he came forward with a philanthropic proposal to repave Harrison Avenue its entire length with asphalt, wholly at his own expense. No city could afford to reject such a liberal offer as that!

Noted as Leadville ever has been for developing conditions and situations unusual if not extraordinary, the latest hint wafted to me from her snow-clad mountains is that eventually, if not soon, the services of the assessor are to be dispensed with! Hundreds of feet below the city, the entire area is honey-combed with drifts and cross-cuts, the bulk of the output of the camp at one time coming from that region. The area below all dedicated streets and alleys belongs, of course, to the municipality, and little doubt is entertained that the courts, in cases now pending, will confirm its title, and compel an accounting for all mineral extracted, and to be extracted, from that public holding. The area comprehends many hundred acres, the ore is mainly high grade, and it is estimated that the revenue from this source will be sufficient, at least, to pay all expenses of maintaining the city government.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### OPENING A NEW CHAPTER IN THE FASCINATING HISTORY OF FAMOUS FRYER HILL

No one should ever be surprised over any change in the kaleidoscopic career of Leadville. It was the mining marvel of the nineteenth century, and now gives promise of becoming the mineral wonder of the twentieth. No area of like dimensions, so far as I am advised, ever equalled the fabulous production in the precious metals of Fryer Hill, a slight eminence lying just northeast of the city, and separated from the main body of the Leadville Mining District by Strayhorse Gulch. This little elevation, scarcely rising to the dignity of a hill, distinguished in no way from a score or more slight upheavals in the same vicinity, with never an outcropping or other indication of the vast wealth that for ages laid undisturbed but a few hundred feet below the commonplace surface, has a history that would not only make a stupendous volume, but would scarce fail to thrill the reader with its realism, its glammor and its tragic romance. How, when and by whom the initial discovery of mineral there was made is told elsewhere in this volume by Theodore Hook, one of the intrepid discoverers. It is here told for the first time, the simple story of Mr. Hook scarcely giving hint of what that discovery meant to Leadville, to Colorado, and to the world at large. That one hundred and fifty millions in silver values were taken from that meagre area, within practically a decade, is not nearly so strange and unthinkable as that, after such a matchless performance it should be almost entirely abandoned and permitted to take its place among the exhausted treasure houses of Nature.

Closely following the exposure of carbonate of lead deposits in the Pittsburg, and before the early prospectors upon that and adjoining hills in the vicinity began to realize the significance of the find, and the influence it was destined to have in the peopling of Leadville and the upbuilding of the entire State, came the uncovering, in the Little Chief mine, nearby, of the largest body of ore in place ever discovered—vertically eighty feet of solid mineral of high grade! Then followed the exposure of almost fabulous mineral wealth in the Aimee, the Chrysolite, the Matchless, the Duncan, Robert E. Lee, and a dozen other properties, each destined to become a bonanza.

Elsewhere I have related how the owners of the last named mine, with a forlorn hope of eventually reaching pay mineral, gave me an option upon a sixth interest in the property for the pitiable stipend of fifteen hundred dollars—fifteen hundred dollars for a minority holding in a sixty-foot hole in the ground, full of water almost to the surface! It was not to be thought of! That is what old miners told me when I sought to sell that option. I reasoned that it was surrounded by producing properties, that the rich veins in those mines could not possibly be confined to their limited area, and that a little further development surely would disclose contact! Thus I reasoned and plead and implored, to no purpose. Yet out of the mouth of that sixty-foot hole in the ground, filled with water, there was subsequently lifted ore worth seven millions of dollars.

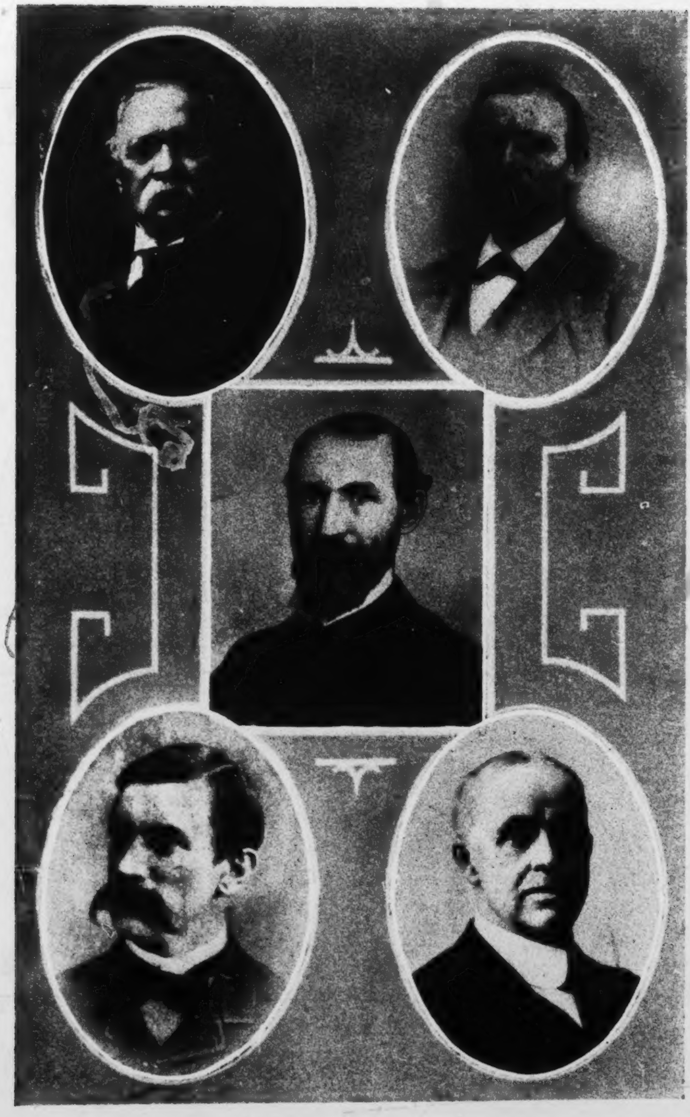
Files of the local papers of the period, the early months of 1880, tell the tragic story of the fire in the lower workings of the Chrysolite, and how the few home owners of the stock of the company bemoaned their fate, being unable to see anything but ruin of the mine and the blasting of their hopes. The fire continued to burn, nor were the methods then in vogue at all adequate to check it. Weeks passed, and the flames continued to find their way into all of the levels, cross-cuts and upraises. The Chrysolite was doomed! So nearly everybody believed. The exceptions were two shrewd, unscrupulous manipulators of the stock on the shares market. Startling and inexplicable was the fact, however, that as the fire progressed and hope began to die, Chrysolite stock on the New York Mining Board steadily climbed upward, and before the flames were extinguished had reached the highest quotation ever recorded! This was an unfathomable mystery to all except the two wily manipulators. But they soon recognized the fact that their reckless design was known to the Eastern owners of the mine, who refused to fall into the net prepared for them and tenaciously held on to their shares. Then resort was had to other devices to bear the stock, and their wicked machinations eventuated in the great labor strike of 1880. The dramatic and near tragic episodes of that event are set out in another chapter of this volume.

The history of the Matchless mine, a record of phenomenal production, adding millions to the already plethoric purse of the late Senator Tabor, affords abundant material for a romance, punctuated as it is with episodes fraught with human emotions—the hopes and fears of the early discoverers, their final triumph and ultimate weakness in parting with the princely holding for a song. Senator Tabor had prized it above all earthly possessions, and even after its reserves had been exhausted, after his princely fortune had been snatched from him by a combination of untoward circumstances, leaving him stranded amidst the wreckage of a fortune of almost collossal proportions, he tenaciously held on to the Matchless, imbued with the hope that one day it might again become the corner stone of a rehabilitated fortune. This hope was shared by Mrs. Tabor, and sometime after the death of her husband sympathetic friends contributed to a fund to redeem the property and permit the woman to make one more effort to restore it to its former proud position. The story is not lacking in pathos. I sincerely wish I might be privileged to record the courageous woman's success in her ambition. With limited means, and up to a very recent period, her miners were at work cleaning out the tunnels, drifts and stopes, preliminary to extending them into virgin territory.

For nearly two decades Fryer Hill has lain prostrate, the engines silent, the stacks smokeless, the costly plants rusting away in idleness and exposure. The lofty shaft houses have stood out like ghosts, silent guardians of all that was left of pristine splendor, headstones to departed fortunes.

Another chapter, it now seems, is to be added to the engrossing history of the famed Fryer Hill. A sum of money equal to fifty per cent. of its contribution to the wealth of the world, or seventy-five millions of dollars, represents the capital of a syndicate that proposes to take over all of the properties on the hill, introduce monster pumping plants, unwater the entire area, and then, with the most approved machinery, sink shafts and drive tunnels in all directions, in the confident hope and expectation of proving the existence, at great depth, of a second and possibly a third contact, below the levels and stopes from which so many million tons of carbonate and sulphide ores were extracted in the decade ending with 1890. Far-seeing men, mining engineers and mine managers, careful and painstaking students of the geology and ore occurrence of the district, conceived this gigantic undertaking early in 1915, and, having faith in its possibilities, they set about the task of securing title to everything of value on the hill, after which, armed with blue prints and maps, statistics of past production and estimates of future developments, they appealed with success to the investing world on the Atlantic seaboard, whose engineers even now are mapping out the great work to be undertaken. Granted that the theory of these courageous men is substantially correct, great transformations may confidently be looked for before many years.

Leadville has had its Carbonate Era, its Sulphide Era, its Gold Era, its Zinc Era. Soon it will have its Era of the Unknown but Fathomable. I take little risk in repeating a prophecy printed a quarter of a century ago, that the coming Iron Era may prove to be the greatest, most lasting and profitable of all that gone before.



**THEODORE HOOK**
Discoverer Little Pittsburg Mine

**AUGUST RISCHE**
Mining Associate of
Theodore Hook

**HON. GEORGE B. ROBINSON**
Discoverer Famous Robinson Mine

**CHARLES J. MOORE**
American Association of
Mining Engineers

**HENRY E. WOOD**
American Association of
Mining Engineers

## CHAPTER XLV.

### FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE LITTLE PITTSBURG MINE

So numerous and varied, so questionable and contradictory, had been the stories of the discovery of the Little Pittsburg mine, for thirty years succeeding the event, that I determined to secure a truthful recital from the surviving member of the couple who made it, and here give the narration in the unaltered language of Mr. Theodore Hook himself, a story that henceforth will take the place of all that have preceded it, and to which it bears no resemblance. Mr. August Rische, mining partner of Mr. Hook, died many years ago. The latter is among the few fortunate discoverers distinguished for having made prudent investment of quickly made fortunes.

Historical interest of national scope is accorded the discovery of the Little Pittsburg from the fact that it gave rise and impetus to the greatest mining boom of the nineteenth century, to the building of Leadville and the addition of half a billion dollars' worth of mineral wealth to the world's store of the precious metals. Mr. Hook's story follows:

"On Saturday evening of April 20th, 1878, August Rische and I heard that George Fryer had made the discovery of the New Discovery, and on Sunday we concluded we would see what it amounted to. We went up and looked it all over, and concluded the stuff had come off the hill. Both of us were poor, and we had to have somebody help us do it, so I went out to Tabor and asked him if he would go to work and put up for us. We found a shaft sixty-five feet deep, and found the thing was upside down. We located on the 22d of April, and had ore on the first day of May—had a shaft twenty-nine feet deep, timbered. In thirty days' work, with the assistance of one man, we had thirty feet of ore. The shaft cut into the ore on the edge of the ore body. It was only an inch thick, and we drifted on it to the east, and in thirty feet driving we had twenty-nine feet of ore. This was the first real discovery of high grade carbonates in place in Leadville. The previous discovery —Fryer's discovery of the New Discovery—did not find ore in place—it was drift.

"We first started sinking a shaft farther down the hill, but the boys on the Union claim notified us to quit, and we changed our location and went a little farther up the hill. It is a fact that had we sunk the shaft ten feet farther to the south we would have missed the ore.

"We first named the claim The Pittsburg, from the place where I was brought up, but another party came and claimed the name, so we put the word Little before Pittsburg in the location.

"Within the week after first starting we made the first shipment of ore, through August R. Meyer, and the ore was sent to St. Louis. The first-class ore ran $200 and $300, and the second-class $150 to the ton.

"The first sale of the mine was to a man by the name of Williams, of New York, for $325,000 for the whole mine. At that time we were shipping probably $10,000 worth of ore a week. This was during July. In August we went on up to $50,000. Williams failed to take up the option. Then I sold my third interest in the mine to Rische and Tabor for $98,000. I turned it over to them in September. Altogether I received in profits and for the sale of the mine $153,000. Two or three months later Rische sold out his interest to Tabor for $265,000. This, with the profits he had received, netted him over $400,000. In May, 1879, Tabor sold one half of the mine for $1,000,000, and he made about two and a half millions out of the mine, when he finally disposed of all of his interest.

"A curious incident in the discovery of the Little Pittsburg was the fact that Rische and myself first thought of going to Edwin Harrison to grubstake us. Harrison was owner of the Harrison Reduction Works at that time, and was the man for whom Harrison avenue was named. Harrison, however, was indisposed, and we were unable to see him on Sunday, the 21st of April, so we concluded to go to Tabor.

"The Little Pittsburg was the first real discovery of high-grade carbonates of lead in place in Leadville. Previous to that these carbonates were known, and Stevens had a contract with the St. Louis Reduction Works for the shipment of a large tonnage, but it was low-grade. The first mine that Rische and myself owned was adjoining the Rock mine on Rock Hill, where Stevens was shipping this low-grade ore. Our mine was known as the *77* mine. We also shipped considerable from the *77*. This *77* was a fraction of about four acres, which we discovered was ground that had not been located previously, and we sunk a shaft nineteen feet during one night and struck ore. All these carbonates on Rock Hill, however, were low grade, and the real discovery of high grade carbonates was that made in the Little Pittsburg by Rische and myself, as everyone knows. This was the real beginning of the high-grade silver and lead mining in Leadville, which led to the boom of '78 and '79.

"This is the plain, unvarnished tale of the discovery of the Little Pittsburg, and all the various stories that have been told about it have come from the imagination of other people, not from the facts. Many of these embellishments of the story are ridiculous, particularly the tale of the burro and the jug of whisky. Doubtless Rische and I punished many a jug of whisky, but not that particular one. The Little Pittsburg location is less than half a mile from Tabor's store in Leadville, where we started from.

"Everybody knows the rest of the story, and what a great mining camp this discovery led to, and its effect on the rest of the State.

"In regard to the naming of Leadville, in the first discussion, when the town was incorporated in '77, it was called Agassiz because August R. Meyer was a great friend of Professor Agassiz, of Harvard; but the name never had any standing, and the first postoffice was named Leadville. Tabor was the first Mayor, and was also the first Postmaster of Leadville. Previous to the incorporation of the town, and the establishment of the postoffice at Leadville, the postoffice for the district was at Oro, at Tabor's store, and another one was at Malta.

"The first building put up in Leadville was a saloon, on Chestnut Street, built by a man named Mande. The next building was that built by Charlie Mater."

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO
At the Confluence of the Gunnison and Grand Rivers

ASPEN, COLORADO
At the Confluence of the Roaring Fork and Grand Rivers

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### INSPIRATION FOR THE BUILDING OF A GREAT TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY LINE

It has been noted that the Denver and Rio Grande and the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad were completed to Leadville in the summer of 1880. For several years, and until the promise of tonnage warranted it, no effort was made to extend them westward, over the main or Continental range of the Rocky mountains, into the valleys of the Grand, the Gunnison and the Roaring Fork. They were an empire in extent, and known to be richly mineralized. Extensive bodies of lignite and semi-bituminous coal and marble comparable with the best Carrarra, also were known to exist there.

Considerable prospecting and development had been done at the confluence of the Roaring Fork and of the Grand, at the north end of the valley, and at the avoca of the Gunnison and the Grand at the southern end. Only the richest mineral was being extracted, since no other would stand the expense of transportation.

I conceived the idea of an independent line of railway, connecting Aspen with Leadville, to bring the ores of that district to our local smelters, thus making our city a great smelting, as it already was a great mining center. I little realized how soon my dream was to develop into a substantial reality. While yet debating the problem in my own mind, and before conference with any one, or hint thrown out in my newspapers, a fortunate circumstance pointed to the solution.

While enjoying a brief respite at Manitou's restful resort, under the shadows of Pike's Peak, I fell in with Major J. B. Wheeler, active head of the great New York dry goods house of R. H. Macy & Co., a gentleman of large means and unlimited credit. He seemed much interested in Leadville, and inquired if it still offered inducements for investments in a large way. I made suitable reply, and then rather timidly unfolded my railway scheme. Already familiar with the history of the two roads terminating there, and the immense revenues earned in supplying mines, smelters and merchants, as well as in the bullion haul, he lent a willing ear to my half-baked scheme, and, before returning home, he agreed to go over the ground with me.

While on the western slope, he satisfied himself as to the probable existence of extensive coal deposits, and before leaving bought an option on a controlling interest in the Aspen silver mine.

The result of the expedition was encouraging beyond my fondest hopes. Returning to Colorado in the fall, Major Wheeler set about organizing the Colorado Midland Railway, became its provisional president, and together with a number of financially strong men, provided funds for a preliminary survey.

The estimated cost of the line, crossing the Continental divide at an altitude exceeding 12,000 feet, was $18,000,000. The task of building the road was made difficult by the influence exerted in money centers by the Denver and Rio Grande and the Denver, South Park and Pacific (a Union Pacific influence), but the feat was accomplished, and arrangements made to start the work of construction.

At this juncture another, and apparently insurmountable obstacle was placed in our way. The Denver and Rio Grande Railway people, seeing that their territory was threatened with invasion, and too short-sighted to recognize that the new line might become a valuable feeder to their system, refused to make any concessions in rates on rails and other material, assuming that the regular tariff would discourage the projectors of the new enterprise, and possibly compel them to abandon it. But they counted without their host. "They may go to," declared Wheeler. "We will extend our line to the valley, and bring in our own material." This did not please me at all. It meant ruin to my initial scheme.

While a line was being surveyed from Leadville eastward to Colorado Springs, Mr. Wheeler returned home and raised an additional ten millions with which to build the projected road over the Ute Pass, years before pronounced impracticable, even for a narrow guage.

This decision of the Colorado Midland to extend its line to a connection with the entire railway system of the State, while sound policy from the standpoint of the railway investor, was fatal to my conception of what the new enterprise was to be, and what it was to accomplish. Instead of insuring to Leadville smelters, for all time, the treatment of all Aspen ores, it provided a direct highway for them to the valley smelters, already enjoying preferential rates over the home concerns; nor did I even have the satisfaction of seeing Aspen's shipments pass *through* Leadville, since, by means of a cut-off in the valley of the Arkansas, five miles distant, they were entirely diverted! Only passenger trains were to pass through the city.

A little later the Midland was extended in the other direction, to a connection with the Rio Grande Western at Grand Junction, thus forming an important loop in the existing trans-continental lines at Ogden and Salt Lake eastward to Denver and the Mississippi river, and westward, eventually, via the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Pacific, to the Pacific coast.

The opening of the Colorado Midland for freight and passenger traffic should have been a red-letter day for me, its original discoverer and wet nurse. Instead, it proved an occasion only for tears and vain regrets; and the reason for it "points a moral and adorns a tale," worthy of mention here.

In promoting the initial sale of bonds in Eastern money centers, in the face of powerful opposition by the existing railway lines, I naturally and legitimately, through the columns of my papers and otherwise, accentuated the abnormal profits that had been taken by the initial lines. Capital had to be "shown." Had I not shown it, the flotation of thirty millions of bonds would have been quite impossible. But, in doing this, I was wielding a two-edged sword. My illustration of the inducements for capital to invest in a new railway emphasized the extent to which local shippers had been robbed by the old carriers, and they decided that the psychological moment to strike for relief was when the Colorado Midland was completed and ready to receive traffic.

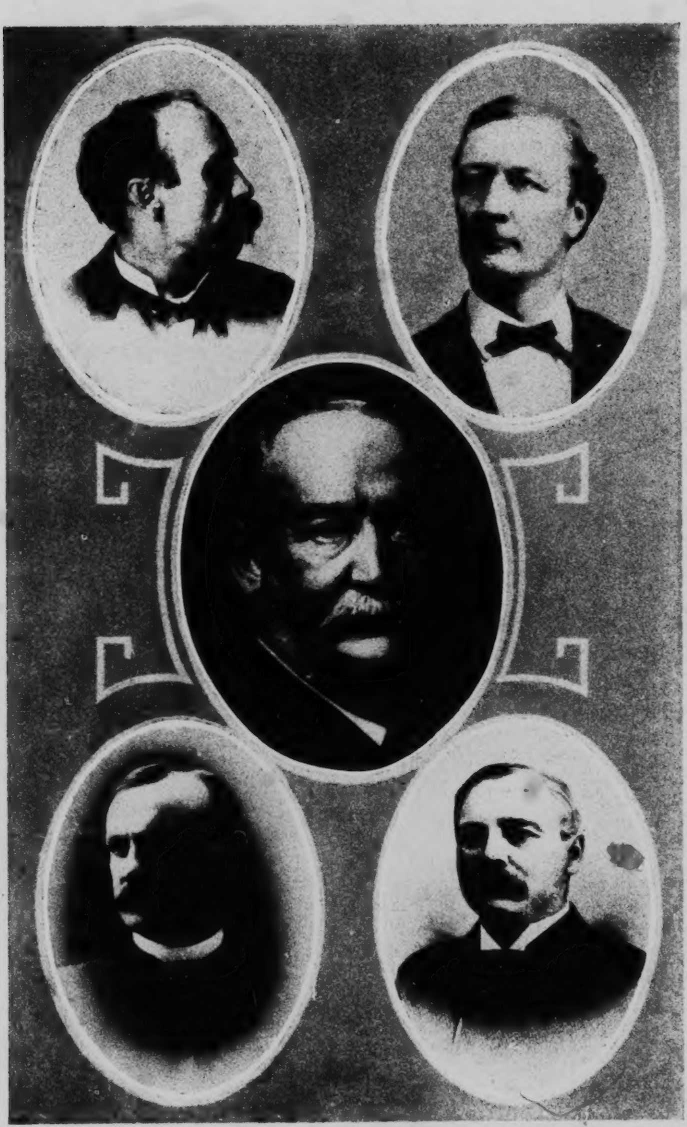
A "round robin" was the instrument with which they sought to achieve their worthy purpose, and whereas that was a dagger in the breasts of my friends, the persons whose hard dollars had built the road, I could not consistently, with my loyalty to local shippers, combat it in any way, openly or covertly. The agreement, signed by ninety-five per cent. of them, was a pledge to route all shipments over one road, for an indefinite period, until the other two should be forced to concede a horizontal reduction in freight rates. And, perverse as communities acting as a unit sometimes are, they ignored the claims of the new road, and concentrated their business upon the one that had robbed them the longest and the most unmercifully!

I question whether an unsophisticated, well-meaning journalist ever before ran up against such an embarrassing and humilitating dilemma. One group of friends, the shippers, were only demanding their rights, so often and so loudly proclaimed by myself, while another group of friends, the persons who largely through my efforts, had been induced to invest thirty millions of dollars, were out for business, unhampered by any sentimental notions. The situation, as far as related to me personally, was exasperating. The logical move would have been for the first-named group to use the Colorado Midland as a weapon with which to club the other roads into line, but powerful influences dictated another course, and my pet railway was inaugurated with the handicap of a formidable boycott! I alone had conceived the undertaking, served it as accoucher and wet nurse, driven its first spike, rode in its first passenger and freight engine, and was "the first person with a boiled shirt" to climb through its million-dollar Hagerman tunnel. I had secured for it right of way into the city without the expenditure of a dollar, and served it in many and devious ways, and yet now was powerless to tender it a pound of freight! The fact that I am still on earth, limbs intact and faculties unimpaired, indicates that, since the "round robin" performed its purposeful mission, none of the original investors in the Colorado Midland have ever met me in a dark alley.

An incident or two associated with the procurement of right of way into Leadville may not be without interest. Several years prior to the advent of the road the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Co. had purchased of the city two blocks of ground, intending ultimately to utilize it for depot purposes, the initial station of the line being in an undesirable locality. Now it happened that those two blocks of land laid along the right of way procured by the Midland—were an obstruction, as it were—

and aside from that fact the Midland officials were sufficiently discerning to grasp the idea that if they constituted an eligible site for depot purposes for the Rio Grande they would appeal to them with added force. All attempts to purchase the plot had been fruitless. The decree came up from the Board of Directors of the Midland that the land must be acquired. *And it was.* General George W. Cook, in charge of the company's interests at Leadville, invited me to meet him on the ground at one minute after 12 o'clock, midnight, of a certain Saturday night. It was Sunday. All courts, of course, were closed. To procure an injunction against us was impossible. Cook was Mayor of the city, and arranged to have the night patrolmen stationed at points as remote as possible from Fourth street and Maple avenue. At 12:05 a truck with rails and another with ties drove up to the site. A score or more of track-layers came up out of the darkness and ranged themselves along the line staked out. At 12:10 a Director of the Midland appeared on the scene and notified Cook that he had come to drive the first spike. Cook told him there was nothing doing—Davis was to have the honor. At 12:15 I swung the mighty hammer in air and drove home the first spike driven on the Colorado Midland Railway. The site was guarded for a few days, but the Rio Grande people made no effort to recover their lost property. The matter got into the courts, and I presume a fair price ultimately was paid for the land. At all events the city station of the Colorado Midland was erected upon the stolen ground, and remains there to this day and hour.

About the date of this incident the Colorado Midland people had bought twenty-one lots in another part of the city from the county for repair shops and yards. The Board of County Commissioners had made the sale and directed the Chairman to sign the deed. This he de-



HON. H. A. W. TABOR
Ex-Lieut. Governor and
Ex-U. S. Senator

HON. EDWIN HARRISON
President St. Louis Smelting and Refining Co.

HON. DAVID H. MOFFATT
Prominent Banker and
Mine Owner

DR. D. H. DOUGAN
Ex-Mayor, Banker and
Smelter Manager

GEN. W. H. JAMES
Ex-Mayor, Omaha and
Grant Smelting Co.

clined to do, doubtless holding out for a consideration. The Midland officials exhausted their resources in endeavors to get the Chairman to execute the deed, and finally in their desperation appealed to me. I took the deed from the hands of the chief counsel of the road, Mr. Rogers, promising to return it within fifteen minutes, properly executed. I sought out Mr. DeMaineville, the recalcitrant Chairman, reminded him of the universal demand for the building of the road on the surveyed line, and rather broadly intimated to him that it wouldn't be necessary for him to remain longer in Leadville, since, in the event of refusal, it was not my purpose to permit him to live there. I returned with the executed deed within the specified time. It was the exercise of such arbitrary and lawless power, in a number of vital instances, that warranted a local merchant in facetiously dubbing me "the King of Leadville."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### CORRUPTION IN CITY AFFAIRS—A MODEL MAYOR SCHEMES OF GRAFT CIRCUMVENTED

The political history of Leadville would fill a large volume, and there would be few dull pages between its covers. The first Mayor, after incorporation, was General William H. James, of the Eddy & James Smelter.

The first City Council was composed of twelve Aldermen, every one of them a native of Ireland.

Mr. James was followed by Dr. D. H. Dougan, whose administration was so forceful, effective, clean and wholesome, that the dominant factors in the Republican party, the managers of the *Herald,* felt obliged to oppose his renomination. It was at this juncture that my mental resolution to steer clear of personal participation in politics was thrown to the winds. The attitude of these men struck me as preposterous. My very soul revolted against the theory that faithfulness to a public trust must be punished rather than rewarded.

I refused to stand for it. Rolling up my sleeves and plunging into the arena, I compelled the would-be dictators to sit up to take notice of things. After a spirited campaign, at primary and the polls, I landed Dougan a second time in the Mayor's chair, with 800 votes to spare, a gain of 752 over his first election.

I have noted the greed of Captain Dill, manager of the *Herald,* in manipulating the city printing and City Clerkship in the former administration. He now boasted of his purpose to repeat the trick. But the Dougan Council demurred, and, although I had claimed no reward, I was promptly chosen City Clerk, and the printing was awarded to the *Chronicle!* The twin plums were easily worth $10,000 per annum to me.

Dr. Dougan's administration was distinguished by numerous interesting episodes, a few of which will be recounted. The Council had inherited a claim of Hall & Sullivan, contractors, for grading streets that never were graded, in the sum of $48,000. It was a bold attempt to fleece the city in that amount. The bill was presented, approved by the finance committee, and put to a vote. On roll call seven members voted aye, five nay, but the Mayor promptly declared the motion lost!

"Your Honor," fairly shouted Alderman Pritchard, spokesman of the clique, "isn't seven a majority of twelve?"

"Yes," coolly replied the Mayor, "but it doesn't get this steal through! Mr. Clerk, you will record the vote seven in the affirmative, five in the negative, and lost!"

And neither the Mayor or the Clerk had occasion to bring into play the six shooters with which previously they had armed themselves.

Another inheritance of a previous administration was a claim of a street railway company, many thousand dollars in amount, for maintenance of right of way over certain streets, work which the company, under its franchise, was obligated to do at its own expense.

Members of the Council favorable to the allowance of this fraudulent claim, well aware of the Mayor's unyielding opposition, held it in abeyance until the latter had left the city on a month's vacation at his old home at Richmond, Indiana. He had scarcely got well on his way before the plotters had all arrangements made for putting the measure through at the next meeting of the Council, the President pro tem lending himself a willing tool to the plan. Learning of the scheme in time, I got

Dr. Dougan on the wire and brought him back in time to walk into the chamber on his arm as the Council was being called to order.

The claim of the railway company was never heard of after that pretty bit of check-mating.

Leadville was not just the place in which to seek civic righteousness, and Dr. Dougan's administration stands out quite alone and unique in the slimy history of municipal government in the United States.

MRS. H. A. W. TABOR
First White Woman in
California Gulch

MRS. HALL
Second White Woman in
California Gulch

MRS. R. E. GOODELL
Distinguished as a Philanthropist and Society leader

MRS. A. V. HUNTER
Distinguished Leader of Denver
and Leadville Society

ELLIS MEREDITH
Famous Journalist, Politician
and Suffragist

# CHAPTER XLVIII.

## THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE—CHARACTERISTICS OF SOCIETY IN THE EARLY DAY

Society in the early days of Leadville—that is, good society—in keeping with everything else, came with a rush, and it might be said, started with the town. Its high standard was not effected by other conditions noted in these pages.

Notwithstanding those who were attracted to the camp in its boom days were largely gold-seekers, adventurers, gamblers, gunmen, crooks, and miners, there was quite a sprinkling of business and professional men from the four corners of the earth, and it was these men—lawyers, doctors, merchants, ministers, metallurgists, engineers, bankers, journalists, and the like, who early got together and formed themselves into a club, the parties they periodically gave being known as the "Assembly Balls."

And surprising as it may seem, this society ranked with the best in the world—a broad statement, but, reasoning from facts understated, the claim can easily be substantiated. Let it be assumed that the professional and business men who formed Leadville's early-day social set were the equal in education, intelligence, culture, refinement and morals of any similar set elsewhere. Why not? The demands of a mining camp upon the talented are heavy; particularly in mining and metallurgy is this true. So in this society were the usual number of talented professional and business men, and to these were added the shining lights of all the world in things mining and metallurgical. Then to all of them must be added the one noble trait of character which cannot be generally attributed to the rank and file of society, that of courage.

They were a brave lot of men who blazed the trails in Leadville, for it takes bravery and courage to break home ties and leave pleasant surroundings to rough it on the frontier. These were the men who went to the front, and the women who accompanied them were equally brave, courageous and true.

The Scriptures say: "By their works ye shall know them." From the Assembly Club of Leadville have been chosen Senators, Congressman, Governors, Supreme Judges, and its men and women are filling high and responsible positions in all honorable walks of life. They are prosperous, happy and charitable. Indeed, all of them have made good. Hence my claim—a society unexcelled in all the world!

Denver is now the home of many of the members of the Leadville Assembly club, and one of its members, Mr. Calvin H. Morse, rounded them up and gave them an Assembly Ball and banquet at the Brown Palace Hotel, February 3rd, 1913. There were three hundred present, and, nothwithstanding the lapse of time, all looked as young as of yore. The Leadville Assembly Club it was voted, should never be permitted to die, but should be incorporated and perpetuated.

Mary Hallock Foote has almost immortalized the Assembly Club in her account of "The Last Assembly Ball," in a novel entitled "The Led-Horse Claim," (Led-Horse being a corruption of "Strayhorse," a well-known gulch leading eastward from Leadville.) Nearly, if not all of the characters were readily identified as members of the Assembly Club, and the hero, if my memory serves me correctly, was none other than Professor S. F. Emmons, of the United States Geological Survey, who spent a number of years in investigating and charting the Leadville Mining District.

The social history of Leadville owes much, also, to other clubs, some organized in 1878 and surviving to this day, and others of more recent origin. The oldest of these was the Elk Club, followed by the Mining Club, the Leadville Club, and that of the Benevolent Patriotic Order of Elks.

The first named club consisted mainly of mining men, engineers, surveyors, brokers and mine-owners. During all these years the club has been supplied with liquors, wine and cigars through the operation of a system of rules and fines. Thus if a member sold a mine for $50,000 he was assessed a certain figure, and so on up to any value, and a commission attached to every wager made, the proceeds always applied to supplying the needs of the club in the line of smoking and drinking. It is quite remarkable that a club such as this, organized primarily for dining purposes, should have survived nearly half a century.

Nearly every secret society with a national organization had a lodge in Leadville, all contributing their share to the social gaiety.

So much had been said and printed regarding the character of the population of the camp, the impression being that it was largely composed of blackleg men and women of the underworld, that I sought to correct the popular idea with a single convincing proof. I secured photographs of one hundred of the most beautiful and cultured ladies of the city, grouped them upon a broad page of highly calendered paper, and printed the impression from lithographed stones, in the highest style of the art of that day. At that time no newspaper had thought of printing the face of a respectable woman, and I was put to my wits' ends to secure the needed photographs. Of course at that time no respectable lady would furnish a photograph for such a purpose, nor would any photographer provide me with one without an order. I simply had to steal them. I justified myself, as did Bassanio:

> "And I beseech you
> Rest once the law to your authority;
> To do a great right, do a little wrong."

I assumed that the publication of that symposium of beautiful, obviously pure and cultured women, would forever remove the blot from Leadville's fair fame. But the secret got out before the day of publication; and the town was astir with indignation. The protest came from all quarters, and threats of every nature were indulged should I persist in my determination. I pleaded with some, who came to protest in person, that no names, place of residence, or other sign of identification, were to be used; but it was all to no purpose. Even the insistence of my worthy purpose, and the need of such a demonstration, fell upon deaf ears. Subscribers threatened to cancel their subscriptions, merchants, in some instances, were induced to intimate a boycot, and finally a coterie of wealthy and influential big wigs sued out an injunction in the District Court, restraining the publication. And thus sixty thousand sheets of as beautiful female faces as ever graced the pages of a newspaper were necessarily confined to the flames before the day of publication.

A very limited number of the sheets had in some manner escaped from the press room, and thereafter the office was besieged for duplicates, a dollar a copy being freely offered.

In these days the Managing Editor scarcely thinks of going to press without the picture of some lady for the moment in the public eye. But I was the pioneer in the enterprise, and suffered accordingly.

I had counted largely upon this feature to sell that particular special number of the paper, and had printed vastly more sheets than otherwise I should have done. I feared the elimination of it would be fatal to the issue;

but so much had been said about the matter that an artificial demand was created, and the entire edition was disposed of long before nightfall.

Often since I have reflected that the most outraged women of the community, in case the publication had not been judicially interfered with, would have been those whose faces did not appear in the symposium of Leadville beauty and culture.

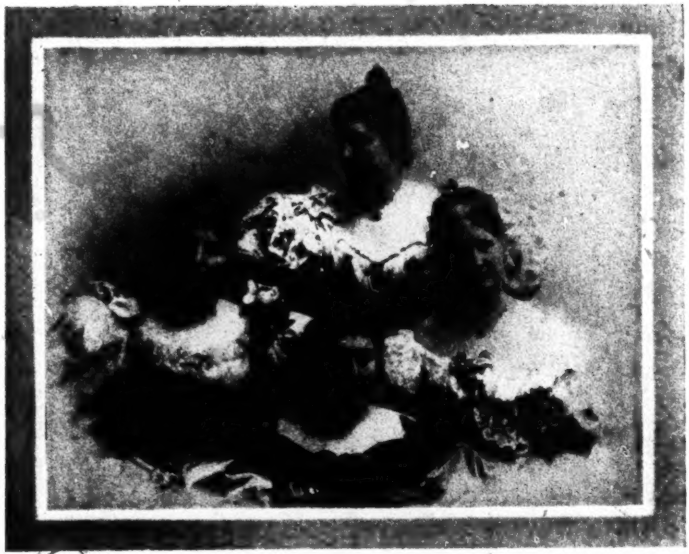
# CHAPTER XLIX.

## APPOINTED MASTER OF THE MAILS—MOST REMARKABLE POSTOFFICE IN THE WORLD

Postmaster Tabor was succeeded by Dr. Smith while I yet was City Clerk. He was short $30,000 in his accounts, and the Postoffice department was insisting that the Colorado delegation in Congress must decide upon a successor. This was not easy, since there were four hungry applicants for the position, none of whom could command united endorsement of the Colorado delegation in Congress. Dr. Smith not only made no effort to conceal his shortage, but boldly carried over the amount in red ink from day to day in his cash book, the figure always increasing, never a dollar less! Senator Chaffee, father-in-law of General Fred Grant, Senator Tabor, and others of the millionaire class, were Smith's bondsmen, a circumstance that in a measure reconciled the Postmaster General to the delay.

Finally the Senators and Representatives harmonized upon an agreement to reject all of the clamorous applicants and recommend me to President Arthur for appointment. Senator Hill wired for my decision.

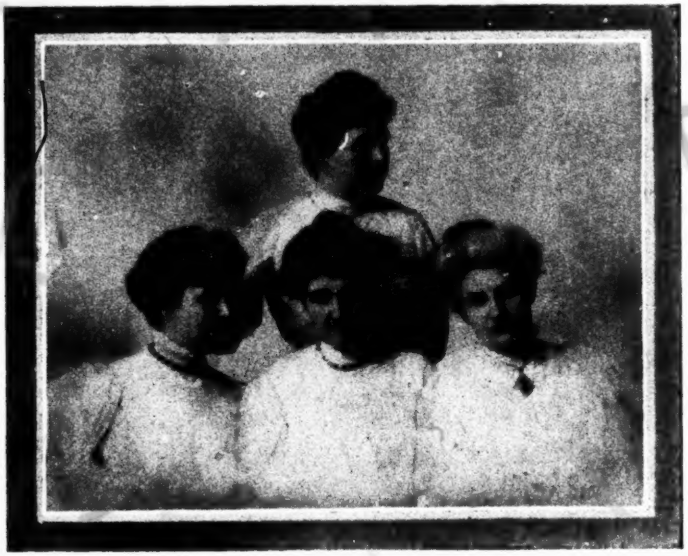
I had not so much as given the subject passing thought. I was publishing two daily papers, with a working force of fifty men. My work as City Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the Council, together with my duties at the City National Bank, required much of my time. I had numerous irons in the fire; but I promptly replied by wire: "Will accept if I shall not have to ask a man or spend a postage stamp."



A DISTINGUISHED LEADVILLE FAMILY

Mrs. Gov. Grant (nee Miss Goodell)    Mrs. Hill (nee Miss Goodell)
Mrs. A. A. Blow (nee Miss Goodell)    Mrs. Mitchell (nee Miss Goodell)

Wives of Gov. Grant, Engineer Blow, U. S. Marshal Hill, President Mitchell of the Denver National Bank



EARLY LEADVILLE SOCIETY BELLES
Daughters of Judge and Mrs. Jasper D. Ward

My appointment was promptly confirmed. I qualified in bonds of $150,000 on money order account and $50,000 general revenue account.

A few episodes connected with my administration of the office will not lack interest.

Notwithstanding the excessive bonds required, the salary was limited to $4,000 per annum, and during my term I expended $1,500 of my own money for fuel, lights and clerk hire in excess of allowances. Some fire was as essential in July as in January, but the department couldn't be made to understand it.

The theory of the law is that the Postmaster personally shall "write up" all the money orders. I never wrote one, but often had to call twenty clerks in to prepare the day's money order business for the mails.

Suitably framed in the Postmaster's room is a telegram from the Postmaster General, felicitating the office on having sold more money orders in a single day than any other office in the United States!

In addition to money orders paid, I remitted to the Sub-Treasury at St. Louis, during my entire term, an average of $1,000 a day on that account. The money order business was half that of St. Louis, three times that of St. Paul, four times that of Kansas City. Foreign orders aggregated $100,000. And this when the city's population had fallen to 40,000.

The postoffice was the miner's bank. No one ever doubted Uncle Sam's solvency. Miners would purchase orders to the limit, payable to themselves, and renew them at the expiration of the time limit.

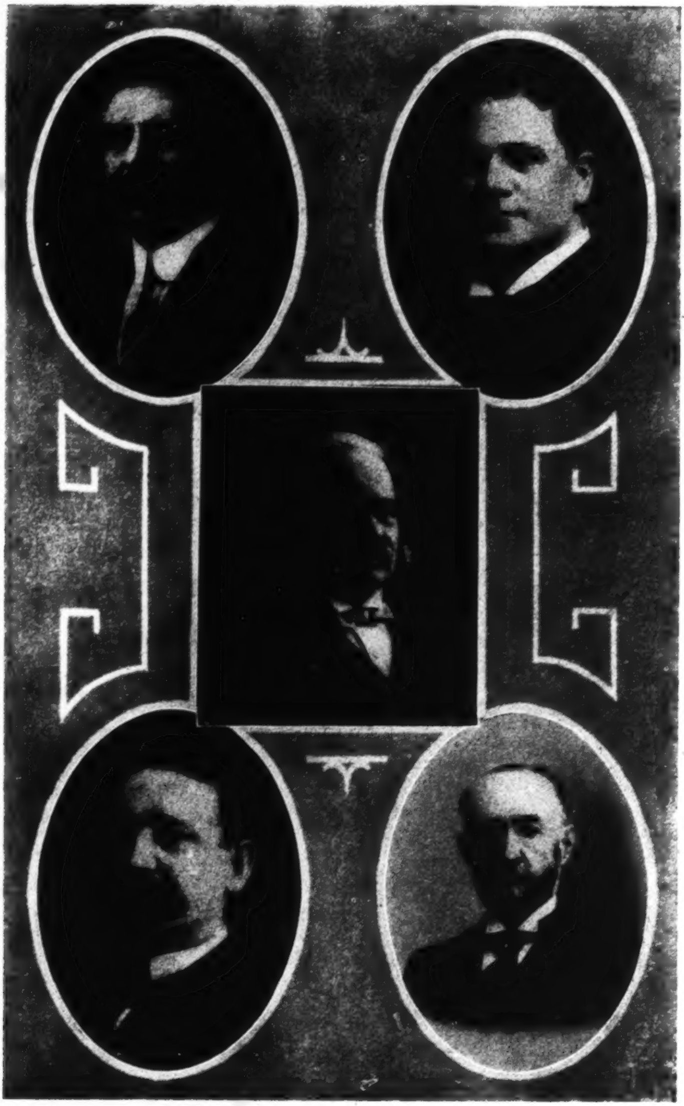
The Denver and Rio Grande and the Union Pacific railways had parallel lines extending from Leadville into the "Blue River country," over the Continental divide. The principal towns of that district, Kokomo and Robinson, twenty miles distant, were served with mail from my office, the Union Pacific, because of its enormous indebtedness to the government, having the contract for carrying it. Every winter these branch lines were blockaded by snow for varying periods. In the winter of 1883 the blockade on the Rio Grande lasted six weeks, on the Union Pacific five months. There were localities where the snow banked up fifty feet in height, defying rotary snow plows.

When trains ceased running, I wired the department, suggesting a snow shoe service for dispatch of first-class mail only.

This was adopted, and three times a week my lusty fellows, selected with reference to their experience in mountain climbing, floundered through the drifts with their precious burdens, often supplemented with medicine or other necessaries for the people along the route who had no other means of communication with the outside world.

When the Rio Grande resumed operations, I wired the department for authority to pouch mails over that line, but this was refused, and until the Union Pacific line was re-opened, two months later, the snow-shoe service was continued; nor would the department permit the carriers to ride with their burdens on the trains of the road in operation.

Early one frosty morning a messenger hastily summoned me to the office, to witness a strange spectacle and to solve a perplexing problem. I found a number of clothes lines stretched across the mailing room, a boiler full of water on the big stove, and a wash tub and washboard arranged on two chairs. The night mailing clerk, Jack Duggan, up to that time a most dependable fellow, had made all arrangements for washing the letters, and when I arrived was about to dump the contents of a registered pouch into the steaming water.



CHARLES BOETTCHER
Prominent Banker and
Sugar Manufacturer

THOS. F. DAILY
Prominent Life Insurance
Man

WOLFE LONDONER
Pioneer Merchant and
Mining Man

JOEL W. SMITH
Pioneer Dry Goods Merchant

BENJ. F. STICKLEY
Pioneer Insurance and
Real Estate Broker

I distracted the fellow's attention, pending the arrival of an officer, and directed that the mail he had thrown during the night be held for inspection. Eighteen well-filled pouches were gone over, but not an error was disclosed.

And yet that same day Clerk Duggan was shown to be hopelessly insane, and promptly dispatched to the asylum.

As Col. Joyce once truthfully said:

"The body, the tangible part of man, can be easily nursed back from a dying skeleton form to robust health, but the intangible, wild, spectral mind, has no chains to bind its rushing pinions, and no cure to quiet the crumbling fabric of imagination. The mind or soul of man is unfathomable, and no plumet has ever yet been found to touch the bottom of this universal ocean."

The federal postoffice building, the appropriation for which I labored so energetically for years to procure, came after my withdrawal from Leadville. A handsome structure was erected by Uncle Sam, and is the dominating architectural feature of Harrison Avenue. So far as I know it is the most elevated postoffice on the American continent, a trifle more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Just as the finishing touches were being given to the manuscript for this volume the fact is wafted to me from across the snowy ranges that Leadville stands at the head of the list of all second-class postoffices in the United States in amount of postal deposits in Uncle Sam's bank. It is second only to Denver, a city of the first class, and ranks thirtieth from the top of the list of all classes, a most convincing evidence of the prosperity and frugality of the hardy people of the mountain metropolis.

## CHAPTER L.

### THE TERRIBLE FATE OF A POSTAL CLERK AND THREE ASSOCIATES IN A SNOWSLIDE

In December, 1883, one of my most faithful employees, Albert Morrison, of Lentonville, New York, resigned, to engage in a mining venture, associating with himself three experienced prospectors, Carroll, Temple and Summers. They had obtained a favorable lease in the old workings of the famous Homestake mine, said to have been operated by Spaniards long before American occupation. The mine was on Homestake mountain, ten miles west of Leadville, the tunnel mouth 12,000 feet elevation.

There was a comfortable log cabin on the claim, an abundance of fuel at hand; and, provided with an entire winter's supply of provisions, the boys were supposed to be amply safe-guarded from harm.

About the first of the year I learned, by inquiry, that one of them had but recently been in for their mail, and gave little thought to the matter for a couple of months. Receiving stamp marks on their accumulated mail then showed that it had not been called for since the first week in January.

The disclosure gave me something of a shock, nor was I able to dispel the fear that some calamity had befallen the boys. The snow was very deep in the valley, and the mine could only be reached on snow-shoes. Selecting my most dependable snow-shoe carrier, I dispatched him to Homestake mountain. Encountering unlooked-for obstacles, the messenger was late in returning, and, as he re-entered the office, I read the result of his mission in every lineament of his countenance. He had met with no difficulty in precisely locating the claim, since it was in a well-defined clearing, amidst a thick growth of pines, albeit a rudely painted sign, nailed high on a neighboring tree, indicated the exact locality. But there was not visible a chip, leaf or other object to show the presence either of tunnel opening, cabin or stable!

The terrible truth was instantly flashed to the practiced eye of the messenger, but how deep the hapless men were buried under that mountain of snow and ice could scarcely be conjectured. Unaided and without appliances of any description, he was helpless in the emergency, and had no alternative but to return to the city for aid.

As in all such crises, Gen'l George W. Cook, joint agent of the railways, was appealed to by me, and early the following morning a relief corps of fifty sturdy men, supplied with sledges and tools, set out for Homestake mountain.

Arriving before noon, the men set to work in relays, and before nightfall had reached the roof of the cabin, fifty feet below the surface. Another hour's work, and sufficient snow had been removed from a window to admit the rescuers to the interior.

The stillness of death pervaded the single room, although three human forms sat there as in life, while the outlines of another were silhouetted in a corner bunk, wrapped in a wakeless sleep! This was Jack Carroll.

Opposite each other at a table, with cards before them and in their hands, sat Temple and Summers.

The clock in the apartment had stopped at one minute past twelve, presumably midnight.

On the opposite side of the room, at another little table, sat Albert Morrison, as lifelike as when last I had seen him. He had been engaged in writing to his mother when the shock came, and the date of the letter showed that the visitation had occurred six weeks previously.

The sudden precipitation of thousands of tons of snow had created a vacuum within the cabin, and the death of the victims must have been instantaneous.

The bodies were tenderly raised to the surface, laboriously dragged to the city, and given sepulture beneath the soughing pines in Evergreen, where so many courageous souls have found peace and rest.

Subsequently a beautiful monument was erected over their graves, dedicated to the victims of the fearful calamity. Later I recovered Albert's belongings and forwarded them to his sorrowing mother, not forgetting the pen with which he was writing his last letter to her.

# CHAPTER LI.

## LOT AND MINE JUMPING—TRAGIC OCCURRENCES—TWO MEN JIBBETED—MINES FORTIFIED

Between January and June, 1879, the population of Leadville was augmented by fully 60,000 people. The housing of such a multitude was a tremendous undertaking, when is considered the fact that every item entering into construction had to be hauled in wagons three hundred miles over rough roads, crossing mountain ranges from one to two miles above the sea. Houses could not be built fast enough to accommodate the inrush, and hundreds were forced to live in brush shacks and dug-outs. Many had no fixed habitation, and what sleep they got was on the floors of saloons and dance halls.

A monster "Wigwam," that had been hastily thrown up in the fall of '78, to accommodate political meetings, was provided with bunks, and in these a full thousand men were accommodated. The thousand narrow beds, provided with straw mattresses and pillows and a few army blankets, yielded a thousand dollars a night. Its thrifty owner, Thomas Agnew, once Mayor of New York City, took a fortune out of the Wigwam the first season and returned to the metropolis.

Harrison avenue was extended to Capital hill, a mile north of California gulch, and several parallel streets were carried a like distance, while a dozen other streets crossed them at right angles. The work of construction never for a moment ceased, and the sound of hammer and saw was heard all the night through, great bonfires illuminating the sky in all directions and adding to the weirdness of the scene.

Realty values advanced in correspondence with the demand, and fortunes were made in the buying and selling of town lots. When, in the early part of '79, Col. W. H. Bush purchased avenue frontage one block beyond the *Chronicle* office, on the basis of one dollar a foot, many thought him crazy, but those same lots, three months later, were worth one thousand dollars a front foot!

Only squatter titles were secured. It is not strange that such an active market should have encouraged lot-jumping. As a matter of fact one Frodsham, a "gun man" from the Black Hills, organized a band of lot-jumpers, which went into the nefarious business in a wholesale way. It was not an unusual thing for this gang to hitch horses to a cabin at night, pull it into the street, and substitute one of their own, or take and hold possession at point of rifle or revolver. Courageous owners of property, thus deprived, rarely submitted without a struggle, and numerous fatal encounters resulted. Finally, the operations of this gang of professional lot-jumpers became unbearable, and one frosty morning in November the bodies of Frodsham and one Stewart were found dangling in the air on the frame work of the County Court House, in course of erection. This summary proceeding gave a check to the business of night conveyancing of realty.

I recall a humorous incident of this era, in which the pioneer Methodist minister, Rev. Tom Uzzell, figured as the hero. Visiting the site of the First Methodist church, a lot donated for the purpose, the parson found men unloading lumber upon it. Seeing that they were not disposed to listen to his wordy protest, Tom stripped off coat and vest, and made such a determined assault upon the invaders of the sacred lot as to induce them to desist. Later, Tom said to me: "I made up my mind if the Lord wanted me to recover that lot, He would give me strength to lick those fellows. And the result showed that He was on my side!"

A personal experience may be worth the relation. It had occurred to me as the part of wisdom to secure a site for a home before values got beyond my purse; and, buying a lot on West Ninth street, I caused it to be enclosed with a fence and a shack erected upon it, a proceeding recognized as essential to hold title. Some weeks later I went out to view my possession, and was surprised to see smoke issuing from a stove pipe projecting through the roof. I was met at the door by a burly six-foot ruffian, with a huge revolver in his belt, and back of him were a number of other vicious-looking characters. If I had approached with any idea of making a blustering demand, I quickly abandoned the purpose, and meekly inquired of the party barring the door how he became possessed of the property.

Politely enough he assured me he had leased it, and paid two months' rent in advance, giving name and location of lessor.

I repaired to the locality indicated, a tent on what now is State Street, and there, stretched on a cot within was another formidable character, who, without rising, and in answer to my interrogations, said he had bought the lot in question of a party who since had "gone over into the Gunnison country."

I realized instinctively that he was lying, and that only by running a big bluff on him could I hope to force a surrender.

On a table in front of him I laid the squatter's deed to the lot and carpenter's receipt for the improvements, and alongside these documents I placed the most convincing evidence of title one can possess in a mining camp, a murderous-looking six shooter.

"Now, see here, my man, that lot is mine, and I propose to have it. I am doing business at 221 Harrison avenue, and I will give you just twenty-four hours in which to get those men out of the cabin and bring the key to my office."

With that, I replaced the papers and gun in my pockets and backed out into the street.

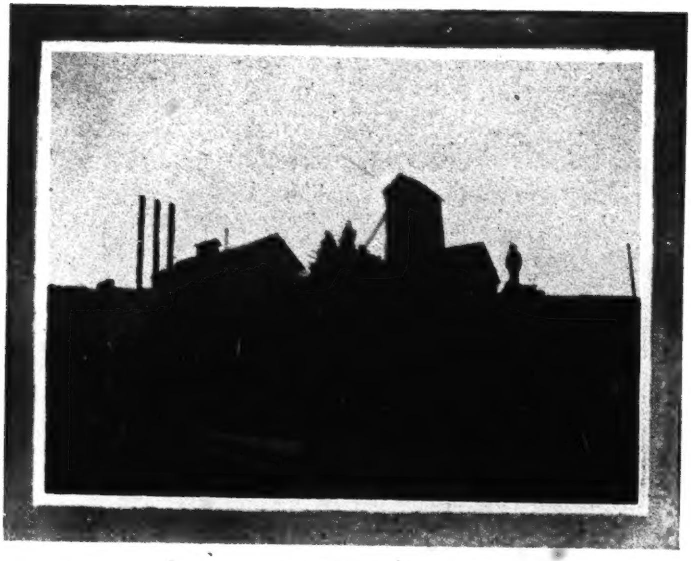
Brave? Not on your life! Had twenty-four years elapsed, I should never have gone in search of that fellow again!

But the *Chronicle,* at that time, was making a most determined fight on the lot-jumpers, and urging the people to organize for their protection; "221 Harrison avenue" was as well known to the rascals as "26 Broadway" has since come to be recognized as the home of the Standard Oil Company, and within two hours the key to my Capital hill lot was thrown on to the counter of the *Chronicle* office.

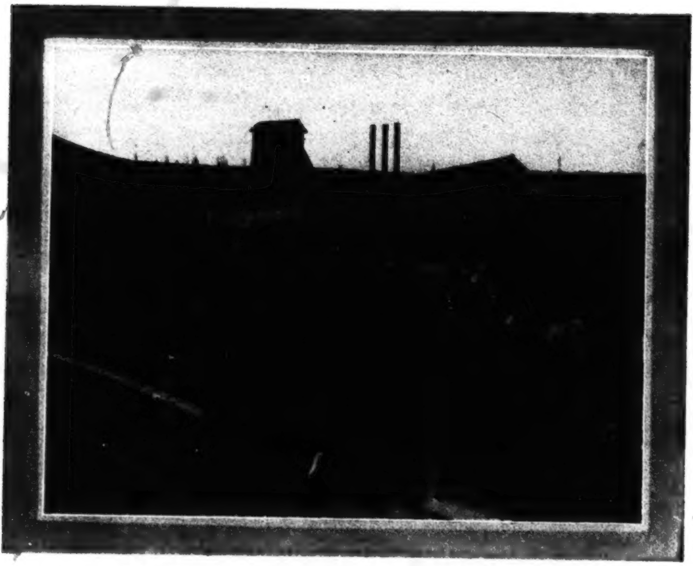
Later unassailable titles to city property were made by the Smelting company, and this, coupled with the Frodsham-Stewart episode, brought an end to lot jumping.

The unlawful seizure of property, however, was not confined to city lots. Mine-jumping was quite as common, and infinitely more profitable. The slightest error in primary surveys or setting of stakes, the least variation from the procedure defined by the mining laws of the district and government statutes, invited the institution of adverse claims, and so frequently were these filed in the local office that it came to be an axiom that a mine couldn't be very valuable unless adversed.

Had rival claimants been disposed to await the lumbering processes of the civil courts, there would have



IBEX MINE
Working Force Posed for this Volume



IBEX MINE
Loading Ore (Samples of Gold in Show Cases Superimposed)

been less friction, and tragedies would not have been of such frequent occurrence. The inducement to gain possession of mines, by whatever questionable means, and secure the enormous treasure they contained, were great, and respect for law and order lapsed into a reminiscence. A well-stocked arsenal came to be considered as essential an adjunct to a producing mine as engine or hoist.

The most noted incident of record was the attempt of adverse claimants to secure possession of the Iron-Silver mine, a vast property, with fifty miles of underground workings, and millions in dividends to stockholders. For years Col. Stocking, a noted "gun man," with an effective fighting force of fifty men, guarded the portals of the mine night and day, while within the inclines and tunnels several brass cannon were mounted. Litigation over title to this property ran through a whole decade, and in this behalf hundreds of thousands of dollars were paid in costs and legal fees.

Soon after title was quieted in the federal supreme court, "Uncle Billy Stevens," principal owner, died at his home in Detroit. He had become so familiar a figure in the courts, it was jocularly said he had no desire to live after all cause for litigation had been removed!

Another fruitful source of litigation, more legitimate, yet scarcely less costly and irritating, related to the right of the discoverer to follow the vein beyond the side lines of his claim. This was known as the "apex question," and ran its course through all of the courts. The law is plain, but so palpably unjust that no local jury could ever be induced to find in accordance with the statutes. The result was that whereas litigants invariably won their contention in the lower courts, the supreme tribunal at Washington would as invariably reverse the decisions of the nisi prius courts. The law on this subject is clearly against public policy, since it enables the discoverer of the apex of a vein to follow its sinuous course indefinitely, and thus practically monopolize the mineralized section of an entire mountain, if not a whole district. Some valuable claims were lost to their owners through financial inability to carry on the contest.

To illustrate what advantage was taken of technicalities to obtain possession of mines the case of sundry persons versus the Morning and Evening Star Combination is in point. The properties were worth millions; the shares had appreciated from $5 to $35 before steps were taken to obtain a patent. The application was brought to my office for insertion in the evening edition. It appeared in the issue of that day, with the foot note appended to all such advertisements, for the convenience of lawyers and applicants, "First publication,.................... 1879, last publication.........................., 1879." The cost of the advertisement in a daily paper was deemed excessive, and the parties in interest decided, after the first publication, to switch it to the weekly publication. This was done, the advertisement appearing in the weekly issue three days later. But, through inadvertance, the dates of first and last publication, as they appeared in the daily, were not changed. The fact was discovered, the true dates appended, and the application was published the full ninety days required by the statutes. An adverse claim, based upon nothing more substantial than this slight "bobble," which, as shown, was promptly corrected and the law in all respects rigidly complied with, was filed, and the case went up to the Supreme Court of the United States. My deposition was taken, in which everything connected with the publication was clearly elucidated. The brief of counsel for the adverse claimant, with voluminous citation of authorities, made a tome of twelve hundred pages! In the stubbornly fought contest, occupying the attention of nisi pruis and supreme courts of State and Nation for months, and extending over years of time, not another point was raised, not another contention made, except the one here noted, and upon that flimsy pretext it was sought to wrest from original discoverers and rightful owners one of the most valuable mines ever located. The Supreme Court brushed it aside, as unworthy of consideration, and handed down a decision in favor of the Star owners. The Court held that, in any event, the foot note was no part of the advertisement, not having been authorized, and a matter wholly beyond control of the applicants for patent. But the litigation ensuing cost the parties to it hundreds of thousands of dollars in counsel fees and court costs.

# CHAPTER LII.

## RIOT OF CORRUPTION IN PUBLIC OFFICE—FRIGHTFUL CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS

On the civic side remarkable things were happening, while public attention was centered upon the intense and exciting quest for mineral wealth, with the side issues of lot and mine-jumping, the housing of people, and the daily recurring clashes between the quasi outlaws and the law-and-order element. An avenue was thus opened for designing men of another class to seize the public offices, and inaugurate a systematic campaign of plunder by taxation.

The fee system was in vogue, and, however just under normal conditions, it served a vicious purpose at that period in increasing the pay of county officials to an absurd limit. The income of the county clerk reached $60,000 per annum; sheriff, $50,000, assessor, $30,000, and proportionately down the line.

Unscrupulous men could, and did, spend fabulous sums in the open corruption of voters. So bold did they become that workers at the polls thought nothing of handing tickets to voters with a five dollar note attached to each; while others would herd gangs of men in neighboring saloons, march them to the polls, and exchange currency for their tickets of identification, just outside the voting booth!

Public morality, thus contaminated, naturally became very low, and the better element suffered long and grieviously before adopting relief measures. When once aroused to their peril, albeit this did not occur until city and county were hopelessly in debt, the measures adopted lacked not in vigor or strenuosity.

Upon one occasion, General W. H. James rallied to his side a hundred determined citizens and marched to the court house, at noon one day, when the Board of County Commissioners was in session.

Addressing the Chairman, the General pointed out a number of particularly illegal and rascally transactions of which the Board had been guilty, and warned the members that if the robbery of the public did not at once cease the last one of them would be taken out and hanged!

One fact shown was that it was costing $14 a day for maintaining each public charge in the poor house.

Another fact pointed out was that a small brick outbuilding in the court house yard, which any honest contractor would have erected for $100, had cost the people $5,000.

One member of the Board had urgent business calling him to Denver that evening, and he never returned! None of his companions in crime dared present themselves for re-election.

Murders were so frequent as no longer to command particular attention, unless the principals chanced to be men of great prominence, as sometimes happened. I well remember an occasion when my city reporters were called upon to cover five fatal encounters in a single night.

Accidents in mines and smelters were of almost daily occurrence, many of the most appalling character.

One distressing incident is worth traversing. George B. Robinson, a pioneer grocer, had "grub-staked" a couple of men, and they had uncovered the fabulous riches of the Robinson mine, on Sheep mountain, a property capitalized at $20,000,000, and that had paid handsome interest in dividends on that sum.

Robinson was a man of education, culture and broad experience. He had failed in the banking business in Michigan, came to Leadville in the early day, with the remnant of a fortune, and was struggling to get on his feet again at the time of the lucky strike. His character and attainments had been recognized by his nomination and election as Lieutenant Governor, a position he was destined never to fill. Before the date set for inauguration he received intelligence that an adverse claimant to his mining property had gathered a posse of one hundred men, with the purpose of capturing the mine by force of arms.

Mr. Robinson had the tunnel entrance barricaded, and instructed the guard within to fire at the approach of any one during the night without waiting to challenge.

Before retiring at a near-by lodging, he bethought himself of an additional instruction, and upon his approach to the portal of the tunnel the faithful guard, acting upon his employer's own instructions, shot through the door, killing him instantly.

A week prior to this lamentable tragedy Mr. Robinson had taken an option on the Denver *Tribune* with the purpose of placing me in charge, ostensibly to *give* the property to me, as a recognition of my efforts in securing his nomination and election as Lieutenant-Governor. He was to take up the option upon his return from that fatal visit to the mine. The incident forcibly illustrates the slenderness of the thread upon which often hang momentous events. Mr. Robinson's untimely death was a distinct loss to the State. What it meant to me may only be conjectured.

# CHAPTER LIII.

## VISITED BY GEN'L GRANT, PRESIDENT HARRISON, VANDERBILT AND THE GOULDS

The advent of the two pioneer railways into Leadville effected great changes in the economic life of the community, and in the development of the mining and smelting industries. The immediate effect was depressing since a hundred railway employees could perform what had given employment to many thousand teamsters, and the withdrawal of that element was at once felt by all engaged in any way in supplying their requirements. The theatres, saloons and dance halls were the heaviest sufferers, since it was this class, rather than the sturdy miners, who constituted their chief patrons, and who contributed vastly more to the early reputation of the place for immorality and crime.

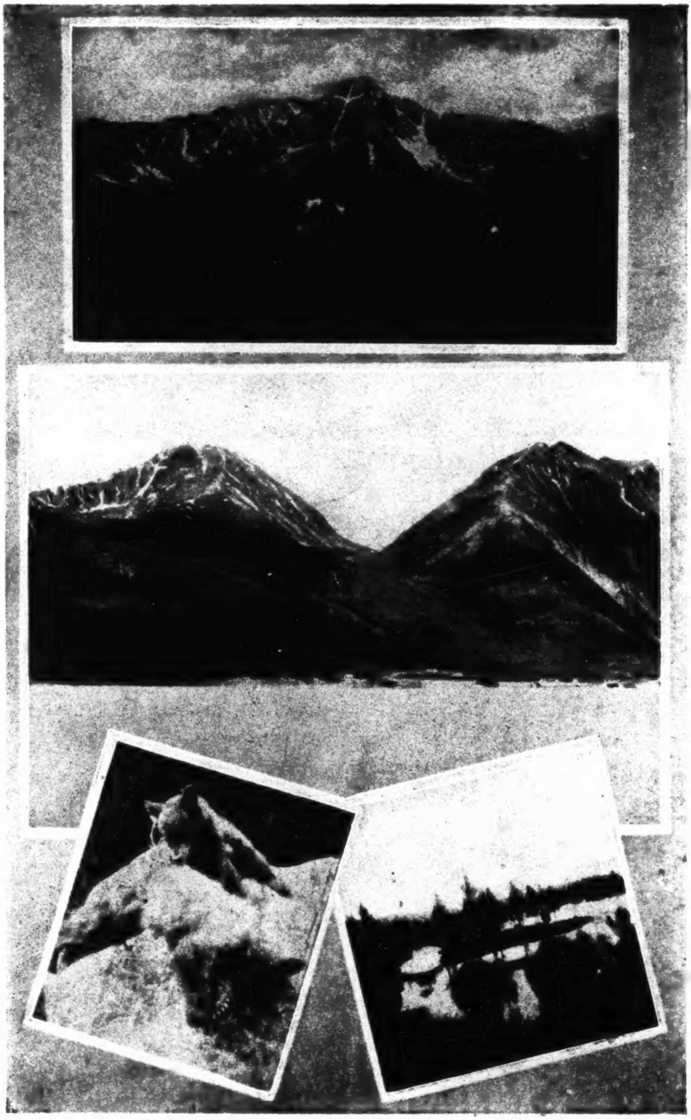
But this loss was more than offset by the advantages of rail connection with the outside world. It was now possible to ship low grade ore, a relief to mine owners, if detrimental to local smelters; but perhaps the major benefit was comprehended in the bringing in of a better, if not quite so courageous, an element, representative of the more influential capitalistic class, that awaited the Pullman car.

Leadville was approaching an era of deeper mining, where larger sums were needed to carry on greater mining ventures, and this class usually has to be shown. The registers of the Tabor, Windsor, Grand, Clarendon and Vendome Hotels contain many illustrious names, and the visit of some of them was attended by events of more than ordinary interest and significance. Among these I recall the names of General U. S. Grant, Col. Fred Grant, President Harrison, General W. T. Sherman, Justice Gray, the Duke of Portland, Governor Oglesby, the Duke of Cumberland, Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and many other statesmen, soldiers, captains of finance, scholars and savants.

The visit of General Grant was particularly notable, since he and his retinue were passengers on the first train entering the city, in August, 1880. Accompanying him were Mrs. Grant, Col. Fred Grant, and wife, and all who had followed him in his historic tour of the world. The party came to stay a day; it remained three days.

Being a member of a committee sent to Canon City to receive and accompany the General to Leadville, I had rare opportunity, in the three hours run, to enjoy his companionship. Assuming that the General might desire to learn something of the history and development of State and section, the committee had chosen me to act as his mentor, a distinction of which I at the time felt exceedingly proud, but all of my well nurtured conceit had vanished before the journey had fairly been entered upon. I found that he knew more about the State than I did. Soon I became an interested listener to historical facts with which I was not at all familiar. His fund of information regarding Colorado seemed inexhaustible.

Just as a blood-red sun was dropping out of sight behind the battlements of Mount Massive, our train came within sight of the Magic City, the entire population of which lined the right of way for a distance of miles, awaiting arrival of the first train with its distinguished guests. It was before the days of electricity, but great bonfires illuminated the way, and gave added glamour to the wonderfully inspiring scene. General Geo. W. Cook's famous Drum Corps led the procession through



Mount of the Holy Cross, Near Leadville
Glimpse of Twin Lakes, Near Leadville, 12,000 Feet Elevation
Siesta of Two Weary Willies in the Upper Altitudes
Evergreen Lake, a Scenic Feature of Leadville's Environs

the principal streets, followed by thousands of ex-Federal and Confederate veterans, lending to the function a distinctively martial coloring.

General Grant's first day in Leadville was spent in visiting the mines and smelters, the second day he gave audience to his old comrades of the Grand Army, and his visit terminated in a banquet at the Clarendon Hotel, participated in by hundreds of distinguished visitors and men of local renown.

Just before the close of the banquet, Col. A. V. Bohn addressed the guest of the evening as follows:

> "Because of the extreme modesty of Mr. Davis, I have been selected as the bearer to you of this beautiful souvenir of your visit to Leadville, a copy of the *Evening Chronicle* of the 23d instant, entirely printed on white satin, and containing a report of your reception. It is the pioneer paper of this city—a paper, sir, that brought your name prominently before us at an early day as the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States in 1880, a sentiment that met the approbation and expressed the wishes of the masses of the American people, if not that of the politicians, and that now places your name at its mast head for the campaign of 1884."

General Grant made suitable response, saying he should remember it among the most cherished trophies gathered in his world tour. The copy of the *Chronicle*, with other souvenirs, is preserved in a show case in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, all having been bequeathed to the government upon the death of the illustrious general and statesman.

Another ex-President visited Leadville at a later period, accompanied by a retinue of distinguished people, each of whom was presented with a silver brick as a souvenir. That for Mr. Harrison weighed *eight* *pounds,* 999 fine, suitably engraved, and was presented by Judge Luther M. Goddard.

The party reached the city at sunrise, and were driven to the Vendome hotel, around which, notwithstanding the early hour, thousands of curious people had assembled to emphasize the genuineness of their patriotic welcome. At 7 a. m. Mr. Harrison, from the balcony of the hotel, addressed the multitude, saying, among other things:

"This scene this morning is one that should inspire the dullest heart. This rare, pure atmosphere; this bright sunshine; these colors; this multitude, lifting smiling faces to greet us, is a scene that should lift the dullest heart to emotions of thankfulness and pride, pride wholly separated from personal considerations, and pride that is swelled up by the contemplation that all this is the outcome, the manifestation, the culmination, of free American institutions. We stand here today on the mountain top, and see what I think is the highest evidence of American pluck to be found in the United States. I have addressed my fellow-citizens on many thousand occasions, but I have never stood before so near the dome. It is a wonderful testimony to the energy and adaptation of the American that he should have pushed his way to this high altitude, above the snow line, and created these magnificent and extensive industries, and these beautiful and happy homes. I rejoice with you in all that has been accomplished here. I bring thanks to you for the great contribution you have made to the wealth of the country we all love. You have not got above the high reach of our affections and of our consideration. I do most sincerely thank you for this token of the product of your mines. It is a precious metal, but much more precious to me is the kindly thought of the generous welcome which you have given us here in Leadville today. I give you a most cordial salutation and regretful good-bye."

Upon the occasion of a visit to the city by Commodore Vanderbilt, and a party of distinguished railroad officials, my reporters were tipped off with the outline of a well-devised plot to take the Commodore from the train at a lonely spot near Hill Top, conceal him in a deserted tunnel, and hold him for a heavy ransom.

Local sleuths, aided by my reporters, disclosed sufficient evidence to warrant the institution of prompt measures to circumvent the plotters. It at first was deemed sufficient to send an ample guard with the train, but at the last moment a safer plan was devised. The Commodore's special train, with a heavily armed guard, was dispatched in accordance with the published schedule, but the outlaws obviously got information that their wealthy quarry was not aboard, and it passed Hill Top at slow speed unmolested, while the Commodore, in another car on the other road, departed in an entirely different direction.

Mr. Vanderbilt did not leave the State without suitable acknowledgment of the valued service rendered him by the argus-eyed reporters of the *Herald Democrat* and the *Chronicle*. But he thereafter eliminated Leadville from his calling list.

Interest in his Colorado railway investments later brought Jay Gould to the city on a tour of inspection, and upon this occasion he was accompanied by his daughters, Anna, who became the Countess de Castellane, and later Princess de Sagan; and Helen, who denied herself the bliss of matrimony until near the half century mark. The prominence of these women in the public eye for over thirty years warrants this brief retrospective glance at them, as they appeared to me in the summer of 1883, when both were in their early teens.

Although traveling in a special train de luxe, with all of the comforts and luxuries that the name implies, the two girls, in their outward appearance, gave no token of their wealth and station. They were most modestly attired in inexpensive dresses, without any jeweled adornment whatsoever, while their attitude and bearing corresponded with their toilets. Under acceptable ciceronage, a police detail, and myself, the girls took in Leadville by gas light, viewing what usually most interests the average tourist in the wild and woolly West—the gambling palaces, dance halls, opium joints, and other dens of iniquity.

I remember to this day the expression of pity and commiseration worn by Helen Gould as she passed from place to place, and witnessed, with her own eyes, and for the first time in her young life, the degradation to which sin brings mankind, and especially the representatives of her own sex. There was absent that manifestation of morbid curiosity so conspicuous in the countenances of other members of the party, and of the members of numberless other parties whom I had escorted through the same abodes of crime and iniquity, and in its place was a singular expression of regret, of pity, and commiseration.

These girls were distinguished from others that had visited "the wickedest city on earth," under similar circumstances, only by reason of their prospective great wealth, and whereas the attitude and conduct of Helen Gould impressed me as quite out of the ordinary, it of course did not occur to me that in the years following her name would become hallowed in every American home, because of a life unselfishly devoted to the amelioration of suffering humanity, or that the first resolution to be introduced in the Congress of a great nation, following the termination of a sanguinary war with a foreign power, would breathe the gratitude of seventy-five million people to the little girl I saw in a modest calico dress, for her ministrations to sick and dying soldiers in hospital and field, or that, consistent with her uniform bearing throughout a long and glorious career, she would crown her life's work by surrender of her future happiness to a plain American citizen, without other distinction than relatively humble duty faithfully performed.

I desire to draw no invidious comparisons of the two sisters. Rather am I inclined to the belief that Anna, too, in a different atmosphere, and in a widely contrasting way, has done and is doing much good in the gay city in which she lives. But Mrs. Finley Johnson Shepherd, *nee* Helen Gould, impressed with the fact that "charity begins at home," has certainly given greater warrant for the unstinted praise showered upon her by the people of two continents.

# CHAPTER LIV.

## ERA OF LEGITIMATE ACTING—THEATRE IN A TENT STRONG STOCK COMBINATIONS

Vaudeville theatres and concert halls, allow me to say again, were features of the earliest settlement of Leadville, and, because of the extraordinary patronage showered upon them, reaped golden harvests from all classes. But it was not until the spring of '79 that a legitimate theatre opened its flap to the public—I say "flap" instead of door, because the initial theatre was a monster tent, the stage built of unsurfaced boards, the drop curtain and other accessories of the most primitive character.

A well-balanced stock company from the Forrester Opera House, Denver, filled a protracted engagement with standard comedies and dramas, with Nick Forrester, a popular pioneer comedian, in the title roles.

Before the close of the first year H. A. W. Tabor gave to the city a handsome two-story brick theater, pronounced the finest west of Chicago, and which bore the name of Tabor Opera House for twenty-five years. It then was purchased by Charley Vivian's lodge and re-christened "Elk's Opera House." The house was dedicated, as was its canvas predecessor, by a strong company, of which Phosa McAllister, long a popular Western comedienne, was the leading lady.

The Chestnut Street Theater and Wood's Opera House followed, and in these several places, as time passed, the best known actors and actresses of the country furnished wholesome amusement to the populace.

Among the troubadors, who early favored the city with their elevating and mirth-producing melody, was the "Hutchinson Family of Bell-Ringers," a troupe that half a century ago was known to the inhabitants of nearly every hamlet in the land. Here the splendid career of this popular band of ballad-singers was brought to a close. Father Hutchinson, obsessed with an ambition to accumulate a fortune quickly, disbanded his troupe to engage in mining, from the proceeds of which he built the "Hutchinson House," a hostelry especially popular to this day with members of the theatrical profession.

It was the era of stock companies, and exceedingly strong combinations of talent were maintained at the Tabor, Wood's and other play houses of the Cloud City. But few road companies visited Colorado in that early day, mainly because of the sparse population and the excessive railway rates, but such as did invariably booked for a Leadville engagement, although the fare from Denver, an eight hour's run, was eight dollars. Had the city been dependent upon traveling companies for amusement, it would have fared badly indeed. The patrons of the theater were numerous, quite out of proportion to the population, and never demurred at the payment of a dollar and a half or two dollars for seats in the parquette. Leadville was never favored with grand opera, although there was always a sufficiently numerous clientele to have supported a season of music, whatever the cost. The legitimate was ever well supported, and I do not recall an instance when tragedy failed to call out a full house.

Concert halls were numerous, and whereas some pretty vile attractions were tolerated from time to time, really meritorius programs were the vogue.

But farces, comedies and lurid dramas were most in demand, and commanded the largest box office receipts.

## CHAPTER LV.

### A GIGANTIC CONSPIRACY TO DEPRESS STOCKS—EIGHT THOUSAND MINERS STRIKE

By midsummer of 1880 the rich surface deposits of carbonates of silver began to give evidences of exhaustion. The great bonanza mines of Fryer Hill, that already had added nearly a hundred millions to the world's stock of silver, reduced their daily output. The seemingly inexhaustible reserves of the Morning and Evening Star properties, on Carbonate Hill, were being heavily drawn upon. The great Iron-Silver mine on Iron Hill was tied up with litigation. Nothing was at that time known of a "second contact" or deposits of chloride bearing sulphide ores, far more enduring, if less rich, than the overlying blanket lode of carbonates. Scientific operators believed in the existence of these hidden treasures, but the general public partook not of their extreme optimism.

A coterie of designing operators, men who took their profits from the rise and fall of stocks on the New York Mining Board, rather than from practical operation of the mining properties, entered into a conspiracy to depress the stocks of the bonanza mines, that they might gather in the public's holdings at their own figures.

Fire was destroying the lower workings of the Chrysolite, believed to have been in furtherance of the design to break down the stock, although, singular as it may seem, the shares continued to rise in value with the progress of the flames. Gloom began to settle down upon the city, and the end was freely predicted.

Leadville Under Martial Law. First Arrival of State Troops

Interior of a Spacious Leadville Log Cabin of the Early Day

Chief among the stock manipulators was George Daly, a daring and intrepid operator from the Comstock, and W. S. Keys, as well known on the San Francisco Exchange. These men, it was afterward alleged and generally believed, sent their emissaries into the ranks of the Miner's Union to sow seeds of discord and discontent, inducing the leader, Mike Mooney, to inaugurate a labor strike.

All the ills that could beset a mining camp seemed to accumulate suddenly and without previous warning. The calamity came like a bolt from the blue. Mooney and his associates went from mine to mine, calling out the men, and within a few days eight thousand operatives dropped their picks and shovels and joined the idle throngs in the saloons and the streets.

The strike extended to the smelters, and other thousands were added to the tumultuous, menacing multitude.

Complete paralysis of every industry followed. Miners and smelter hands had been receiving the full Union scale, from $5 to $8 a day, and up to that time there had not been a ripple on the surface in organized labor circles. Had the new demands been made six months prior, they doubtless would have been acceded to without demur, but in the face of grave uncertainty as to the permanence of the mineral deposits that confronted the mine managers, they could not with safety and prudence be considered.

Weeks of doubt, uncertainty and fearful apprehension followed without untoward event. Many of the mines, as soon as the engines stopped beating, began to fill with water, the pumps were drawn, and the hum of activity throughout the district finally ceased.

Mine owners refused to yield, and the miners threatened to resist any attempt to import operators from other mining camps. Threats to burn the city and destroy the workings of the principal mines were freely made. Even human life was menaced.

Singularly enough, a considerable element of the population, that portion depending primarily upon the miners for patronage, openly sympathized with their contention, calculating that they themselves might profit from a horizontal increase in wages. Values took a tumble. Many sold their valuable holdings for a song. Banks ceased renewing loans, mercantile agencies warned their subscribers to discriminate in extension of credits. Merchants renewed stocks with the greatest caution. Striking miners, as their accumulated funds were exhausted, became desperate. A species of dry rot, more depressing than actual calamity, seemed to have taken possession of the city.

Finally the leading mine managers held a meeting, and issued an appeal to the authorities and to the people. "Unless adequate protection is afforded us," they declared, "we will close down our mines and seek safety elsewhere."

Such was the situation when one of my employees, Mr. W. L. Cooper, advertising solicitor, came excitedly into the office and fairly shouted: "Davis, *you can stop this strike and save Leadville!*"

Such thought had not occurred to me. Like every one else, I felt powerless. But within an hour I had pledged, in writing, the names of one hundred prominent citizens who agreed to meet me at Hallock's Hall, to consider the situation.

News of the movement had spread, and so many joined it that the hall would not accommodate the crowd. I called the meeting to order, using a six-shooter for gavel and the subtle hint, quite unintended by me, brought forth a shout of approval. An adjournment was taken to the Opera House, the auditorium of which was filled to the doors with a quiet, though obviously determined, throng.

After discussion, in which vastly more was implied than said, a motion was carried that an executive committee of one hundred be named to take charge of the movement. The men selected instantly responded with alacrity to the call for a meeting to organize. This was held in Governor Tabor's private rooms in the Opera House. It was resolved it should be called the "Committee of Safety."

Then followed one of the most extraordinary events that ever characterized a public movement.

Col. A. V. Bohn briefly addressed the members, reminding them of the extreme hazard involved in accepting the direction of such a movement, declaring that success could only be hoped for by giving to whoever might be chosen chairman of the committee the broadest latitude, and the most loyal, unyielding, unquestioning support. At the psychological period in his remarks he asked that every man raise his right hand and swear to do that man's bidding, whatever of sacrifice, hardship or peril might be involved.

The suggestion was instantly acted upon, and the faces of those hundred determined men gave evidence of the sincerity of the obligation taken.

To my great, almost overwhelming astonishment, I then was unanimously chosen chairman, an honor which I should have appreciated, since there were present many a grizzled veteran, many who had felt the shock of battle—many who, "amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," could be relied upon to "stand fast, stand firm, stand true."

The pledge taken was then reduced to writing and signed by all present. I append the rules and regulations adopted, together with the roll of members—from the only draft in existence:

"*Whereas,* It is believed that there is an organization existing in our midst whose objects are detrimental to the best interests of Leadville and the surrounding industries; and

"*Whereas,* This lawless organization has assumed such vast proportions that the civil and military authorities cannot adequately control it or sufficiently punish the offenders; and

"*Whereas,* It is the duty of every citizen who has in view the prosperity of Leadville, Lake County and the entire State of Colorado to band together for the protection of these interests; therefore, be it

"*Resolved,* That we, the undersigned citizens of Leadville and Lake County organize ourselves into a Committee of Safety, whose objects shall be maintenance of order, the punishment of crime, and to take cognizance of all lawless acts that may transpire within our midst and come within the objects of this organization.

### "OFFICERS.

"The offices of this organization shall consist of a President, Secretary, and a Council, consisting of five members. The President and Secretary shall be ex-officio members of the Council. And in addition to the above officers, there shall be appointed by the Council such number of Executive Committeemen as may be deemed necessary.

### "DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

"The President shall be Commander-in-Chief, and have command of all meetings of the organization, whether public or private, and shall be taken into the counsel of any Executive Committeeman and his *posse,* before executing any order, and shall preside at all meetings of the Council. The Secretary shall record and safely keep all records ordered by the council. The duties of the Council shall be to hear all cases and render final judgment thereon, and fill any and all vacancies that may occur. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee, separately or collectively, TO OBEY WITHOUT QUESTION ALL ORDERS THAT MAY BE ISSUED BY THE PRESIDENT. It shall be the duty of the members of this organization to at all times and WITHOUT QUESTION obey the orders of the Executive Committee and the President. And we, the members of this organization, hereby solemnly pledge ourselves, our property and our sacred honor to carry out the spirit and intent of the above rules:"

Geo. H. Abbott.
S. McDowall
H. E. Dugan
J. S. Fronk
Lewis Kerfoot
J. W. Chatfield

John Bunger
Henry Howland
H. J. Minor.
S. E. Bruckman
D. Bauman
M. H. Slater
Theo. Steneggen.
C. C. Davis.
Jas Bruckman

C. P. Howell
E. A. Smith
Richard P. Goddard
Geo. A. Duffy
Harvey S. Fawcett
B. R. Robinson
A. S. Urston
James D. Landes
L. W. R. Bair
Roy L. Leonard
Geo. Lucey
Geo. A. Gleason
John M. Fraser
Chas. I. Thomson
A. G. Hood
Ben F. Gardner
M. J. Murphy
H. Klefus
W. T. Minor
J. M. Fay
Chas. Hater

William Fletcher
W. Ewell Bonner
J. J. Grubb
J. B. Miller
Nels Lawson
E. W. Scott
J. H. Ferguson
F. T. Gaby
Alex Bengley
Ed. C. Saudelle
John A. Black
E. H. Watson
Geo. P. Fisher
Jno. D. W. McCarthy
H. A. Freeman
R. Gauss
A. B. Playter
L. M. Van Buren
Geo. W. Trimble
Fred Schäfer
John W. Beman

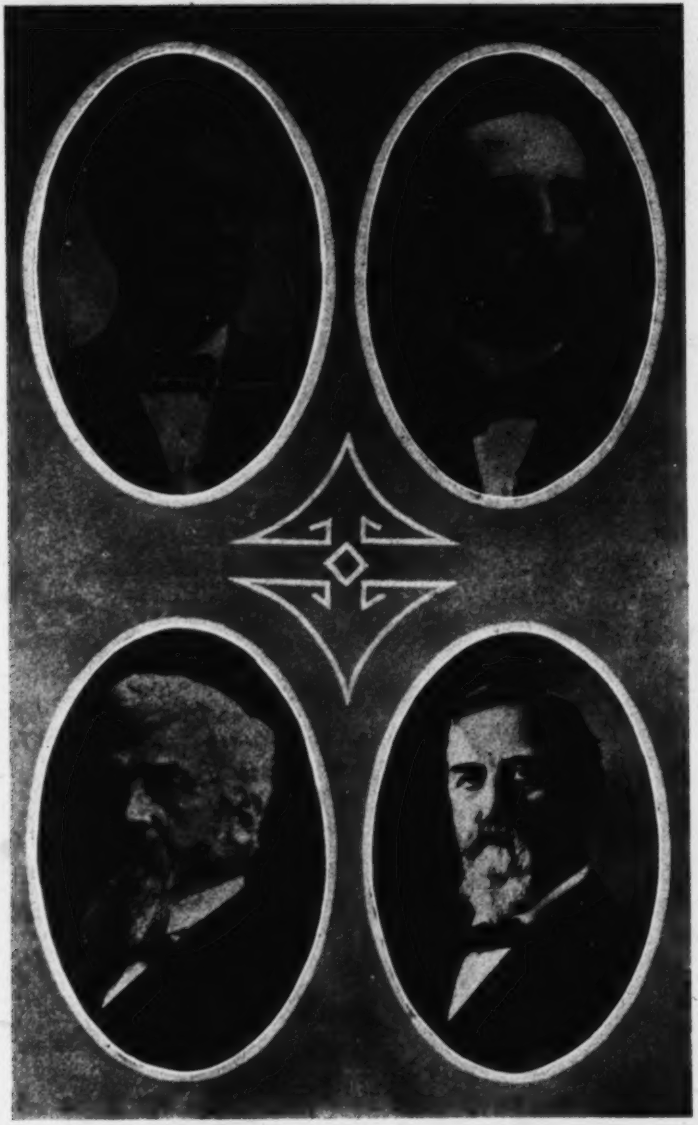
George Bennett

Thirty-six years have passed since the tragic incidents noted in this chapter occurred. Doubtless the majority of those who signed the extraordinary pact set out above have "gone over the range." Who were these men? Doubtless a brief summary will not be without interest even at this day. I shall indicate with an asterisk (*) such as are known to me to be dead: Tabor* was Lieutenant Governor; Wright was Attorney-General; John Bonner* (first editor of *Harper's Weekly*) was Mining Editor of the Evening *Chronicle;* A. A. Smith* was Postmaster; Henry Howland* was an artist; McDowell, attorney; S. J. Hanna, Register U. S. Land Office; W. S. Keys, prominent mining operator; J. H. Playter, County Treasurer, C. C. Howell,* President City Bank; Geo. B. Robinson,* Lieutenant-Governor-elect; A. G. Hood, Manager Telephone Exchange; Chas. Mater,* owner seven stores; Geo. R. Fisher, Cashier Bank of Leadville; Peter Becker,* Sheriff; E. C. Kavanaugh,* Alderman; Geo. Daly,* mining operator; A. S. Weston,* Judge; Lou C. Leonard,* private secretary to Senator Tabor; Geo. W. Trimble, Vice-President Carbonate National Bank; Geo. T. Clark,* mining operator; R. Gauss,* A. J. White,* and M. H. Slater* were editors of the Chronicle. Of those who, at this writing, are believed to be living, Charles Boettcher is a multi-millionaire banker and sugar manufacturer; I. W. Chatfield is a rancher in Idaho; J. D. McCarthy is a mining operator at Los Angeles; S. J. Hanna is National Lecturer for Christian Scientists, Boston; W. S. Keyes is a prominent San Francisco mining operator.

Little wonder is it that this Association should have been dubbed "the Stranglers" by the turbulent element, since, among other objects declared was "the punishment of crime," a literal interpretation of which would leave little for the courts to do. The "Rules and Regulations" were not published at the time, for obvious reasons, but it was well understood that the Association was patterned after the famous San Francisco "Vigilance Committee," that so effectually crushed out crime and disorder in the Bay City in the late 50's. It will be noted that it was the duty of the Secretary to "keep a record" of doings, a duty that of course never was performed, the only written record being that from which I have here quoted. The powers conferred upon the "Commander-in-Chief," as has been seen, were very broad, and were tantamount to making him a Dictator. But at this late day, as my earthly career draws to a close, I have substantial comfort in the reflection that the "Committee of Safety," in the pursuit of its chief aim, the extension of protection to life and property, and the ridding of the community of its turbulent element, was never called upon to do more than conduct the leaders to the borders of the city and bid them never to return. The "spirit" of the organization, which the members pledged themselves to keep in mind, was well understood by the lawless element, and resort to violence did not become necessary.

My first act was to employ a number of Pinkerton detectives, to watch the movements of the strikers, and I was thus daily kept advised of every development.

I then wrote a lengthy communication to Governor Frederick W. Pitkin, reciting in detail every event leading up to the organization of the Committee of Safety, advising him that the civil authorities—the Sheriff, Mayor and Chief of Police—were believed to be in sympathy with the strikers; at all events they were not trusted, and could not be depended upon to protect life and property. I anticipated that it might become necessary to declare martial law and call upon the State for



**JOHN EWING**
Prominent Member Denver
and Leadville Bar

**HON. JASPER D. WARD**
Early Day District Judge
of Leadville

**HON. CHARLES CAVENDER**
Judge of Fifth Colorado
District

**HON. L. M. GODDARD.**
Ex-Judge of the Fifth
Colorado District

military aid, and I desired that the Governor should be fully advised before the contingency should arise.

Replying, he implored me to exhaust every resource before calling upon him.

The Committee thereupon got busy, and, within a very short time, seven companies of one hundred men each were organized, and a secret agent sent to the capital for arms. These were brought in over Mosquito Pass during the night, but not until their receipt did I feel that the city was safe.

The members of the local fire department, one hundred and fifty strong, volunteered to do guard duty at night.

One of the local militia companies was mounted, and kept deployed in the hills, on the alert for any hostile demonstration against mining or smelting property.

Before these preparations were fairly complete, information reached me that the Union had decided to parade the streets, in order to show the superior strength of the strikers, and perhaps thus overawe the law-and-order element.

The determination of the Committee of Safety to make a counter demonstration the same day was perhaps not the wisest course to pursue, since avoidance of a clash might become impossible, but the plan was carried out, and a day of most menacing portent was ushered in.

By noon Harrison avenue, for a distance of eight blocks, was filled with a dense mass of humanity—eight thousand striking miners, and an equal number of citizens, arrayed on the side of law and order, marched back and forth, counter-marched, swayed and surged from curb to curb, each side presenting a bold, determined front, each ready to respond to a signal to fly at one another's throats. Only in the set features of the adherents of either cause was their dogged determination shown. It was not a noisy or demonstrative crowd, albeit the awful silence that prevailed showed the fearful tension that existed.

I waited a favorable opportunity, and when the psychological moment seemed to have arrived, when there was an apparent halt in the maching columns, I stepped out on the balcony of the Tabor Opera House, accompanied by Governor Tabor and a number of others, and, shouting for attention, I began the reading of a "proclamation" to the strikers. It was short, but explicit, and the dullest mind could not have failed to grasp its full import. It recited in brief the events leading up to the calling out of the men, told of the fixed determination of the mine owners not to yield, and of their threat to close the mines permanently unless the men would go back to work, or the citizens would protect them in bringing in others to take their places. And it closed with the announcement that, unless the strike should be called off at once, the protection asked for would be extended, to the extent of the ability and the resource of every member of the law-and-order party.

I did not expect to leave that balcony alive. I had a feeling akin to disappointment that the reading of the proclamation was not interrupted with a rifle ball, and perhaps it might have been but for an unlooked-for diversion, half a block distant. Col. A. V. Bohn, a courageous veteran, but perhaps deficient in judgment, was attempting to urge the horse upon which he was mounted through the crowd, and with his drawn sword to force the mob to open a passage way.

At this juncture some one fired a shot, and a policeman pulled Col. Bohn from his mount and rushed him off to jail.

The firing was supposed to be a signal, and might have been, although not followed by hostile act.

Within a short time the opposing forces withdrew from the street, each apparently satisfied with the exhibition of strength that had been made.

The tension, which had been terrible for three hours, was relaxed, and all felt that a frightful encounter, attended by great loss of life, had been averted by a miracle. It was obvious that the miners had not been awed by the show of resistance, and that they were more firmly resolved than before to stand their ground.

The first few attempts to bring in strike-breakers were unsuccessful. Representatives of the Union seemed to be advised of every movement of the mine managers. They would board trains a few miles out of the city, ascertain if any miners were among the passengers, plead with or threaten them when found, and add them to their own ranks on arrival.

This unsatisfactory condition was tolerated for some time, and until the patience of the citizens became exhausted. Then, no relief to be looked for elsewhere, our Committee made a formal appeal to the Governor, supported with the name of every influential man in the city sympathizing with it.

Governor Pitkin, finally, was persuaded that it was necessary to declare martial law, and issued his proclamation declaring Leadville in a state of siege.

Five companies of State Militia, and a battery of artillery, were sent up from the valley and went into winter quarters in a near-by park.

This vigorous action on the part of the Chief Executive broke the spirit of the strikers, and gradually they returned to work. Mine after mine resumed operations, those that had been flooded were unwatered, and the hum of machinery was again heard all over the district.

Mutterings of discontent still were heard, however; and my detectives reported that the walking delegates were considering a renewal of the strike, once the militia was withdrawn, and this information, communicated to the Governor about the time he was prepared to withdraw the troops, induced him to delay action for another month, and until all were satisfied that normal conditions had been fully restored.

I was a target for the strikers all through the trying period, and it is little less than miraculous that I was not assassinated. Threats against me were so commonly indulged in that the Provost Marshal, during the reign of martial law, Gen'l William H. James, kept a detail of soldiers constantly guarding my home and office.

The strikers issued a little paper periodically during the trouble, and this, in editorial and cartoon, was devoted largely to excoriating and charicaturing me.

On the day of the parade Mike Mooney, leader of the strikers, mounted a wagon, left in the street in front of my office, and harangued the multitude gathered about him, and it was for a time feared he might incite his fellows to make an attack upon the printing plant, but the danger was by some means averted, possibly the knowledge that back of the partition, separating counting room from mechanical department, were eighteen loaded rifles, and eighteen persons near-by handy in the use of them.

More than thirty years after the stirring events related in this chapter, Mike Mooney paid me a friendly call! He was accompanied by the late Col. Henry M. Sale, an ex-Confederate hero, who ever delighted in telling how he "chased me," down in Mississippi, in '64, always claiming that he was the identical rebel who shot that ugly hole through my brother's face at the battle of Tupelo.

Time, healer of all our ills, had blotted out the memory of wearisome marches, of perilous raids, and fearsome nights on menacing picket duty in Tennessee and Mississippi marshes, alert to crackling twig or chirp of bird, waking hours full charged with dread of dashing foe, and dreams disturbed by fancy's visions of wretched existence in dank rebel prisons. I gave cordial greeting to Col. Sale.

Recollections of the bitterness engendered during the reign of terror in Leadville had wholly disappeared, and I also grasped the hand of Mike Mooney with unconcealed pleasure.

"The hand and heart will show the noble mind
A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I was glad to be able to give Colonel Sale a retainer in a pending suit, and to endorse Mooney for a vacant janitorship of a public school building!

After the strike had ended George Daly changed his base to New Mexico, and shortly thereafter met a tragic death at the hands of the Apaches. His mining partner, W. S. Keyes, returned to the Comstock, operating in the shares of bonanza mines. Public feeling against these two men had become so wrought up that continued residence in Leadville could not be considered with pleasurable anticipation.

# CHAPTER LVI.

## NUMEROUS INCIDENTS OF THRILLING AND TRAGIC INTEREST IN BANKING HISTORY

The banking history of Leadville was not lacking in tragic incident, in humorous aspect or ludicrous phase. The first chartered institution was the Bank of Leadville, H. A. W. Tabor, President, George R. Fisher, Cashier. I have mentioned how this pioneer bank was opened as an adjunct to Tabor's grocery, with a single small iron safe and scales for weighing miners' dust. A few months later it was suitably housed in Leadville's first brick building, a two-story structure well adapted to the enormous business it soon was called upon to handle.

It was quickly followed by the First National Bank, occupying an imposing stone building across the street from Tabor's Bank.

Then succeeded the Merchants and Mechanics Bank, the City National, the Carbonate National and Breene's Bank—three National and three operating under State laws.

In the spring of 1883 the Bank of Leadville closed its doors, in the face of an angry crowd of depositors, dragging down with it, a short time thereafter, the First National and the Merchants and Mechanics. The combined shortage of the three exceeded a million dollars.

Although Mr. Tabor was at the time reported to be worth six to seven million dollars, my recollection is that depositors never received a cent, while stockholders lost their entire investment. The failure was due to the good nature, large heart and lax methods of Geo. R.

Fisher, its Cashier, who loaned the bank's funds to all sorts of questionable enterprises. Although he refused me a small line of credit when I was doing an obviously prosperous business, he advanced large sums upon mine reserves that had no existence, upon theatrical incomes not yet earned, and stocks not worth the paper upon which they were printed.

The President of the First National, Frank W. DeWalt, brought ruin upon an institution earning 40 per cent. upon its capitalization, by living a dual domestic life, by indulgence in expensive luxuries, and in spasmodic attempts to break the banks of the leading gambling houses.

The collapse of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank was directly due to the withdrawal of a large portion of its assets by its President, L. M. Smith, with which to purchase "gold bricks!"

The banking history of the country presents no more interesting or thrilling episodes.

I had a telegraphic tip from my Chicago correspondent that the First National was in some sort of trouble. I went directly to the President for denial or confirmation of the rumor. At first he denied the existence of any trouble, but later admitted the mysterious disappearance of twenty thousand dollars in gold, and the subsequent discovery of the funds between the leaves of a book! His story lacked consistency, since gold had been lost and currency found.

The discrepancy was all sufficient to convince me that the true facts were being concealed. Among the heaviest stockholders was Charles Mater, a close friend, who lately had become one of my bondsmen as Postmaster. To him I related what I had discovered. I urged him, without awaiting further developments, to withdraw his deposit, and dispose of his stock holdings.

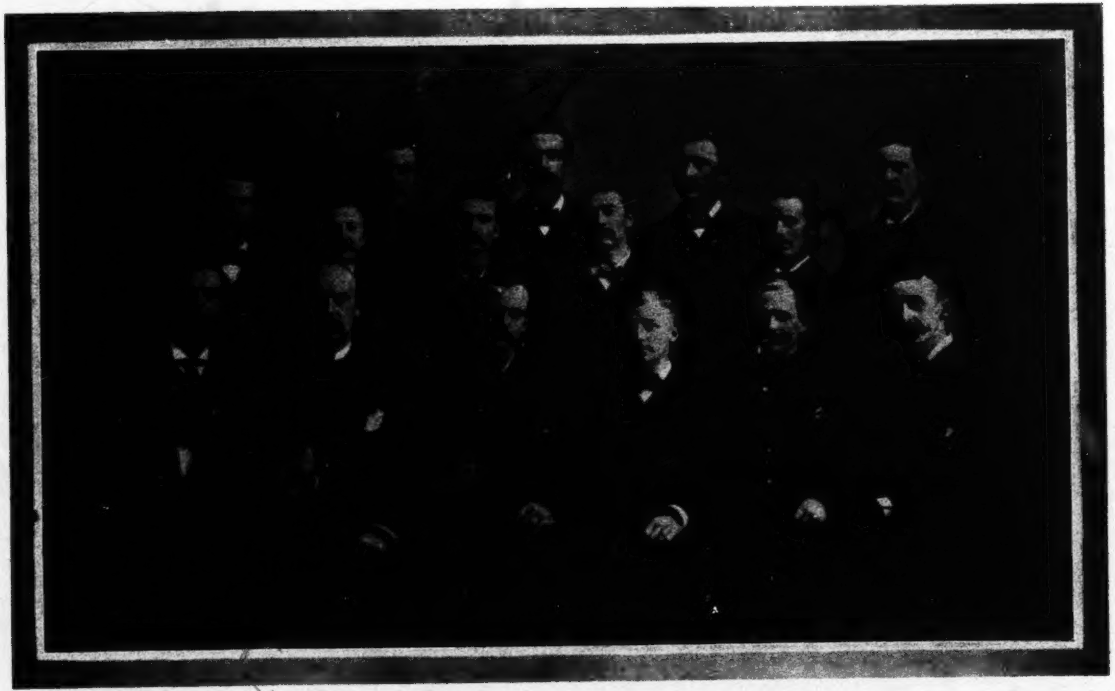
I was so well assured that the bank was tottering, and so eager to rescue my friend, that I told him if he would act upon my advice, and come to me within thirty days with a statement of loss, by reason of it, I would make it good!

Instead, however, he rushed frantically over to the bank and confronted the officers with what I had disclosed. Poor, deluded, ignorant, confiding Dutchman that he was, he advanced the bank an additional ten thousand dollars, to tide it over what was adroitly shown him to be a temporary embarrassment, leaving his large balance undisturbed, and making no effort to dispose of his stock. His subsequent loss by the bank's failure, occurring a week later, completely ruined him, the owner of seven prosperous grocery stores.

I had left instructions at the office that at the first whisper of trouble at the First National I was to be summoned, regardless of the hour. The summons came at midnight, while enjoying a dance in the City Hall. Without delaying to change my full dress suit, I jumped into a cab and was quickly whirled to the banking house. It was ablaze with light, and the Board of Directors was holding an excited session. Gaining admission, after some parleying, I found the counters and desks loaded with books and papers in the greatest confusion, and the officials engaged in a heated discussion.

Taking advantage of their absorption, I selected the daily balance book and began copying from it a statement from the totals, which I assumed would truthfully disclose the exact assets at the close of the day's business, but before finishing the task the President whipped out a revolver, approached me with the weapon in his hand, grasped the book and threw it into the vault.

Mater, a startled spectator of the exciting scene, himself wrought up to the frenzied point, was seen to rush



TYPES OF LEADVILLE YOUNG MEN IN 1879

Lower Row (left to right)—Clinton Bennett, John Niblock, Wm. R. Day, Chas. Hendrie, Archie Martin, Fred Knolle.
Second Row (left to right)—George Skinner, Robert Shipley, M. McNary, P. T. McClorky, Wm. Niblock.
Upper Row (left to right)—Lew Rucker, Sam Warfield, John W. Ten Eyck and Mack Rucker.

hatless from the room, an ominous look of determination on his stern features.

Quickly divining his purpose, I followed him to his store, half a block distant, and found him emerging with two murderous pistols in his hands. He was bent upon returning to the bank and avenging himself upon its President, the cause of his ruin. I succeeded, after much effort, in quieting him, in saving the life of his intended victim, and rescuing an honored name from tragic fame.

Twenty-five years after the stirring incidents here related I learned, with sorrow, that Charles Mater, frame bent with age, and hair silvered by grief, was working out his salvation in an Arizona mine at $3 a day, and later still that his mind had completely given way, all of his woes dating from the bank incident.

Frank W. DeWalt was convicted of violation of the national banking act, and sentenced to a long term in a federal prison at Cheyenne. Every subsequent movement on the part of his friends to secure a pardon for the graceless rascal was vigorously opposed by my newspapers, and he served out his full term.

The assets of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank, like those of its defunct predecessors, were largely composed of worthless paper—in banking parlance "cats and dogs"—but its collapse was precipitated by an act of its President, almost too absurd to be recorded. He had received by mail an anonymous communication, stating that the writer had come into possession of a number of bars of gold bullion, upon which was stamped the name of the smelter producing it. The bank, it was suggested, could in some way make use of it without arousing suspicion, and it was offered at fifty cents on the dollar. Its value, by weight, was $150,000, and Smith calculated he could not earn $75,000 more easily than by remelting the stuff and working it off gradually in small lots.

The bars were buried in a lonely spot on the mountain side, and it was arranged that Smith was to drive the vendor to the locality on a given night, recover the booty, bring it to the bank to be weighed, and close the transaction by payment of the purchase price. Smith fell an easy victim of the crude plot, and handed $75,000 of depositors' money over to the clever operator. Several of the bars, adroitly manipulated, were tested by Smith, and found to be of correct weight and fineness, but subsequently the fact was disclosed that the whole lot did not contain a hundred dollars in auriferous value.

The circumstance was known only to the operator and his fool victim, and might never have been made public had not the latter, in a vain hope of recovering some of his money, had the fellow arrested. All of the facts came out at the hearing, the outcome of which was quite as damaging to accuser as accused. Smith was shown to be willing to become a fence for stolen goods, and to unlawfully appropriate the money of his trusting depositors for use in the villainous deal.

Never after the developments of that trial was L. M. Smith able to hold up his head in the community, and the well-earned disgrace and humiliation doubtless shortened his life and sent him to an untimely and dishonored grave.

The depositors in the Merchants and Mechanics Bank never received a dollar, its assets barely covering the expense of liquidation.

A conspicuous figure in the early days of Leadville was C. C. Howell, a person of most marvelous capacity, energy and effectiveness, supplemented with a most ingratiating address. He was a rustler by instinct and a plunger by profession. There was scarcely a public enterprise in which he did not figure, a community undertaking in which he was not a prominent factor. His purse string was always loose, and no appeal for his personal service was ever made in vain.

Throughout the reign of terror following the labor strike, when property was not considered worth ten cents on the dollar, Howell pushed the work of construction upon two large business blocks, the "Howell" and the "Boston," and by his exhibition of optimism inspiring confidence among the more timid. He was an exceptionally active and forceful member of the Committee of Safety, and when funds were needed to provide the volunteer firemen with a midnight lunch—the only condition of their employment as guards—Howell told me not to bother about taking up a collection—"just send the bill to me."

This, and numberless other evidences of public spirit and generosity, commended him to me as a factor to be reckoned with, a citizen to be encouraged and supported.

A single incident will serve to illustrate the really phenomenal energy and dogged determination of this man. Directed aright, these qualities would have made the Governorship or a seat in the United States Senate easily obtainable. The strike episode had shown the weakness of the State Militia establishment. It needed uniforms and better armament. It was thought if Howell were placed at its head, he would speedily perfect the organization at his own expense, if funds were not otherwise forthcoming. I appealed to Gov. Pitkin to appoint him General, giving him wide latitude, and I enlisted every influence in the State in that behalf.

Howell knew so little of military matters that he innocently inquired, after receipt of commission, which were the higher rank, a Brigadier or a Major General!

The Governor considered, faltered and finally decided he could not go over the heads of hundreds of old soldiers, fully equipped for the position, and appoint a civilian like Howell.

Because of my supposed influence with the Executive, I was Howell's main reliance, and it was thought if I failed, further efforts would be fruitless.

Gov. Pitkin finally told me I might as well return to Leadville—that I was wasting my time and energy, since his determination not to appoint Howell was "official, final and irrevocable."

When this information was communicated to Howell, he declared: *"Now is the time for work!"* and, meeting me at the railway station, a few hours later, he proudly displayed his commission as a Major General of Militia!

After order had been restored and the troops withdrawn, Howell came to me with a proposal to take an interest in his City Bank. It was working under a State charter, and doing a handsome business in a small way. Howell desired to nationalize it, increase its capital, and take the place made for it by the failure of the three banks previously mentioned. He represented that he had so many irons in the fire he could not give it the attention required; he desired to interest four or five local persons in it, enough to constitute a Board of Directors and give to the institution a strong home standing. It was immaterial how much or how little stock they subscribed for, since it was his purpose to place most of it with former friends in Chicago, and with friends at Circleville, Ohio, his former home. He had engaged the services as Cashier of Thomas B. Hill, a person who, by reason of having for many years represented Dun's Commercial Agency in the Rocky Mountain States, enjoyed the confidence of business men, and would be able to control the bulk of Denver collections, a highly profitable line of business.

Howell drew a very alluring picture of the Bank's future, and although I protested that I knew little of banking, and could give but slight attention to its business, he refused to take no for an answer, and I fell—victim to the machinations of as graceless a scoundrel as ever wore the mask of guileless candor, truth and integrity.

For the benefit of the younger reader, upon the threshold of a business career, I propose to extend this branch of my story beyond ordinary limits, that the moral may not be lost sight of.

Soon after the interview above noted Howell asked me, incidentally, in the course of a desultory conversation, how I was rated by the commercial agencies. I replied that I had never been curious enough to examine their reports; that it was a matter of indifference to me, since I discounted all my bills and required no credit or credit rating. A few days later he advised me that he had looked up the matter; that he had found my rating was ridiculously low, and suggested that, knowing well the representatives of the two agencies, he would see that I got what I was entitled to in the next annual reports.

True to promise, my worth was doubled, my credit correspondingly elevated.

Strange, isn't it, dear reader, that I should not until years afterwards, have divined Howell's extreme solicitude for my credit—that I should not have connected it with a later request, and not so much later either—that I endorse two notes for him, each for ten thousand dollars. Those notes were paid. I never heard of them afterwards. Howell was not quite ready to betray my confidence. But, months in advance of his requirements, he had built up a substantial reputation, ostensibly for me, but in fact for his own future use!

Four other egregious asses fell victims to Howell's blandishments. Five local Directors were found; the bank was nationalized; Hill was installed as Cashier; Howell, with stock book in suit case, was off for the East; business picked up at once; Denver collections paid all overhead expenses; deposits increased. The City National was on the ocean highway, all sails set. But it was a painted ocean, and a painted ship.

A fortnight after Howell's departure, our Bank received from him Chicago exchange for $30,000.

Assuming that the sum was the proceeds of sales of shares to Chicago parties, and that their names would follow later, it was carried to stock account, and the Directors marked time!

Thirty days later notice was received from the Second National Bank of Chicago that the note of the City National Bank of Leadville, in the sum of $30,000, signed by President Howell, was about to mature, and should be honored!

The Cashier of the Chicago concern was a brother-in-law of Howell. Our President had sold no stock in Chicago, but as President of our bank, had borrowed $30,000 and forwarded the funds, with *copies* of notes held by our bank as collateral. And the note for $30,000 bore the pawnbroker's rate of 2 per cent. a month!

Howell had double-crossed us, and worked off fictitious notes upon a confiding relative.

His motive was disclosed by a hasty experting of the books of the Leadville bank, disclosing the fact that when turned over to us it was insolvent, and liable to be closed before he could play out his hand.

From Chicago Howell had jumped to Circleville, his native town, where he sold the remainder of the capital stock of the City National Bank of Leadville to a little coterie of whilom friends owning the First National

Bank of that place, and with the entire proceeds had sailed for England! We were obliged to pay the Chicago claim, but the Bank's cash, after paying it, was $83,000 short of the legitimate claims of local depositors, other than those of the Directors.

It was a terrible blow, and following so closely upon the heels of the other three disgraceful bank failures, imposed a double obligation upon us to meet the crisis like men.

The Vice-President of our bank met it by promptly resigning and withdrawing his deposits!

Then we were three, a local lawyer, who had impoverished himself in purchasing his little block of stock, and could not be looked to for further contributions; B. R. Cowell, an honest man with ample funds, but unfortunately the proprietor of a large dance hall, and myself.

Our lawyers counseled us to keep the bank open at all hazards, for the credit of the city no less than to facilitate collections of our loans.

This involved reinforcement of the bank's cash in the sum of $83,000, since there was no assurance a run would not follow disclosures of the flight of Howell.

*Cowell and I supplied the deficiency from our own private purses,* and the bank continued to do business as if nothing had happened.

Howell had, long before the reorganization of the bank, thrown out a hint that he contemplated a trip to Europe, for the purpose of promoting there a sale of a large body of land in New Mexico and a cattle ranch in Western Colorado.

We comforted ourselves with the reflection that he may have gone upon that dual mission, and indulged a hope that he might be successful, in which event he would return and make good his robbery of the City Bank! Vain hope!

We got in communication with him, and he confirmed our frail conviction, reported progress, and named a date for his arrival in New York.

The Board of Directors, of course, had deposed him as President and elected me to fill the vacancy, and we were acting strictly in accordance with the advice of counsel, Messrs. Parsons and Walling.

Howell's letters, however, had become less frequent and more ambiguous, vascillating and misleading in tone. He had fixed a number of dates for "sailing," but always failed to sail, until finally it became obvious that no reliance could be placed upon his promises.

Then we were advised to take drastic action for our protection, in so far as was possible. Attachments were levied upon the Howell Block, the Chicago Block, and such other property as could be found standing in his name, the whole aggregating in value a hundred thousand dollars. Then we quietly awaited his coming.

No member of the Board of Directors was familiar with the intricacies of banking, and in the transfer of the assets of the old to the new bank, as well as in its subsequent conduct, the fullest confidence had been reposed in Cashier Hill.

It will doubtless have occurred to the reader that in the majority of instances the fellow who runs away with a bank's funds is the "long trusted and loyal" employee. In this case the complicity of Hill in the wrong-doing of Howell was fully realized by the Board. However, he was not only the most important, but the sole witness, and we neither could dispense with his services nor appear to distrust him. A bank cashier must needs be trusted fully or not at all. And, from my experience and observation, I am fully persuaded that no safeguards ever provided by the ingenuity of law-makers will suffice to prevent a clever manipulator from plundering a bank.

We had tied up Howell's property, lest he should, on arrival in New York, make a conveyance of all of it and leave us to "hold the bag." We entertained no other thought or belief than that he would, upon returning to Leadville, confess to what was so palpably true and endeavor to make terms with us. But we had counted without our host. His first step was to employ able counsel; his next was to take to the street, and proclaim to all who would listen that he was the victim of a damnable conspiracy; that the Directors of the Bank, taking advantage of his enforced absence, had deposed him as President, and were attempting to strip him of his property! The public had not been advised of his rascally conduct, and it was not unnatural, in view of his previous high standing in the community, that his plausible story should have carried convicetion to some of his listeners. I was too busy to follow on his trail and contradict his lies; and our lawyers would not, at that time, permit me to expose him in my newspapers, so the silence of myself and associates, under the most persistent pressure for explanations, encouraged by the opposition press, was taken as a confession that Howell's accusations were true.

Battling as I was to protect what remained of the bank's assets, and save the depositors from loss, I was entitled to the support of the community; but, when it began to appear I was not to have it, my courage almost deserted me. I was not unmindful that communities as well as republics are ungrateful, but when old friends began to eye me suspiciously, and glance inquiringly at me as I passed them on the street, I wondered, as Col. Joyce had once wondered, "whether loyalty and fidelity were but names, and gratitude a mockery and sham to lure the brave to destruction."

The friends that I loved in December,
And cherished so fondly in May,
Have long since forgot to remember,
And vanished like dew drops away.

In sunshine and power I was toasted,
And feasted by courtiers so kind;
And oh! how the parasites boasted
Of the wonderful traits of my mind!

But when the dark hour of my trouble
Arose like a storm in the sky,
The vipers began to play double,
And forgot the bright glance of my eye.

In the attachment suit for $125,000 it became necessary for us to furnish a bond in double the amount, a round quarter of a million dollars. In the existing state of the public mind I felt indisposed to ask fellow townsmen to qualify on that bond. Instead, I visited Circleville, Ohio, where lived the owners of 75 per cent. of the capital stock of the City National, and they made for me an acceptable indemnifying bond for use in Colorado. While there I learned a fact which, viewed in the light of the remarkable developments at Leadville, was decidedly mirth-provoking. The owners of the First National Bank of Circleville were divided into two cliques, and, when Howell appeared with his stock book, there was bitter rivalry between the factions as to which should have the larger share of his rich plum! He was considerably embarrassed in making the allotment among his former friends and townspeople.

Howell had conceived a well-devised scheme to defeat our legal contention. Hill alone stood in his way.

He had been advised of his removal from the Presidency, and he calculated if he could control Hill, or induce that troublesome factor to absent himself, he would be able to go into court with the claim that the bank was insolvent, that none of its officers were in the State, and that a receiver should be appointed to wind up its affairs.

The "court," before whom such a proceeding would be brought, was Luther M. Goddard, to whom, in a previous campaign, Howell had loaned $5000 of the bank's funds on his unsecured note of hand, and the Sheriff, upon whom would devolve the duty of summoning the jury, was also under similar obligations for the loan of a still larger amount.

Thus Howell began his campaign with the legal machinery of the district as he supposed, firmly in his grasp. The Board of Directors realized that they were up against a brace game, but there was no alternative but to proceed with all of the equities on our side.

Howell's first move was to attempt the bribery of Hill, but the latter, fearing that he might become involved with Howell, as he would have been, stood firm. Then Howell resorted to threats, which were quite as ineffectual. Again approaching Hill, he offered to cancel a personal note for $2000 which he held, and give him $1000 in cash, provided Hill would leave the State until the vile plot could be consummated. Howell, of course, assumed that Judge Goddard would appoint him the receiver, and thus enable him to gather in what he had not already stolen from the bank. It was a very pretty plot —but "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and all of his nicely adjusted plans went awry.

At this juncture we were advised by counsel to permit Hill to accept Howell's offer of a bribe, to deceive him into the belief that he had left the State, and then produce Hill in court at the psychological moment, when

Howell should set up his claim that no responsible officer of the bank was within the jurisdiction of the court.

One stormy night Hill gravitated between Howell's private office and the Director's room of the bank, where the Board was in continuous session, directing Hill's movements, Howell being without suspicion of our proximity. Just at break of day, the negotiations having been carried on throughout the night, Hill came in with his personal cancelled note for $2000, and ten crisp notes of $100 each, every one of which he at once marked for identification.

It had been arranged that Hill should ask for a thirty days' leave of absence, in order to respond to a hurry call to his sick wife in Canada; Hill and Howell were to leave that evening for the East, to breakfast together in Denver, and then separate.

Hill was provided with a fictitious name, and a cipher code was agreed upon .

We went through the form of checking Hill out in the morning, to mislead Howell, and the latter's elaborate program seemed to be in a fair way of being carried out to the letter.

During the day Hill learned that Howell would travel by the Union Pacific, and inasmuch as Hill had a pass over the other road, the decision to go to the valley by different routes met with Howell's approval, both trains arriving at Denver about the same hour.

As suspected, Howell had a spy at the depot, who promtply reported to him at the other station that Hill had bought a Pullman ticket and taken the train. We also had a spy at the other train to see that it was boarded by Howell. But at the same time we had a closed carriage at Malta, five miles below Leadville, to bring Hill back to the city.

We calculated that Howell, advised by his agent that

Hill had actually departed from Leadville, would assume that Hill had decided to go East from Pueblo, or, at least, would not be suspicious that he had been double-crossed by Hill. He had bought and paid for him, and was entitled to the goods. But in all these surmises we had too heavily discounted Howell's sagacity. Hill not meeting him at the Denver Union Depot, the truth flashed upon Howell that he had been victimized, and he returned to Leadville on the next train. It was obvious to him, although he failed to locate Hill, that his scheme had miscarried. It was quite as certain that we should not have opportunity to consummate ours.

At this juncture our lawyers advised that the public be made acquainted with the whole story, from the reorganization of the bank, and, with their assistance, a fourteen-column article was prepared for the next day's issue of the *Chronicle*.

Not a fact was concealed, nor a detail omitted. There wasn't a dull paragraph in the statement, and it was embellished with cuts of Howell and Hill, a *fac simile* reproduction of the cancelled $2000 note, and of the fictitious name by which Hill was to be known in the correspondence, in Howell's well-known hand-writing, together with an elucidation of the secret code for the use of the conspirators.

The publication of this article produced a decided sensation in Leadville and throughout the State. It was calculated to crush any ordinary man, but Howell was not that sort of a personage, and as long as he had funds with which to do battle we knew he would maintain the struggle.

Howell, after the first shock produced by the publication, returned to Denver and filed suit against me for libel, claiming damages in the sum of $150,000.

I at once published the complaint in its entirety, repeating the allegations of the original article, whereupon he brought another suit, and it was treated in the same manner, until finally his suits, filed in three divisions of the Denver courts, numbered thirteen, the damages claimed aggregating $1,800,000.

Not satisfied with his efforts in thus speculating upon his bankrupt reputation, he took advantage of every subsequent visit to Denver to have me arrested on a charge of criminal libel, a penal offense in Colorado, thus subjecting me to the annoyance of giving bond in each case. By means of liberal tips to process-servers, he managed to have these warrants served upon me just as I was entering the train for home, thus compelling me to remain over night.

To avoid such delays, after the first, I provided myself with a bond in blank, otherwise duly executed, and this I kept on my person awaiting the approach of the Sheriff's minions.

Our cases dragged in the courts, as such proceedings too often do, and there came a time when Cashier Hill did in fact have a call to hasten to the bedside of his sick wife in Toronto. He had been loyal up to that period; was, in fact, worn out with the work and excitement attending the details of preparation for the trial, and was entitled to a vacation. Since he would have taken it any way, we granted his request with all the grace possible.

We carefully checked up the books, found his accounts correct, and parted with him—forever!

Within a fortnight after Hill's departure, the bank began to receive inquiries from its correspondents at different points regarding collections of which we had no record. Of the collections received on the morning of his last day, abnormally large, Hill had entered a few in the collection book, made the collections and duly accounted for the proceeds. The collections thus entered averaged very well with other days, and corresponding dates for weeks and months past, and there was nothing on the collection side to cause special wonder or provoke suspicion. But he had collected $8000 in excess of the items accounted for, and pocketed the proceeds!

This was the straw that finally broke our backs. Then it was that our counsel advised going into voluntary liquidation.

I still was determined that the depositors should not suffer to the extent of one penny, but cash in bank again was insufficient, in the sum of $8000, with which to meet legitimate demands. Then, for a second time, Cowell and myself supplied the shortage from our own private purses, advertised our purpose to liquidate, and called upon depositors to call for their balances.

All responded except two. One of these, as soon developed, was a school teacher, the other a miner. That these two should not be deprived of their funds, even for a brief period, I bought certificates of the Carbonate National Bank and laid them aside, subject to call. Singularly enough, although delighted to learn that they were not to suffer loss by reason of the suspension of the bank, neither seemed to have confidence in the Carbonate; hence both cashed the certificates and deposited the proceeds in other banks, the one in the First National, the other in the Merchants and Mechanics. Within a fortnight the doors of both closed, and the two luckless depositors lost all they had!

Dr. D. H. Dougan, President of the Carbonate National Bank, was named as assignee of the City National, and set about the work of winding up the affairs of the bank.

While this progressed, Howell for a time disappeared from view. Funds exhausted, his lawyers refused longer to fight his battles, and it became necessary to reinforce his depleted treasury in other fields. Information reached us that he had been forced to leave Oklahoma City between two days, on account of some crooked deal, and later had a narrow escape from lynching, at the hands of infuriated miners in the Cour d' Alene country, whose property he had jumped.

A year later he was found occupying wretched quarters in West Denver, living under an assumed name, crippled with rheumatism, and without sufficient funds to purchase a meal ticket!

Dr. Dougan, assignee of the bank, had once declared: "I will drive that embossed rascal out of the State in his stocking feet." The opportunity for doing so was now at hand, but the Doctor's sympathy and consideration prevailed in the end, and Howell was sent to his former Ohio home in a Pullman car, after having relinquished all claims to Leadville property, and dismissed his multiple libel suits against me.

The only victims of his plundering were the owners of the bank. They lost not only their original investment—$100,000, but the $83,000 advanced to make it solvent and save its honor. It at least enjoys the proud distinction of being the only bank in the whole history of Colorado that, failing, paid dollar for dollar to its depositors. That is all we inherited from the wreck. But it was enough. Such a record is worth while; it will endure.

The Carbonate National Bank was the first in Leadville to be conducted under the strictest rules of banking. It was organized more to afford facilities for the great mining and smelting industries of the district than to make money, but it accomplished both, and soon came to be regarded as among the stable banking institutions of the State. Indeed, during the trying period following the financial panic of '93, when contemporaries resorted to the certificate device, it continued to pay out good hard money on demand, and during the whole period, embracing over six months, it carried in its vaults $1.15, on an average, for every dollar of deposits. It also displayed, in a show case, more than the average capital of national banks—$150,000—of wire and leaf gold, merely as an advertisement.

Notwithstanding this visible evidence of solvency, there was a run upon the bank, during which a very amusing incident took place. A woman was in the line of depositors, and, as is well known, one woman may make more commotion than a dozen men. This particular female was one who frequently had been accommodated by the bank. She was fearful lest all the funds should disappear before she could reach the paying teller's window, and when she got there, having failed to endorse her paper, had to leave the line and repeat the operation. Learning by the newspapers on the following morning, that the Bank had received more than it had paid out, she determined to redeposit her funds. She also thought it necessary to say something by way of explanation, and was most unfortunate in her choice of language.

"I drew my money out yesterday, Mr. Trimble, thinking I was going to leave the city."

"Like hell you did," snapped Mr. Trimble, "you thought *we* were going to leave the city!"

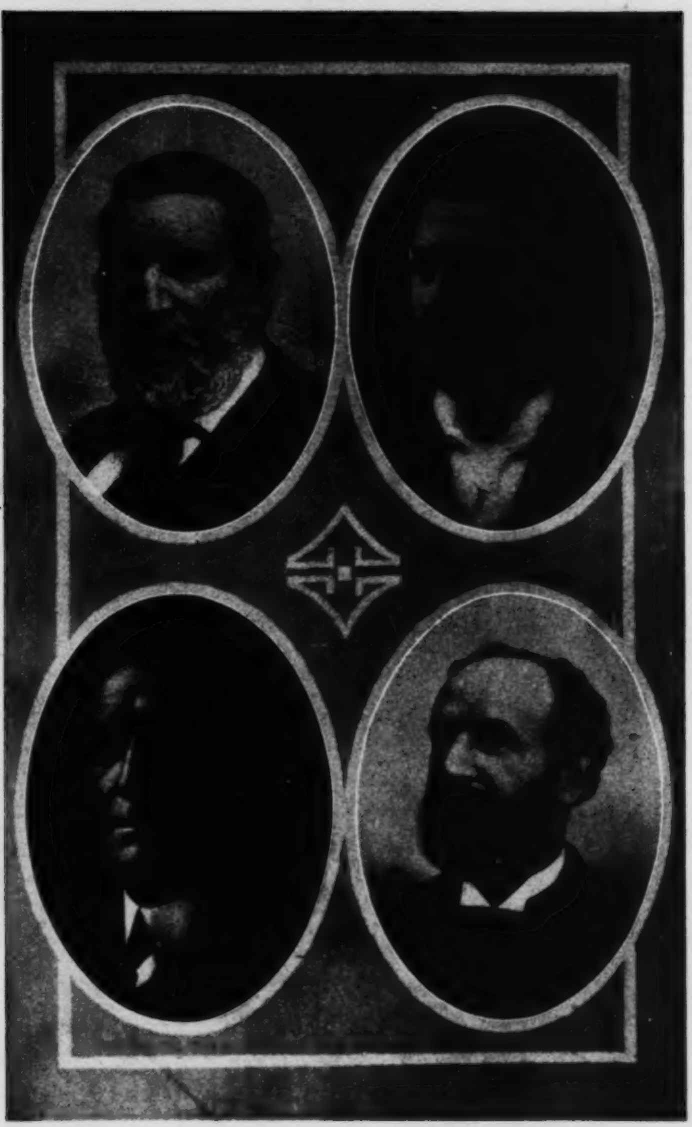
The truth so palpable, the banker's brusqueness may well have been overlooked, and his refusal to receive her funds excused.

The bank survived the run, of course, deposits exceeding withdrawals, as it also had survived the threat of the Elkins' crowd to break it, set out in another chapter. They checked out a quarter of a million dollars the day after the convention, but its resources were not materially affected by the flurry. The stability of the Carbonate National did much to restore public confidence, so severely wrenched by the failure of the other banks.

The banking history of Leadville might be written down as a huge joke, were there not connected with it so many sad, pathetic incidents. Such things could not happen today; they belong to an era long passed, never to return.

The last venture was made by a person named Peter W. Breene, whom I first knew as a miner in 1879, turning a windlass at $4 a day, a man whom I last saw as a prisoner in the county jail, accused of peculiar banking methods. He had had the hardihood to open a private bank and solicit deposits, when its total resources were not equal to the value of furniture and fixtures. Fortunately it was closed by its creditors before victims had accumulated.

It is only common justice to Mr. Breene to state that he since has emerged from all of his financial troubles with great credit; he has accumulated another fortune, paid off all of his obligations, and I rejoice to learn that once again he is on the high road to prosperity, enjoying the restored confidence of the community.



WILLIAM ("UNCLE BILLY") STEVENS
Principal Owner Iron-Silver
Mine, Leadville

WILLARD S. MORSE
American Mining and
Smelting Co.

SAMUEL D. NICHOLSON
One of Leadville's Best
Known Mine Managers

EDWARD EDDY
Omaha and Grant Smelting
and Refining Co.

# CHAPTER LVII.

## A STORMY POLITICAL BATTLE AS AN AFTERMATH OF THE CITY NATIONAL BANK ROW

Dr. Dougan and others appreciated my behavior in the bank scrape, and declared that the community should, when suitable opportunity offered, give substantial recognition of it. This happened ere long. Managers of the Republican party, in the spring of '84, conceded to Leadville representation on the delegation to the national convention to be held in June. To represent a great State in a convention called to nominate a President of the United States is a position of trust and honor to which any man might aspire. Dr. Dougan realized that I would greatly prize the distinction, especially were it to come as a spontaneous offering, but I surely would not have considered the matter for a moment had I known the seat was to be contested. That fact only developed when surrender with honor was not possible.

I early had championed the aspirations of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, and I had much pleasure in anticipation of modest service in his cause at Chicago. But a conflicting interest arose, lending an unpleasant phase to the campaign in my interest. Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, and Hon. Richard Kerens, of St. Louis, with their associates, owned one of the largest mines in Leadville, managed by John Elkins, brother of the Senator.

The Eastern members of the syndicate, personal as well as political friends of Mr. Blaine, naturally desired, and confidently expected, to be able to dictate the selection of the Leadville delegate, and John Elkins was the gentleman chosen to make the contest. He reasonably expected the mining interest would solidly back his claims, and with the thousand men in his own mine as a nucleus, a walk-over for the gentleman was freely predicted.

But Dr. Dougan was not a member of the "quitter" class, and the fight was on. I had not a dollar for campaign purposes, while Mr. Elkins' purse was of illimitable length. It was said that $60,000 was spent by him and his backers in the campaign, but the Dougan ticket carried twenty-three of the twenty-seven precincts in the county, giving to my friends overwhelming control.

The Elkins crowd, however, in contempt of political ethics and precedent, carried the fight to the floor of the convention, and, among other desperate things, they sent a note to Dr. Dougan, warning him that, unless he should immediately abandon the Davis cause, they would start a run on his bank of sufficient magnitude to close its doors.

This so incensed Dr. Dougan that, immediately upon the close of the convention, he called a special session of the Board of Directors of the bank and tendered his resignation. He at that time also was Mayor of the City and Manager of the Arkansas Valley Smelter. Both of these lucrative positions he also resigned, sold his home and removed to Denver, declaring that he would "be d——d if he would longer live in such a community!"

The incident here related is to accentuate one of the grandest Damon-and-Pythias acts in modern history. Certainly such evidence of loyalty to a friend is not frequently encountered in the political annals of any State.

Aside from casting my vote five times for James G. Blaine, I am not conscious of having accomplished much at Chicago. I, however, have to record, with a degree of humiliation, my failure to accomplish one praiseworthy thing, traceable to the working of one of those acts of usurpation by the managers of the party, the frequent resort to which, subsequently, contributed to the defeat and disruption of the national organization.

What I failed in doing was to defeat the ambition of ex-Senator Jerome B. Chaffee to represent Colorado on the Republican National Committee. He, at the time, was a resident of New York City, and had not been in Colorado for years. I regarded it as little less than a disgrace to have the State represented by a non-resident, however able, and that constituted the basis of my opposition.

It always had been the custom for the national convention to ratify the selection of national committeemen by the several State delegations, a mere matter of form. The Colorado delegation had outvoted me in caucus, and my only hope was to carry the matter to the floor of the convention. I intended, when Colorado should be called and the name of Chaffee announced, to move the substitution for it of the name of some other distinguished citizen, who at least had a domicile in the State. I felt that a mere statement of the facts would carry conviction to the convention that my contention was not only just, but good politics as well. I had been promised the support of General Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, Mr. Massey, of Delaware, and other influential factors from other States, and all details were completed for a pretty little fight, should Chaffee's friends make a stand.

But, when the roll call for nomination of national committeemen had reached Colorado, the chairman of our delegation was conveniently absent from his seat, and the State was passed.

At the meeting of the new national committee, held after adjournment, a vacancy in Colorado's representation was announced, in accordance with the program, and Senator Jerome B. Chaffee was chosen to fill it.

The friends of that distinguished gentleman dared not face the issue in the convention, and achieved their object by resort to a measly trick, unworthy the representatives of a great national party, with a record for nobler ideals and grander achievements.

I later filed a protest with the national committee, but the probabilities are that it found permanent lodgment in the pigeon-hole of Chairman Jones' desk.

The Elkins crowd, sore over their overwhelming defeat in the primaries, were not disposed to regard it as a closed incident, and after the June convention began a crusade against me. Reasoning that, because I held a commission from President Arthur, I should have voted for him for the Presidential nomination, they endeavored to have me removed from the Postmastership, relying upon the chief executive to find some other pretext for it.

The matter could scarcely have been regarded as a national issue; yet it was considered at a meeting of the cabinet. Mr. Rose, one of the President's private secretaries, later advised me that Mr. Arthur, after the matter was broached and opinions expressed, dismissed the subject with the remark: "I would like to meet that Leadville Postmaster. I would like to see a man unwilling to exchange his convictions for a petty federal position."

Thus, without so much as the wink of an eye-lash, did I score another knock-out for the Elkins-Kerens gang of political plotters and traffickers.

The roll call of States for the fifth ballot for President had not progressed very far before it became apparent that, by reason of numerous changes from the previous ballot, the vote was likely to be exceedingly close, if indeed the convention was not stampeded to Blaine. I took a gambler's chance, and stepping into the telegraph booth near by I filed a message to my paper to the effect that Blaine had been nominated on the fifth ballot. How I might get out of the scrape, should my belief not be confirmed, I did not stop to consider. Immediately after the announcement of the ballot the convention adjourned. At my hotel I found a telegram awaiting me, which read as follows:

"Leadville, Colo., June 6, 1884.

"Hon. C. C. Davis, Colorado Delegation, Grand Pacific Hotel.

"The Republicans of Lake County send greetings. You did her proud! Shake! Paint it red!

"D. H. Dougan,
"S. J. Hanna,
"Geo. S. Phelps,
"James Shire,
"W. H. Rupert,
"W. R. Phelps,
"R. H. Stanley,
"Noah Gregg,
"H. B. Johnson,
"John M. Maxwell,
"W. W. Olds,
"C. C. Joy,
"P. W. Reardon,
"And three hundred others."

The people of Leadville were thus advised of the nomination of Blaine a full hour before the result of the fifth ballot had been announced to the convention. In an access of patriotic enthusiasm hundreds had quickly formed in line, and, headed by the Geo. W. Cook Drum Corps, paraded the streets in honor of the event, halting at the telegraph office to file the above dispatch. In a brief speech from the balcony of the hotel, in the evening, I told the crowd of the incident, and suggested that the popular movement for the election of Blaine having been thus early started at an elevation of two miles above the sea, would move quickly by gravity to the uttermost parts of the nation and land the peerless statesman in the chair of Lincoln and of Grant. The idea made an instant hit and created much enthusiasm.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### THE STATE TREASURY RING BEATEN TO A FRAZZLE AND DRIVEN FROM POWER

Peter W. Breene was an unlettered Irishman, lately arrived from Erin, but one whose native shrewdness served the dual function of wealth and education. Taking advantage of the favorable conditions existing—the absorption of the better element in business pursuits and their indifference to politics—Breene soon graduated from the windlass to the caucus room, and became a political factor in Leadville and the State to be reckoned with. Modest enough at the beginning of his career, a seat in the United States Senate finally was not beyond his ambition. From Road Overseer he succeeded to the State Legislature, Lieutenant Governorship and State Treasurership.

The position of State Treasurer, strange as it may seem, gave to him complete political mastery of his party and the State. Control of the finances of the commonwealth enabled him to build up a machine that was all powerful. At each recurring biennial election, it was not a question as to who should be Governor or Justice of the Supreme Court, but who should be State Treasurer. The State owed two or three millions of dollars, evidenced by bonds and warrants, upon which it was paying 8 to 10 per cent. interest. At the same time it possessed as much, credited to various funds, but which it could not employ in paying its creditors. The State Treasurer was unhampered in his practice of loaning this money to the banks of the State, at various rates of interest, and they in turn loaned it to their patrons at a much higher rate. The practice resulted in the building up of a money trust that was simply irresistible. The loss of interest to the State was considerable, but the iniquity of the practice did not consist alone in that. Every little bank in every little community was under obligations to the State Treasurer. In addition to the interest paid, every bank official felt in duty bound to vote and work for the State Treasurer's delegates and candidates at each recurring primary and election. It was a secret force, working under cover, but working day and night, working insidiously and effectively. It was more than a force, it was a power, and it could not be combatted with the usual weapons.

I pointed out the evil, and endeavored unavailingly to arouse public sentiment to the importance of opposing it. The same old gang put up the same old ticket in the same old way, and the public continued to vote it without heed of the consequences.

At last, realizing the futility of newspaper arraignment, I decided upon a different course. In the campaign of '88 I had made the "downing" of the State Treasury ring the issue, and was beaten to a frazzle. The gang carried nearly every precinct in the county, carried them by overwhelming majorities. Notwithstanding this fact, I was named as one of the delegates to the State convention. It was good politics to so "honor" me, for I owned two daily newspapers whose support was desired. The gang even went further, and chose me as chairman of the delegation. Thus distinguished, I dared not bolt. So they figured. I attended the convention, and did their bidding to the end, casting the solid vote of the delegation for every man proposed —and the names, of course, had all been chosen in secret conclave before the convention met. That was the way things were done in those days. Individual delegates had no voice. The county might as well have sent one man to the State convention as forty-two.

But the ticket named, my time had come. I had not dared take any one into my confidence. All that remained for the convention to do was to adopt a platform, which a picked committee had drafted, and adjourn.

At this juncture, I turned to Breene and said: "Now, Pete, you've got everything you want? All of your people have been nominated?"

"Yes, Colonel," said the big Irishman, delighted over the smooth working of his program, "I've got all I want."

"Well, then, Pete, if any question of party policy should arise, I propose to poll the delegation upon it."

"All right, Colonel. To hell with party policy. I don't care what the convention does now, I've got my men in."

To have offered a resolution in open convention would have been worse than folly, and I knew it. But after the chairman had read the resolutions, and a motion had been made to adopt them as read, I left my seat in the convention, and, advancing down the aisle a dozen paces, I offered an amendment to the platform. It recited the facts, condemned in the strongest language at my command the practice, committed the party to a correction of the abuse, and pledged the candidates nominated for the Legislature to pass a law, at the next session, making it a penal offense for the State Treasurer to absorb the interest upon public funds, and providing that all interest on public money should thereafter be covered into the State Treasury.

In support of my amendment I reminded the convention that the Democrats would hold their State convention in the same hall the following Monday, and that, in the event of the defeat of my measure, it would be taken up by them, and made an issue in the campaign, and that they would sweep the State on the issue. More extended remarks were unnecessary.

Never before was there such a scene enacted in a State Convention. Gangsters were on their feet all over the hall, shouting: "Out of order!" "Put him out!" "Call the roll," yells and cat-calls.

A delegate moved the previous question, cutting off debate.

I returned to my delegation and began polling it on my motion.

Pete Breene raised a heavy cane over my head, and in threatening voice, yelled: "You son of a b——, you shall never attend another State Convention!"

At this point Donald Fletcher, an ex-Presbyterian preacher, and chairman of the Denver delegation, stood on a chair and declared, "Davis, there are sixty-five men in my delegation who are going to vote for your amendment, and they are going to see that you poll your delegation if you want to."

That settled it. Fletcher represented the largest delegation in the convention. The gangsters saw it would be fatal to vote down my resolution, and, being put to a vote, it carried unanimously, not one delegate daring to go on record against it.

The party was true to its pledge thus made. The next Legislature passed the law demanded. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in interest have since been saved to the State. But, better still, the "State Treasury Ring" immediately went out of business. However, its members fired a few parting shots at me before doing so.

Assuming that I was indebted to the Carbonate National Bank, they threatened to withdraw from it the State deposit of $250,000, unless the screws were at once put to me.

The President of the Bank told the gang that he thought Davis was right, and invited them to withdraw the entire State deposit at once.

To several railway managers they went with threats of adverse legislation unless patronage was at once withdrawn from my presses.

The managers replied that their lines were the heaviest taxpayers in the State, hence would be the largest beneficiaries of the proposed reform; that it was correct in principle, and they proposed to stand by it.

In every way that their devilish ingenuity could suggest, the gang continued to harass and attempt to cripple my business; but I survived their campaign of hatred, lived to see all retired from public position, and some I pursued to the doors of the penitentiary.

I can truthfully say, however, that in my long and relentless crusade against the State Treasury ring and State Land Board ring—the membership of both being practically identical—I never was influenced by personal malice or desire for individual reprisal. I have always considered it the highest duty of a journalist boldly to pursue official dishonesty, and to give the broadest publicity to official wrong-doing, regardless of consequences. Approval of his own conscience is about all a conscientious newsman should expect for sacrifices made in the interest of the public weal.

## CHAPTER LIX.

### EXCESSIVE WICKEDNESS REDEEMED BY UNEXAMPLED CHARITY—THE FIGHTING PARSON

Although Leadville long enjoyed the reputation of being the "wickedest city on earth," I am sure that sweet charity long since redeemed its name. No city ever contributed more lavishly to the sick and afflicted at home and abroad. Nor were the contributions to suffering humanity by any means confined to the wealthy class. When a demand came for succor, the first appeals were made to the habitues of State Street, ninety-five per cent. of whom were gamblers, bunco-steerers, thieves, thugs, dance-hall keepers, prostitutes, or those who gained their livelihood by catering directly to the vicious and semi-criminal classes. No appeal to that element ever went unanswered. Nor was elaborate argument ever required to call forth generous response. It only was necessary to say that some person suffered, or that some worthy cause needed assistance, to secure immediate help. When there was a great national calamity, such as the Johnstown flood, or the Charleston earthquake, these people responded with a lavishness out of all proportion to their financial condition or ability to give, and it was noticeable that when Death entered their ranks, and produced temporary cessation of mad revelry in their midst, there was never shown a disposition to escape the duty of paying proper respect to the memory of the departed.

In a different way, and characteristic alone of Leadville, was the manner of making collections for charitable purposes from bonanza kings, banks, mines and smelters. The customary methods in vogue in other places, of circulating subscription lists among this class, was never thought of. Ordinarily the raising of large sums for this or that worthy purpose was left to a committee, which would meet and assess each person or institution, according to the views entertained by the members as to the amount each should contribute; then a sub-committee would go from place to place and make the collections accordingly; and I do not recall a single instance where any person or institution objected to the assessment or demurred to handing over the sum demanded. Thus would $5,000 to $10,000, or $20,000, be collected in a few hours, no questions asked, no hard feelings entertained.

A composite picture of the extraordinary charity that characterized Leadville would be Thomas Uzzell—"Rev." Thomas Uzzell in Methodist Conference—but Tom Uzzell, the "fighting parson," by every one who lived there in the two decades from '78 to '98. "The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man," was the broad plank in Tom's platform, strong enough to sustain the fabric built upon it, and he cared little for the details that troubled some poor sticklers for rites and rituals. His haversack contained more creature comforts than tracts, more food for hungry stomachs than precepts, more warm blankets for benumbed bodies than religious texts, more good cheer than fateful warning. His gospel was the gospel of Love, and he preached it to hungry mankind wherever found, in humble cabin of miner, in engine house of smelter, in saloon, in dance hall or in gambling den.

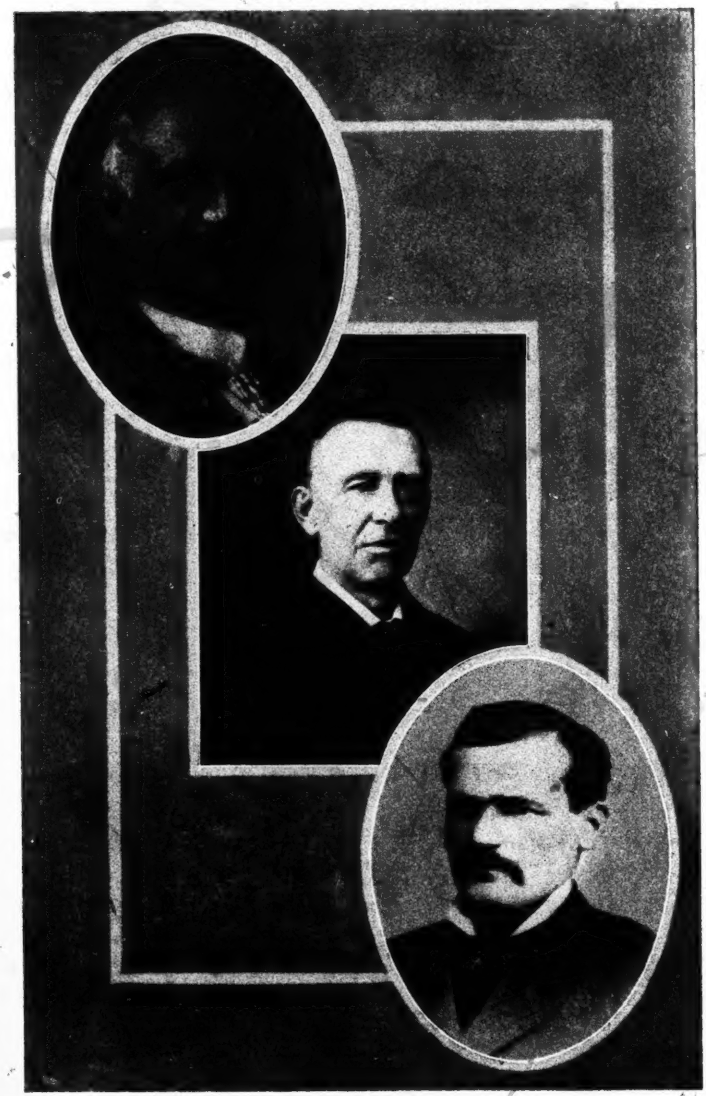
The verse that told of Tom Uzzell's character, parochial work and mission may shock the finer sensibilities of some of my more pious readers, but it tells the truth about a unique personality in an environment never before or since developed, and is calculated to teach a lesson of value, as well as interest, to all who will seek for it between the lines:

He hasn't got no high-toned church with Pullman Palace pews,
And carpets that was only built for patent leather shoes,
An' pulpit ornamented till its fit to throne a king,
And royal robes and gold and gilt, and all that sort of thing;
He doesn't wear his Sunday face an' manners every day,
With lips that seem all cocked an' primed to utter "Let us pray;"
Don't look at sinners like he thought them headed straight for hell,
That sort o' style 'd hardly fit our Parson Tom Uzzell.

He's just an unassumin' man that knows he loves the Lord,
And doesn't take on lofty frills interpretin' his word;
He doesn't bank on flowery speech of oratoric tint,
Nor meant to succor souls so much as make a show in print;
The posts an' pillars of his talk are solid common sense,
Entwined with flowers here and there of modest eloquence.
Instead o' tryin' to please the ear as with a talkin' bell,
He aims his language at the heart, does Parson Tom Uzzell.

He doesn't hold, and doesn't preach, that Heaven is a place
Where only them in purple robes 'll see the Master's face;
But thinks the dame in calico or man in overalls
'll be as good as Moneybags inside the Jasper walls;
There ain't no organ in his church that bellars like a bull,
Nor choir of high-priced singers of the operatic school.
The simple songs of human love that somehow seem to tell
Of future hope, is good enough for Parson Tom Uzzell.

I've allus held, an' allus will, that preachin' don't consist
Of snappy words an' poundin' at the Bible with the fist,
Or singin' orthographic talk so gosh almighty grand
That none but college graduates can rise to understand;
It's just the simple gospel truth put in a kindly way
That camps right in the sinner's heart an' says it's come to stay;
The livin' water bubblin' up from human nature's well,
And that's the sort of talk you get from Parson Tom Uzzell.



JOHN LAW
Pioneer Physician and Philanthropist. Noted for his good deeds

REV. THOMAS UZZELL
The "Fighting Parson"
Famous for Practical Work Among the Lowly

PETER BECKER
Early Day Sheriff. Noted for Fearless Discharge of Duty

His bill of fare ain't all made up o' spiritual bread,
He knows that well as sin-sick souls there's stomachs to be fed;
And with them hands that never tire in battlin' for the poor;
He's beat the gaunt ol' world o' want from many a humble
door;
He clothes the naked, soothes the sick, and when distress is
found
You're pretty sure to see his tracks a' markin' up the ground.
I reckon nothin' else but death itself can ever quell
The charitable spirit of our Parson Tom Uzzell.

It ain't no sacriligeous mood that's promptin' me to say
That when we all are rounded up on that great final day,
When all the quick an' all the dead are called upon to show
What nature o' defense thy've got for actions here below,
If you should look 'way up in front an' see a quiet face,
That doesn't show a sign o' fear or worry 'bout his case,
An' you should wonder who could be so sure o' heaven—
WELL,
Just edge up closer, an' you'll see it's Parson Tom Uzzell.

When Tom desired to make a gospel talk in the leading dance hall or gambling den, the floor was cheerfully cleared for the purpose, although the exchequer of the establishment was to suffer heavily by the interruption, and so high was the respect for him that the games were never resumed, after the meeting was over, until the parson had departed.

A zealous religionist, the parson yet was distinctly human in his disposition and tendencies,with a leaning toward a few diversions not classified as strictly clerical. He loved to fish and hunt, and was passionately fond of horses and dogs. Upon one occasion a wealthy parishioner left the city for a rather protracted absence in the East, and turned over to the parson a span of fine horses for use in his absence. It was a luxury highly appreciated, and joyfully shared with others. While riding with him one day, some one attempted to pass us on the boulevard. Somewhat to my surprise, the parson put whip to his team and contended for the lead for perhaps a mile or more, and until the other party dropped back out of sight.

The road was exceedingly dusty, and during the rather exciting race the parson had not uttered a word. But as soon as he discovered that the other team was distanced, he reined up the foaming steeds, and handing the lines to me while he brushed some of the dirt from his clothing, he characteristically remarked: "Say, Colonel, I like a horse too darn well to be a preacher!"

In reminiscent mood, some years after his removal to Denver, Parson Uzzell gave a reporter some exceedingly interesting experiences while in Leadville.

"It was strange that I didn't get hurt in that town. I used to go at all hours of the day and night, answering death-bed calls and visiting the sick, but never a word was ever said against me or my work. One funny experience was at a funeral. Cole and Alexander ran the worst dance hall there—a perfect den of vice. From five hundred to fifteen hundred men would gather in the big building every night, drink, carouse, shoot lights out and dance with the tough women. Jim Cole is now a respectable ranchman, not far from Denver, and always a big-hearted fellow. He often told me he would come to my Sunday school, only every fellow in town would make fun of him. Alexander died there—was shot by some one, of course—and Jim wanted me to preach a funeral sermon over him. Well, I did, and those fellows got the truth right from the shoulder. Every gambler, saloon man and bad woman in town turned out, as they always did upon such occasions, and I told them about the separation of sheep from the goats on that last day of all. Many of them winced, but there was no trouble. The cemetery was four or five miles out, and there was snow on the ground. You never saw such a cortege as that. Wagons, buckboards, sleighs, burros, bronchos, everything went. I rode out with a man, and after the service at the grave the people passed by to take a last look at the face of their dead friend. When Jim came by, he said: 'Well, Parson, you gave us hell, but I guess we all deserved it. Here's a fifty dollar note.'

"The man who brought me out forgot me and went back alone, and before I realized it, every vehicle there other than an express wagon had gone. Three boards had been placed across the wagon-body for seats, and six notorious women occupied them. Discovering my predicament, they called to me, and said it was a shame to bring a parson out there and leave him to walk home in the snow, and invited me to ride with them. I wasn't married then, and the thought flashed through my mind, 'what will the good Leadville people say when they see their parson riding with such women?' But it was either that or walk, and I didn't walk. The women made me sit between two of them on the middle seat, and so I was surrounded by them. When we reached the edge of the town I told them I had some business to attend to, and would get out and walk the rest of the way. I think they must have suspected my scheme, for they insisted upon carrying me to the very door of the parsonage, right through the two busiest streets of the town. Well, that ride made a big sensation; the people never ceased twitting me about it, and the newspapers made the most of it.

"Some of the marriages I performed were odd, too. There lived there a Madame Lapue, who got rich telling fortunes. She was the most horribly deformed creature I ever saw. Her mouth, back, chin, teeth, arms—in fact her whole hump-backed body—was twisted out of shape; but her big roll of money finally induced a gambler by the name of Smith to marry her. They came to me to tie the knot. I have married scores of those people four or five times. No license was required then, and we preachers couldn't remember the faces of all that motley crowd. A man would live with a woman a year or so, see some one he liked better, and come to me to be married again. Of course, he would change his name and I wouldn't remember having married him before. Well, Smith and the fortune-teller stood up, and I commenced the form of the Methodist marriage service. I had got through with the man, and he had answered all of the questions satisfactorily, so I went on with the service to the woman.

" 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy lawful, wedded husband, to live with together, under God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony, and wilt thou love, honor and keep—'

"Here I was obliged to pause, owing to a bad fit of coughing, and the woman said: 'I'll just be d——d if I'll keep any man!' and started to leave. I tried to explain to her that I had not finished, and that the rest of the sentence would show what was required, and that she would not be compelled to support her husband. So, we began again, but when I got to the word 'keep,' again I got nervous, and again coughed. This time the would-be-bride became furious.

" 'You think you are smart, Parson, don't you?' she shrieked. 'Well, I'll tell you that you lost a fifty dollar note I had in my stocking by your smartness;' and she grabbed Smith and left.

"Paddock, of the Congregational Church, finally married them, and I always thought he should have divided that fee with me, for I'd half married them in the first place.

"When Bishop Warren and Bishop McCabe were on a visit to me, I got a call, about dark one night, to go to a tough place and marry a couple. I asked my visitors if they would not like to accompany me. Both accepted the invitation, and as we were leaving the house, mother called to me,

" 'Tom, you've forgotten your pistol!'

"Bishop Warren threw up his hands in holy terror. He didn't want to remain longer in a place where a preacher had to carry a gun.

"Yes, it was a hard life, but I enjoyed it, and believe I did some good there. Many of the bad women, and worse men, were converted in my meetings, and are respectable folks now.

"Here was a break in the narrative, with an 'Hello, Tom! Just the man I wanted to see!' "

And the man who wanted to see the Parson, a respected citizen of Denver, had been converted by him at the latter's River Mission.

Such was the life, such the simplicity, such the love and faith of Tom Uzzell. Rich men gave freely to help his good work, and poor men sought his counsel. He long since passed over the range, leaving a wife and five children and a mother to grieve over his untimely call from a world so much better for his having lived in it.

Other good preachers there were in Leadville, each working with the talents given him for the betterment of his fellow man and the community's uplift, but there was only one Tom Uzzell—Rest his soul!

How reluctantly I now am impelled to record a series of incidents connected with the life, and possible death, of another Leadville minister, whose name, for obvious reasons must be withheld, may not easily be inferred. That he was the unfortunate victim of a horrible plot to remove him from life's activities, and send him into the great unknown before his time, I have always firmly believed; but because of my inability to sustain my conviction of foul play, my lips must forever remain sealed.

The news value of the facts that came to me incidentally, unsought in the first instance, and subsequently traversed in the hope that they would be disproved, will be recognized by the reader. The slightest hint in my newspapers of what was transpiring before my eyes would have produced a profound sensation, and yet I dared not breathe a word of it until the conclusive proofs were in my possession.

And when, at the end of a long vigil, and the employment of the keenest detective talent of which I was endowed, I was rewarded with sufficient evidence to warrant a full expose, the whole scene was shifted, the characters removed, and my activities brought to an end.

A drop of rain, on the night preceding the battle of Waterloo, is believed to have changed the map of Europe. To an incident quite as insignificant is traceable my connection with this mysterious affair. A gust of wind had blown a bit of paper along the street and before my eyes—a receipt of an insurance company, for the semi-annual premium on a $30,000 policy written upon the life of the minister in question. The amount struck me as rather excessive for a poor minister to carry, the premium, on account of his age, representing a sum out of all proportion to the known salary of the insured. The minister's wife was found to be named in the policy as the beneficiary. But the receipt was in the name of a third person, in no way related to the dominie or his wife, and, stranger still, a person even less able to maintain payments so large—a struggling young briefless lawyer, eking out an existence upon a limited practice.

The facts disclosed by the bit of paper at once appealed to my news instinct; they gave to me a distinct shock. It was too delicate a matter to be intrusted to the average reporter for investigation, and I resolved to handle it myself. The very first development enhanced the mystery and increased my suspicions. The minister, adroitly approached by an emissary in my employ, frankly admitted having been examined for an insurance risk, at the instance of his wife, who, from private means, had undertaken to keep up the payments upon a *three thousand dollar policy*. But the policy actually written and being carried by the insurance company was for ten times that sum.

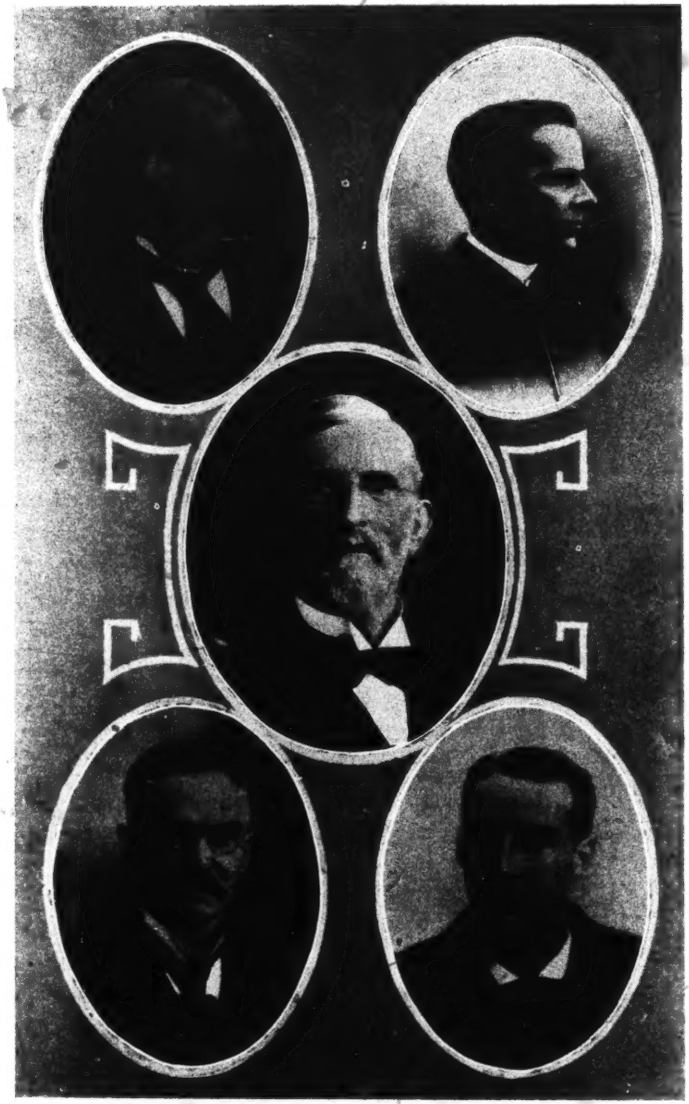
A hasty conference with the local agent of the company disclosed the fact that the original application was for a three thousand dollar policy, raised to thirty thousand before being written, accepted by the company, and three semi-annual premium payments promtly made.

My next move was to discover a motive. The habits of the minister's wife were easily discovered. For a year or more she had not been attending the Sunday evening service. The parsonage was near the church. Not far distant was a saloon, open as well on Sunday as other evenings of the week.

Posting myself in the neighborhood, on the first Sunday evening after deciding upon a Sherlock Holmes act, I saw a party enter the bar, supply himself with two bottles of beer, emerge from a side door, walk leisurely away and enter the parsonage, just as the organ began to peal out the offeratory. His withdrawal was nicely timed to clear the locality before the congregation was dismissed. I easily identified him as the young lawyer whose name appeared upon the premium receipt. Each succeeding Sunday evening the performance was duplicated.

Needing no additional circumstance to convince myself that a motive had been discovered, I communicated all of the facts to the head office of the insurance company. A special detective was at once sent out to work with me. This party did not shrink from the task of forcing an entrance to the sleeping quarters of the suspected lawyer to secure additional incriminating testimony from his private letter files. At the same time close watch was kept upon the conspirators.

The minister's health began to fail. Although able to perform his customary duties in the parish, the gradual weakening of his physical and mental faculties was noticeable, and became subject matter for regretful discussion among the members of his congregation. The progress of his disease, whatever it might be, was slow, nor was his physician quite able satisfactorily to diagnose his case, although I had no difficulty in defining it. I was placed in a very difficult and delicate position, since it was expected I would continue to work in harmony with the insurance company, and its representative could do nothing but patiently await developments. Finally, the minister was compelled to close his labors, resign his pastorate, and remove to California, it having been concluded that a change of climate was essential. At this juncture the matter was turned over to the Pacific Coast manager of the company, my labors necessarily ending there. The unfortunate preacher went to a Southern California town, accompanied by his wife, and soon were followed by the young attorney, but neither preacher or lawyer long survived their change of residence. The wife, as far as I am advised, survives to this day. Let us hope her conscience is not troubled with any of those visions that terrorized Lady Macbeth.



**MAX BOEHMER**
Eminent Leadville Mining
Engineer

**EDWARD R. HOLDEN**
Builder of the Holden Smelter,
Denver

**COL. A. V. BOHN**
Distinguished Leadville Mining
Engineer

**CHARLES L. HILL**
Pioneer Mining Authority of
Leadville

**FRANK BULKLEY**
American Association of Mining
Engineers

# CHAPTER LX.

## SUMMIT TO THE SEA—EFFORTS FAR AFIELD—HOW A DEEP WATER PORT WAS SECURED

I sometimes blush with pure pleasure over an achievement in which I had no direct or personal selfish interest, where the benefiiary is alone and obviously the public, for it is in those things I always have found my chief pleasure in life; and then I blush, with something akin to shame, when I find myself telling of it—boasting, if you please—when it is palpably the part of modesty to wait for some one else to tell it, or for the triumph to become so conspicuous as to be a vindication in itself. What I have determined to set down here happened a long time ago—way back in the '80s. It was a little thing in itself, and yet a seed from which mighty things have grown. It was a thing any other person might have done, only no one did it.

The producers of all that vast empire lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains had, from time immemorial, paid freight on their products to the Atlantic seaboard, when there was an outlet to tidewater on the gulf coast, scarce half the distance. Only there was not a single natural harbor on the whole of that coast. The building of an artificial harbor was too big an undertaking for private capital, although some thoughtful persons felt that if the government were to build one such harbor, private capital could be depended upon to duplicate the achievement elsewhere. The importance of the proposed undertaking was plain enough to everybody who gave it a moment's thought, but to induce Congress to make the necessary appropriation was quite another thing, only understood by those experienced in lobbying. It was widely discussed by the press, and the movement finally assumed concrete shape in the form of a "deep water convention" at Denver, composed of delegates from all of the States west of the Mississippi, named by governors, legislatures, chambers of commerce and other commercial bodies. It proved to be a monster affair, so numerously attended as to be unwieldy, and likely to be ineffective for that very reason. There were at least twenty-five hundred delegates present, and it taxed the resources of Denver to house it—in fact, it was held in a tent. It was an initial movement, and, as such, little was expected of it beyond the educating of the people by speeches and the usual perfunctory resolutions.

I was ambitious that it should achieve more than this, for otherwise years might pass before anything practical were done. Hence, I conceived the idea of raising a permanent committee from the membership of this convention, a representative body, yet not so large as to be unwieldy, to work out the problem, and I determined to submit my plan as soon as a permanent organization of the convention should be effected.

Profiting from my observation of and experience in the difficulties of focusing the attention of large national conventions upon concrete propositions, likely to be antagonized by conflicting interests, real or fancied, I called upon the chairman, Gov. Thayer of Nebraska, the night before, outlined my scheme, enlisted his interest, and secured a promise of co-operation, to the extent at least of recognizing me on the following day, when I should be ready to launch my scheme and endeavor to force it through.

But for my foresight in making this arrangement in advance, I might easily have met with failure, for there were present in the body representatives from a number of rival points, each jealous of the other, some so selfish as to prefer general disaster to a failure of their pet schemes for the advancement of particular localities.

My resolution provided for the appointment, by the president of the convention, of three delegates from each State west of the Mississippi, the committee thus constituted to permanently organize, select a central headquarters, and immediately begin a campaign of education to inform the people as to the vast importance of the undertaking, and thro' their influence with Senators and Congressmen to secure an appropriation sufficient to build a deep harbor on the gulf coast.

I was careful not to name a place, or even to hint where the money should be spent. I worded my resolution to read "where a deep harbor can be built for the least money and in the shortest time," the selection of place to be left to the engineers of the war department. Had I named Sabine Pass, Aransas Pass, Galveston, or the mouth of the Brazos, the whole blooming thing might have ended there. I avoided a conflict by referring that subject to people out of sight and hearing, and leaving the conflicting interests to fight it out among themselves in the distant future. The main thing was to get the money quick, and to get the dredgers in operation.

And the plan worked out beautifully, my resolution going through with enthusiastic unanimity, and without amendment. Ex-Governor Wm. Evans of Colorado was named as Chairman of the permanent committee; Alva Adams, Governor of Colorado, and myself, were named to represent the Centennial State.

The committee got to work immediately, and the next Congress but one gave us $6,300,000 with which to start the work. What followed is history.

Galveston was selected, not perhaps because of its superior merits, but rather because the vested interests there were too great to be overcome by rival ports. But, as had been pointed out, the speedy procurement of eighteen feet of water over the bar at low tide at Galveston, at government expense, spurred private capital to duplicate the improvement at Aransas Pass and the mouth of the Brazos.

And all of the results predicted have been more than realized since the completion of the great work. A comparison of imports and exports at the gulf ports, before and after deep water was procured, will tell the story. And it is interesting to note that the increase in shipping at the latter, during two decades following the completion of the jetties at Galveston, just about equalled the decrease, during the same period, at the North Atlantic ports.

Although my resolution providing a permanent committee clearly defined how the port selected for government favor should be chosen, the people of Texas were obsessed with the idea that the committee was to dictate it, and as a consequence there was great rivalry for the favor of the committee on the part of the people whose interests were with San Antonio, Galveston, Sabine, or Aransas Pass. When there, as we occasionally had to be in furtherance of the work, we always were entertained, as Southern people so well know how to entertain. Upon the occasion of the first meeting of our commitee, at Dallas, the President of the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railroad, who happened to be in New York at the time, sent the following telegram to the head of the legal department of his line:

*To General Sam Houston, San Antonio.*

Understand deep water men in Texas. Corral 'em. Buy wine. Give 'em my car. Buy wine. Take 'em to Rockport and give 'em fish dinner. Buy wine. Take 'em to Aransas Pass. Buy wine. Take 'em to San Antonio and give 'em carriage drive. Buy wine. Give 'em a banquet. Buy wine. Take 'em to military post. Buy wine.

(Signed) URIAH LOTT,
President.

P. S.—Buy wine.

The directions were executed with due fidelity, and for about a fortnight our committee of sixty members drank champagne from tin cups. Although ostensibly a deep water movement, only limited quantities of the fluid were drunk.

# CHAPTER LXI.

## STRANGE FACTS, AT ONCE THRILLING, PATHETIC, GROTESQUE AND HUMOROUS

Neither Monte Carlo nor Carlsbad, Saratoga or Hot Springs, ever developed millionaires and paupers with the pace set by Leadville in the first few years of its existence. Sign posts that beckoned some men to affluence and lives of ease and luxury betrayed others into quagmires of poverty, misery and death. Some men dug fortunes from the earth in a week or a day, others lost the savings of a life time in an hour. The man who swept the wealth of Croesus from the faro table on a Monday found resting place in the Potter's Field on a Tuesday.

* * *

I have seen thirty thousand dollars' worth of ore hauled past my office in an ordinary wagon bed.

* * *

August Richie and Theo. Hook, two itinerant shoemakers, walked into Leadville from Canon City, took a "grubstake" from Grocer Tabor, and within a few weeks uncovered a vein of mineral that subsequently yielded seventy-five millions in precious metal values, giving to Tabor his first start toward the ten million mark, and a seat in the United States Senate!

* * *

Charley Boettcher took as security for a $20 cook stove mining shares that later sold for $150,000.

The Dillon Brothers, in the Little Chief mine, disclosed the largest contact ever discovered, 80 feet in vertical height, the one later filling a drunkard's grave, the other eking out a miserable existence in a cheap lodging house in Los Angeles.

* * *

Jack Morrissey's Highland Mary enabled its onwer to "do" the continent in regal style, to squander thousands in the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal, and then die a pauper in the Denver poor house.

* * *

The boundless fortune of the Guggenheim family had its beginning in a supposedly played-out mine in California Gulch.

* * *

A few sacks of flour and slabs of bacon, a poor prospector's grubstake, gave to George B. Robinson a mine capitalized at twenty millions, and which sold for twice that amount.

* * *

A single lucky strike saved Sam Newhouse from bankruptcy, enrolled him in the "Prince of Wales set" in London, enabled him to become the largest copper operator in the world, to erect the Flat Iron Building in New York, to buy a mile of Salt Lake City's most valuable frontage, and to build theater, hotel and sky scraper office buildings there.

* * *

Alva Adams, three times Governor of Colorado, took a king's ransom from the Blind Tom mine in a year, but left him the same modest man he was when earning $4.00 a day with his team.

The man who gave me my first meal in Leadville, and only charged me a dollar for it, became the mining partner of King Leopold of Belgium, entertained official Washington as a monarch might have done, and died the same big-hearted Tom Walsh he was in Leadville in '78.

* * *

Stratton, the job carpenter, was able richly to endow a home for the fagged out remnants of humanity.

* * *

Nat Creede, poor prospector, lucky discoverer, left his name and a princely estate to a Los Angeles waif, and died by his own hand when life should have seemed most desirable.

* * *

The cost of San Diego's grand caravansary, the Grant Hotel, pride of the Pacific slope, was dug from the ribs of Carbonate Hill.

* * *

Tom Bowen may have bought a seat in the United States Senate from the proceeds of a single mine.

* * *

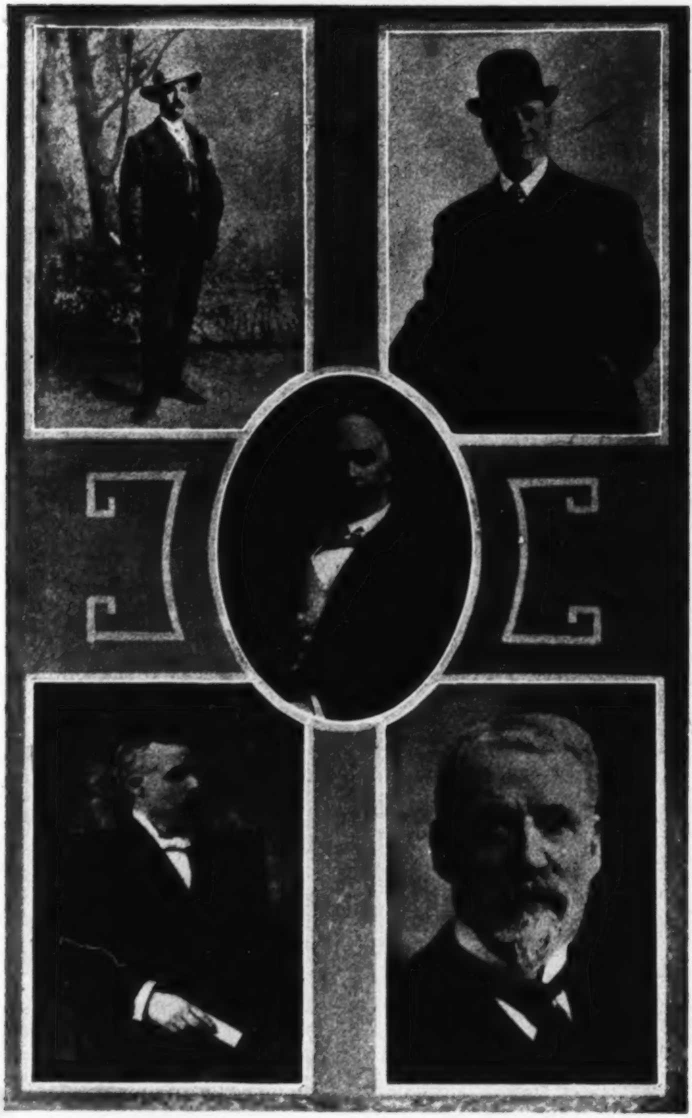
St. Louis took in dividends from Leadville mines, year after year, more than the earnings of all of its banks, insurance and trust companies.

* * *

Uncle Billy Stevens took sufficient wealth from Iron Hill to rank him the richest man in Michigan's princely metropolis.

* * *

The Little Johnny mine, bought for a few thousand dollars, made of John Campion a multi-millionaire, and raised to affluence a dozen other lucky co-owners—A. V. Hunter, Geo. W. Trimble, Charles Cavender, and Wm. Byrd Page.



**TINGLEY S. WOOD**
Owner of the Lillian and
100 other mines

**JAMES J. BROWN**
Famous as a Gold Mine
Discoverer

**A. A. BLOW**
Famous Mining Engineer
of Two Continents

**JOHN CAMPION**
Principal Owner of the
Little Johnny Mine

**EBEN SMITH**
Mining Partner of the Late
David H. Moffatt

Leiter avenue and Harrison avenue, Leadville, will long commemorate the rich strikes made there, in the early days, by Wm. Leiter, the Chicago dry goods prince, and Edwin Harrison, the smelter king of St. Louis.

* * *

Jack McCombe had no street named for him, but back in Killarney his memory will ever be kept green, for from his first income from the Maid of Erin he returned to his old home, bought everything in sight and gave something to every body.

* * *

I attended a banquet, given at the opening of the Texas House, a princely-appointed gambling hell, at which eighty millions of capital were represented, and the guests at which embraced Senators, Governors, Generals, Colonels, and even a member of British royalty.

* * *

I have seen a man wheeling slag in the Globe smelter, at $3 a day, who once was worth ten millions, and sat as a member of the greatest deliberative body in the world.

* * *

I have walked on a saloon floor tiled with double golden eagles.

* * *

I have partaken of a $7,500 breakfast at a hotel in Leadville.

* * *

I possess annual passes over railroads, the material of solid silver, and costing ten dollars each to make.

* * *

For hauling goods from Denver to Leadville I have paid more than the freight rate from Liverpool to Portland, around the horn.

I have seen water pipes soldered with silver bullion.

* * *

I have known a man to earn the cost of a monster hotel, and its complete furnishings, while in course of erection, speculating in lots adjoining.

* * *

I know men owning a hundred mines who never took a dollar out of any of them.

* * *

Although there are forty thousand located mines in Leadville, there were never exceeding a hundred in pay at the same time.

* * *

Dr. M. W. Illes owes a large fortune to a silk handkerchief—put smelter smoke through it, and thus accidentally discovered a method for saving precious metal values, that before went into the atmosphere. He sold his discoverey to the trust, and now listens to what the wild waves say at Ocean Park, California.

* * *

I helped Senator Stewart ascertain that every dollar's worth of silver mined in this country has cost one dollar and twenty-five cents.

* * *

I have known thousands of men who "went broke" in mining, while those of my acquaintance who have profited largely I could name in two minutes.

* * *

"Silver is found in veins, gold is where you find it" is an old adage. Search for the two metals will doubtless ever constitute the most alluring quest of man. Of the few who win the fickle goddess, you will ever hear—their success is shouted from the house-tops. Of the many who fail, you may read the sorrowful story in wayside graves on the bleak wind-swept slopes.

Life at Leadville was not altogether a constant strenuous struggle for wealth. It was liberally interlarded at all times by incidents tragic, ludicrous and pathetic, as well as humorous. Conspicuous among the latter was the presentation at the Tabor Opera House of a drama, written by Mrs. ———, wife of a local practitioner at the bar, entitled, "The Mormon Wife," the leading role in which she herself essayed. The woman really possessed some histrionic talent, scarcely approaching genius, but was not accredited with even mediocre ability, as playwright or actress. The announcement of her ambition was, indeed, received with a broad guffaw, but this did not prevent the house from being filled from pit to dome with a miscellaneous assembly, bent upon an evening's enjoyment, regardless of the attractions offered by the program. Had the price of admission been doubled, it would not have kept the multitude away. Nor was the purpose or spirit animating the audience at all creditable, being palpably to cajole and ridicule. And, what added immeasurably to the gaiety of the occasion, was the circumstance that Mrs. ——— took the whole affair seriously, not for one moment discerning the satire, cloaked with the thinnest gauze of interest and enthusiasm. Not even the presence in the proscenium boxes of cruel jokers, leveling beer bottles, mounted as opera glasses, at her antics on the stage, or the hoots and yells and cat-calls of the gallery, had the effect of distracting her from the serious lines of her role. When she sang, the boistrous encore was responded to time and again and until, from sheer sympathy, the audience was persuaded to desist. Perhaps the most inexcusable affront offered the lady was the mock criticism that appeared in my newspaper the following morning. In this the writer compared her, or rather contrasted her, for he declared she could not be compared, with all of the great playwrights of history, asserting that not one of them was capable of producing such a play—a very palpable fact—and with all of the great actresses, living and dead, with equal candor declaring that their combined genius would not be equal to the exactions of the title role, so faultlessly portrayed by Mrs. ————. Finally, and for this offense, the critic should have been murdered and his body concealed, he said that "the enthusiasm of the star was only equalled by the satire of the audience." It would be difficult to describe my emotions upon reading that brutal criticism in the morning. I had long entertained the highest respect for Mrs. ————. She was a Southern lady of culture and refinement. Her husband was a lawyer of distinction, and although I disagreed with him at every angle of politics, I had asked Gov. Adams to appoint him to a vacant Judgeship, solely because of his proved fitness and recognized honesty. Notwithstanding this, he was a "fire-eating Southerner," still adhering to the code duello as the only proper resort to settle differences between gentlemen, and I thought perhaps there might be some warrant for the expressed fear of my office friends that he would deem the publication sufficient cause for calling me out. Indeed, I prepared for just such a contingency, and about 10 o'clock an outlook reported the Judge approaching the office. I arose to greet him, careful that the route to my hip pocket was unobstructed, when he grasped my hand with both his own and gave it as cordial and hearty a shake as it ever experienced, at the same time overwhelming me with thanks for the criticism, pronouncing it about the last word in histrionic diction. He bought every extra copy of the paper on the counter to send to friends elsewhere, and left me with the impression that he ever should regard me as his greatest benefactor!

One of the most productive mines in the Ten Mile District was "the Scotty," named for a prospector, quite widely known for his shiftless habits and ne'er-do-well record. He had succumbed to a sudden attack of pneumonia, in the one-room cabin of a friend, away up on the slopes of Sheep Mountain, on a wild December night. The miner and his family were worn out with their sleepless vigil, nor could they hope for rest until Scotty's body should be removed. A couple of prospectors, friends of the dead man, had happened in at nightfall, and volunteered to dig a grave in the clearing at once, it having been decided that all ceremony would have to be dispensed with.

The night wore wearily on; the snow was deep, the frost penetrated many feet below the surface, and the little band of watchers within scarcely expected the grave would be ready before midnight. But when the clock on the rude mantel ticked off 3 A. M., and the diggers had not reported their gruesome task complete, the master of the cabin set out in quest of them. The flickering light of a lantern on a dump of fresh earth half a mile distant guided him to the spot, but his amazement may be inferred when, instead of finding the men at work, he discovered an envelope nailed to a nearby tree, bearing this strange legend:

> Struck it rich four feet below grass roots. Gone to town to record location. Will name claim "The Scotty" and put you in on it. Will be up to plant our old pard in the morning.
>
> PETE,
> BILL.

* * *

The estimation in which human life was held by some is well illustrated in the epigramatic remark of August Richie, the German shoemaker who was one of the discoverers of the Little Pittsburg mine, after shooting a man in a saloon brawl. Turning to the bar keeper, he said: "Well, I suppose I kill de fellow, but I bays for the body."

* * *

Jack Morrisey discovered immense wealth before acquiring the ability to tell the time of day; yet his first great outlay was a diamond-studded time-piece. And that he might not disclose his ignorance, when asked for the time, he would whip out the elaborately oranmented chronometer, and hand it to the inquirer with the remark: "See for yourself! Then ye'll know I'm not lyin' to yez."

* * *

It is related of Jack that he once shouted down a shaft: "How many be yez down there?" The answer being three, Jack shouted: "Half of yez come up."

* * *

Those who credit that yarn will have no difficulty in believing that Jack made a sight draft on the Treasurer of the United States for the price of a plot of ground sold to the government for a fish hatchery, not being satisfied with the slow method of auditing claims by the representatives of Uncle Sam.

* * *

But Jack's experience in handling large sums of money soon sharpened his wits, and enabled him perfectly to safe-guard his wealth. It was quite natural that frequent appeals should be made to him for loans by former boon companions of the pick-and-shovel world. Upon one such occasion the applicant simply wanted Jack's endorsement upon a note. "I don't want you to give me the money, Mr. Morrisey. I just want your name on this bit of paper. Mr. Trimble, the banker, says if you will sign the note, he'll let me have the money." Jack only hesitated a moment for his ready Irish wit to come to his relief—then: "That's all right, Mike. But you tell Mr. Trimble to put *his* name on the note, and I'll let ye have the money."

* * *

Mike Costello was another character famed for his quick native wit and cleverness at repartee. Delegate to a Democratic county convention, the proceedings of which had not been at all to his liking—all of his friends having been defeated in their ambition for representation on the ticket nominated—Mike startled the body with:

"Mr. Chairman! I rise to a pint of order."

The Chair—"The gentleman will state his point of order."

Mr. Costello—"I'll bet yez tin dollars the ticket is downed."

And it was.

* * *

Notwithstanding there was a Democratic newspaper being published in Leadville at the time, deserving and entitled to the party's patronage, Mike always saw to it that the committee's needs in the printing line were supplied by my presses. His extraordinary party disloyalty being called in question by the committee, of which he was chairman, Mike made an elaborate speech in his own defense, closing with this eloquent peroration, characteristic of Irish loyalty to personal friends: "And, gintlemen, I want to tell yez, that whin it's Dimocracy to go back on Davis, I'm no longer a Dimocrat."

* * *

Mike Costello, soon after his entry into politics, landed in the Legislature. Irishmen, in Leadville as elsewhere, have a constitutional proneness for law making—they have been able to make and administer laws for every country but their own—and there distinguished himself, not alone for the number and variety of bills introduced, but as well for his enthusiastic and eloquent advocacy of their passage. Mike's pet measure, in the assembly of '87, had for its object the regulation of the railways, of the science in management of which he knew about as much as of the planets, and he was desirous that as many as possible of his constituents should hear his speech in advocacy of its final passage. He had exhausted the patience of railway managers in his frequent demand for passes, and upon this occasion had presented to Gen'l Dodge, General Manager of the Denver and Rio Grande, a list of thirty people whom he desired to bring down to the capital. Gen'l Dodge told Mike he had exceeded the limit, but finally consented to issue ten passes, on condition that he would not file another request during the session. Mike took his medicine philosophically, and with his pencil began the work of elimination. When he had reduced the list to ten, he handed it to Gen'l Dodge, with the laconic suggestion: "I've scratched off twinty of the spalpeens, Gineral—they've got no infloo-ence annyway."

* * *

An early-day character of the camp, known far and wide for his geniality and good heartedness, albeit a ne'er-do-well with never so much as the price of a meal ticket in his pocket, was Bill DeVere, "Tramp Poet of the West," who ground out verse, of a crude yet ever cheerful description, with the utmost facility. Thus, over a State Street bar, did he immortalize a mining camp tributary to Leadville, named "Ten Mile," for no better reason, that I ever was able to discover than that it was that distance from nowhere.

The shades of eve were falling fast,
As up through Leadville village passed,
A "Mick," who bore through mud and ice
A hickory shirt, with this device:
"Ten Mile or bust."

His hat was slouched, he'd one cock eye,
That piped off every passer-by;
The boot-black shouted, "Have a shine?"
The Mick replied, "I'll hunt a mine!
Ten Mile or bust!"

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware a 'dead fall' called Chalk Ranch,"
Was Hoodoo Brown's last good night;
The Mick replied far up the height,
"Ten Mile or bust."

The dance hall girl said, "Stay and try
A little glass of dance-hall rye;
I'll be your darling, dear gazelle,"
The Mick replied, "Oh, go to——well,
Ten Mile or bust."

Next morning, as the Ten Mile stage
Was going up the narrow gauge,
A hickory shirt hung on a rail,
With these words printed on the tail,
"Ten Mile or bust."

* * *

Whatever the game, if it be governed by well-defined rules, the professional gambler plays it without demur, knowing that the percentage is always in favor of the house. It is related that a stranger in the camp stood in on a game of poker at the Texas House until, his resources almost exhausted, he drew a "royal flush," bet what he had remaining, called his partner, and was in the act of raking in the generous jack-pot before him, when he was stopped.

"But, I've got a royal flush," he said, throwing his cards face up on the table.

"Yes," replied his partner, "but you don't seem to be familiar with the rules of the house," and with this he pointed to a placard on the wall back of him, bearing the legend: "A 'lulu' beats a royal flush."

With the explanation of what constituted a "lulu" at the Texas House, the game proceeded, until finally the stranger drew a "lulu," and again was in the act of raking in the coin, when, for a second time, he was stopped.

"But I've got a lulu," he protested, honestly disclosing his hand.

"Yes, you've got a lulu all right," responded his partner, "but do you see that rule?"

With this he again pointed to the same sign at his back, reversed in the meantime, and made to read: "A 'lulu' can be played but once the same evening at this house."

* * *

For ten years, perhaps, General Geo. W. Cook was joint agent of the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad, and the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, as well as Division Superintendent of the latter. He also at one time was Mayor of the city and commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the latter capacity, in 1888, he was leading the post in its parade to the cemetery, on Decoration Day, when a special train—having for passenger the late Walter Cheeseman, Vice President of the Rio Grande, and one of the wealthiest men in the State—approached the station and was flagged by Gen'l Cook and held until the procession had passed on its way to the burying ground.

On his return to the station, Gen'l Cook was upbraided for his high-handed act in flagging the Vice President's car.

He responded by dealing Mr. Cheeseman an upper cut, which sent him sprawling on the floor, a very undignified position for a man of his character and standing.

Instantly realizing what this meant to him, Gen'l Cook at once wired his resignation to the President of the road and began cleaning up his desk, preparatory to terminating his long connection with the road.

But his resignation was not accepted. Mr. Cheeseman had the good sense to recognize the correctness of Gen'l Cook's attitude, albeit he was quite disposed to close the incident then and there, and retain the services of a man of Cook's capabilities.

* * *

Theater-goers of the early '80s period will remember Effie Ellsler, who wept such genuine tears in portraying the pathetic character of "Hazel Kirke" that her doctor was compelled to order a cancellation of her contract at the very height of her triumph. This truly genuine woman and true artiste was a great favorite in Leadville, a popularity she generously shared with her husband, Frank Weston. Her one great trial was Couldock, probably the greatest impersonator of old men characters this country has ever produced, and who was esteemed absolutely essential to the proper presentation of Dunsstan Kirke, the blind miller of the great drama, according to the Ellsler standard. The old man was so strangely erratic that Effie was never certain of him until he stalked upon the stage. Naturally, she and her husband humored the old man in a hundred ways, to keep him in readiness to respond to the prompter's call. At Leadville she ordered a special dinner in his honor at the hotel, the proprietor fairly outdoing himself as caterer.

Among other things she especially ordered by express, from one of the lake cities, a fish of which Couldock was known to be especially fond.

Instead of being served whole, the *piece de resistance* of the repast, it came on the table cut transwise in coarse, uninviting slabs or chunks.

One sight of the dish was enough for Couldock. His ire excited to the highest pitch, all consideration for the fact that his hostess was a lady for the moment forgotten, and that the dining room was crowded with guests, he placed one of his great feet under the table, lifted it clear off the floor, and threw it over on its side, china and silver and crystal scattering in every direction. Then, without a word to host or hostess, he arose and stalked out of the dining room, the incarnation of outraged dignity.

* * *

For a year after the railroads entered Leadville the Western classification failed to discriminate between paper in car loads and less than car loads. I submitted to the injustice until patience ceased to be a virtue, and then advertised for teams to bring paper up from Denver.

In the early morning hour a gentleman called to learn what there might be in it. He didn't look like a teamster, but I assumed he might be a contractor, and I showed him how, by bringing my paper up, and taking a load of passengers down, he might make all kinds of money.

After I had finished he coolly handed me his card, disclosing his identity as W. B. Kimball, Traffic Manager of the Union Pacific System!

He had only arrived in the city that morning, had seen my advertisement, and not fancying the idea of having his railroad paralleled by a bull team, he had called upon me for particulars. Upon his assurance that I should have a satisfactory rate for paper in car loads, I discontinued the advertisement, although it proved the most profitable announcement I ever had made.

* * *

In the formative period of Leadville hundreds of companies were organized daily and incorporated. Hence it was not to be wondered at that a struggling young lawyer should organize a toll road company and order a stock book printed. The wonder came when the proposed enterprise dropped out of sight, along with its projector—George Crittenden, a scion of the famous Kentucky family of that name. With the stock book in his suit case, Crittenden paid a visit to his old home in the Blue Grass State, and while there told his friends of the great promise of his enterprise. To a number of personal friends he gave a few shares of stock—only a few, for the reason that nearly the entire capital stock had already been subscribed. In imposing the strictest confidence in the matter, Crittenden displayed his knowledge of human nature. He confidently counted upon a violation of the confidence in every instance, in furtherance of his ultimate design. Returning to Leadville he mailed dividend checks to the few holders of the stock in Kentucky, 30% upon the capital stock. A few months later he returned to his old home, and was not surprised to learn that everybody in town had heard about the marvelous success of his toll road enterprise. Naturally all wanted an opportunity to invest. And Crittenden had the means of satisfying them. But he did it in the most adroit manner conceivable, telling each that he was the only one favored, and again imposing the strictest confidence. Before returning to Leadville he had disposed of every share of stock, provoked that he had not provided himself with another stock book. Months passed without receipt of any more dividends. Townspeople began to compare notes, and it was discovered that very few people were without representation in the toll road. Letters to Crittenden were unanswered, and finally a representative was sent to Colorado to look into the matter. This party soon discovered that the toll road was a myth. Crittenden was run down and asked why he hadn't built the road. "Build the road? Why should I build it? I've got no interest in it. Your people have got all the stock. Let them build it!"

* * *

Individual mention of all the rugged, sterling characters who conspicuously contributed to the development of the mining and smelting industries of Leadville—the men who blazed the way, giving of their intelligence, their experience, their learning and their wealth, to the creation of the greatest mining camp the world has ever known—would more than fill a volume of this size. I find I must content myself with the briefest mention of a comparatively few such, without purposeful disparagement of thousands of others whose contributions were as necessary in the material and human uplift.

* * *

During the first few years of the history of Leadville, when fortunes were acquired in a night, when unmeasured wealth was actually within reach of the poorest and the humblest, when the masses were engaged in almost sleepless quest for the golden fleece, Col. Roswell E. Goodell, ignoring all of the allurements of the hour and all of the temptations that beckoned, devoted the whole of his time to the inauguration of purely unselfish enterprises contributing to the public welfare at the time and promising community benefits in the future. Conspicuous among his works of this nature, none of which promised adequate returns for the labor and capital employed, was the development and improvement of Soda Springs, the building of a broad boulevard to that beautiful and restful resort, and the organization of a racing association and providing all the accessories for healthful, uplifting outdoor sports and athletic events. Col. Goodell enjoyed many distinctions during a long and eventful life. He was the Secretary of the Democratic National Convention that met in Charleston in 1860, the historical importance of which is well remembered. He was the first City Marshal of Chicago, built the Chicago and Alton Railway, and became its first General Manager. In that capacity he issued a "General Order," to the effect that on and after that date no one would be permitted to travel on the road unless possessing a ticket or a pass, it having previously been the custom for a man to board a train at any point, stating to the conductor that he "worked for the company," and be allowed to ride without other credentials. I fancy that order signalled the introduction of the railway pass system in the United States. When other railway managers were indisposed to give the slightest encouragement to George M. Pullman's wonderful invention, Col. Goodell ordered built the first sleeping car for the Alton Line, other roads speedily imitating his wise act. In consideration of this fact Mr. Pullman issued a pass to Col. Goodell—doubtless the only one of its kind ever issued—for himself and family, during life, over the Pullman system throughout the world, and making provision for the protection of the unique document when the Pullman Company was incorporated.

* * *

Major Jerome B. Wheeler not only made the first contribution to the capital stock of the Colorado Midland Railway, but, through his financial connections in the East, induced the investment of $18,000,000 in that enterprise; he was among the first to recognize the importance of the vast wealth of Western Colorado in coal deposits and was a pioneer in their development; he built hotels, established banks, and in a hundred directions contributed to the upbuilding of the great Western Empire.

* * *

Leadville possessed no more loyal citizen than Col. George W. Cook, who perhaps did more than any other single person to spread abroad the fame of the mineral wonder of the nineteenth century, his connection with the railways and railroad managers of the country affording him exceptional advantages in the work of publicity. He organized the famous Cook Drum Corps, a most powerful musical organization that has survived to this day. The corps has attended every national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic for the past thirty years, numerous political national conventions, spreading the fame of Leadville from the lakes to the gulf and from ocean to ocean. General Cook was twice elected Mayor of Leadville, acquitting himself handsomely as a civic ruler, and would have hazarded his well-earned reputation as such by standing for election to a third term but for my personal objection. I seemed to know when he had had enough, and threatened to oppose his candidacy if he persisted, a hint sufficiently potent to induce him gracefully to decline a renomination. He was a picturesque character and won great fame, eventually reaching the lower house of Congress. He lived to thank me for reminding him when it was time to quit.

* * *

Few men did more than Tingley S. Wood to encourage prospecting; and in the development of mines he spent a goodly fortune, without being adequately rewarded. Aside from his connection with the Lillian and other well known properties, he is said to have located and done more or less work upon at least a hundred properties. His example was a great stimulus to the efforts of others in the mining field.

* * *

Prominent factors in the early discovery and development of mineral riches in the Leadville Mining District, and in that school of metallurgy that quickly brought fame to the camp, were Philip Argyll, E. C. Gilman, Maurice Starne, Willard S. Morse, T. F. Van Wagenen, John Bolton Parish, Wm. Byrd Page, Ben Stanley Revett, Joseph Lindsay, Franklin Guiterman, A. A. Blow, James Aaron Shinn, Franklin Ballou, Henry E. Wood, J. R. Champion, J. H. Stotesbury, Seeley W. Mudd, Edward R. Holden, Dr. M. W. Iles, James J. Brown, Karl Eilers, Sam Adams, Edward Eddy, James B. Grant, A. V. Bohn, Frank Parrish, Robert J. Cary, Thomas J. Smith, and S. D. Nicholson.

Distinguished among the pioneer investors and promoters were Edwin Harrison and H. Z. Leiter. Potent friends of Leadville interests, men who perhaps did more for the mining, smelting and mercantile advancement than the community at the time realized may be mentioned J. J. Hagerman, President of the Colorado Midland Railway; D. B. Robinson and H. Collbran, General Managers of that line, and S. M. Brown, for thirty-five years representative of the Denver and Rio Grande; Daniel Eels and Charles Otis, of Cleveland, and Henry I. Higgins, of Washington, D. C.

* * *

Mike Eagan was another Leadville character who rose to fame, finally becoming County Treasurer. A fellow countryman, at the Midland depot one day, observed a car attached to a train bearing the title: "Michigan Central." Laboriously spelling out the words, "Mich—Mike—igan—Eagan—Mike Eagan! Holy Smoke! Mike has been Treasurer but a year, and now he owns a railroad!"

* * *

James Barton James, a Colorado scribe, is to blame for this:

Music tremblin' in the air,
    Out in Colorado;
People smilin' everywhere
    Out in Colorado;
Laughter in the merry skies,
Cupids in the wimmens' eyes
Brooks a singin' lullabys,
    Out in Colorado.

Breezes sing the song of health,
    Out in Colorado;
Hills a bustin' with their wealth,
    Out in Colorado;
Cheeks aglow with a healthy flush,
Teach the roses how to blush,
And the purty girls! O, hush!
    Out in Colorado.

Politicians never lie,
Out in Colorado;
Lawyers diffident and shy,
Out in Colorado.
Preachers aim their hardest licks
At ol' Satan an' his tricks,
Never touch on politics,
Out in Colorado.

Bloomer girls all ride at night,
Out in Colorado;
Shamed to face the open light,
Out in Colorado.
All so modest and so meek,
'Bout a showin' their physique—
Jes' as if the men'd peek,
Out in Colorado.

'F I should hear the call to die,
Don't you think I'd ever fly
'Way from Colorado.
Heaven's awful far away,
An' although it's nice, they say,
I'd just cuddle down and stay
Out in Colorado.

* * *

A history of the work and record of churches, hospitals and schools would easily fill a large volume. Leadville school boys—boys born at that excessive altitude and educated in its grade and high schools—have won distinction in the courts, in the halls of legislation, in medicine, in all branches of the mining science, as well as in literature, and have carried the fame of Leadville to the nethermost limits of the earth. A composite picture of the youth of that period, illustrating and giving expression to the influence of the altitude, climate and environment upon character, would be Robert Dull Elder, author, at 23, of "The Sojourner," a breezy Western romance, lately from the press of the Harpers. Born in 1889, attended Leadville schools until 1904; Lawrenceville, 1907; Princeton, 1911; Columbia Law School, 1914. During vacations he managed two European trips. His summers were spent in the mountains of Colorado, familiarizing himself with every detail of mining from actual contact and labor. His fond mother is justly proud of the fact that he "lived in overalls and gloried in dirt," and believes that "to his rough-and-tumble boyhood he owes the deep sympathy and large humanity peculiar to the West." He already ranks as a most promising member of the New York and Colorado bar.

Another Leadville youth, Fred Freauff, installed the largest electric plant in the world at the Union Depot, St. Louis; while still another, Claude Boettcher, has distinguished himself and honored his birthplace in the building up of the great beet sugar industry in Colorado. And there are others.

* * *

A few miles below Leadville is Lord's ranch, tenanted by a German family. On the roof of their house was a sign bearing the legend:

"Hay, Feed, Keep Folks."

It was an ordinary road house, patronized by persons going to and from the city. There was a dry season in the early '80s, and little feed for man or beast. Hence the German made it known, in a way quite original, that he no longer could entertain the traveling public. This he did by painting the word "no" on his sign, making it read:

"*No* Hay, Feed, Keep Folks."

# CHAPTER LXII.

## WITH THE COLLAPSE OF SILVER LEADVILLE AGAIN TURNS TO ITS GOLD DEPOSITS

Since compiling this volume friends have suggested that I should supplement all of it with at least a few paragraphs concerning a critical, if not a vital, era in the history of Leadville—that period immediately following the closing of the India mints to the coinage of silver, the repeal by the Congress of the United States of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, the robbing of silver of its debt-paying function, and the rapid depreciation of the metal in the markets of the world from $1.29.29 per ounce, its coinage value, to 50 cents an ounce, its value as a base metal.

The fact that Leadville could produce $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 in silver a year had alarmed the bankers of the world. That enormous production had come from an area scarcely ten square miles in extent, and it would have been extremely hazardous for any mining engineer of repute to predict that the boundaries of the silver-producing zone was confined within that narrow limit. Financiers and political economists the world over began to fear that there might be many more places just like it; and agitation of the subject, in Congress and the newspapers, had the inevitable result. A movement soon was set on foot which resulted, in 1893, in the mints of India closing their doors to silver.

I have shown that Leadville, in 1877-78, was transferred from a gold to a silver camp, mainly because rich silver deposits in those years were accidentally found

WM. R. OWEN
Founder of Leadville's First
Dry Goods Store

HON. CHAS. E. DICKINSON
Ex-Mayor of Leadville, Pioneer
Lumber Merchant

JOHN HARVEY
Prominent Leadville Mine Owner
and Coal Merchant

HUGH KELLY
Leader in Early Leadville
Mercantile Circles

SAM LEONARD
Leather Merchant, Prominent in
Leadville Business Life

practically on the surface of the earth. When silver fell in price to fifty cents an ounce all of the low-grade mines were of necessity closed, and the future of Leadville hung solely upon the successful solution of the problem as to whether gold could be found in quantities and richness sufficient to compensate for the losses in silver. Theretofore for a decade gold had been simply a by-product, the annual yield never exceeding $250,000, against from $15,000,000 to $18,000,000 in silver values.

The situation was desperate, depending wholly upon the ability and willingness of Leadville people themselves to put their hands in their pockets and contribute the funds necessary to demonstrate the claim frequently made, but never proven, that the source of the gold in the sands of California Gulch was in the hills surrounding it. To produce that willingness a community awakening was necessary.

I called to my aid some of the leading mining engineers of the camp—men of national and even international fame as such—Messrs. A. A. Blow, John F. Campion, Max Boehmer, Tingley S. Wood, Louis S. Noble, A. V. Bohn, R. E. Taft, and others—all of whom contributed to my newspapers illuminating monographs on the subject. It was treated editorially also, and became the all-absorbing topic of discussion among the people. It was the concensus of opinion that a single experiment, the sinking of a single shaft or the driving of a single tunnel, would not meet the situation. There must be a broad, concerted movement to "prove up" what had been previously designated as "the Leadville Gold Belt," to show the existence of gold in appreciable quantities over a wide area. This called for the expenditure of a vast sum of money, since the enormous expense of "unwatering" the territory would first have to be met, The practical question that confronted the people was the raising of the funds necessary to purchase heavy and costly pumping plants, to begin the work upon a large and comprehensive scale, to demonstrate the claims of the mining engineers named, singularly harmonious in their views.

It is questionable if anything would have resulted from the agitation but for the efforts of a single person —Mr. Calvin Henry Morse, then proprietor of the Vendome Hotel, and now manager of the Brown Palace Hotel at Denver. This man—young and overflowing with zeal, albeit surcharged with public spirit—undertook to give practical shape and direction to the movement. He compiled and published in pamphlet form the monograms of the mining engineers that had appeared in my papers, embellished their theories with comprehensive maps, and gave wide publicity to their views and their convictions. He then inspired the incorporation of the "Home Mining Company," the shares placed at $1.00 each, that all classes of the community might contribute to the movement so palpably in the interest of all. He was not long in securing sufficient funds to warrant the purchase of machinery and the inauguration of active operations. A shaft upon what was known as the "Rex" mine, in the center of the "Gold Belt," was chosen for the initial effort.

In an article under the caption of "Exploitation of a Theory," Mr. John F. Campion had made these predictions:

"That the Leadville district is the most productive and extensive mining region yet discovered in the United States, and probably in the world.

"That the Carbonate Camp's production of gold for the year 1894 will be the second largest—if not the first —of any mining district in the State.

"That during the year 1895 we may confidently expect to exceed the gold production of any other mining locality in Colorado.

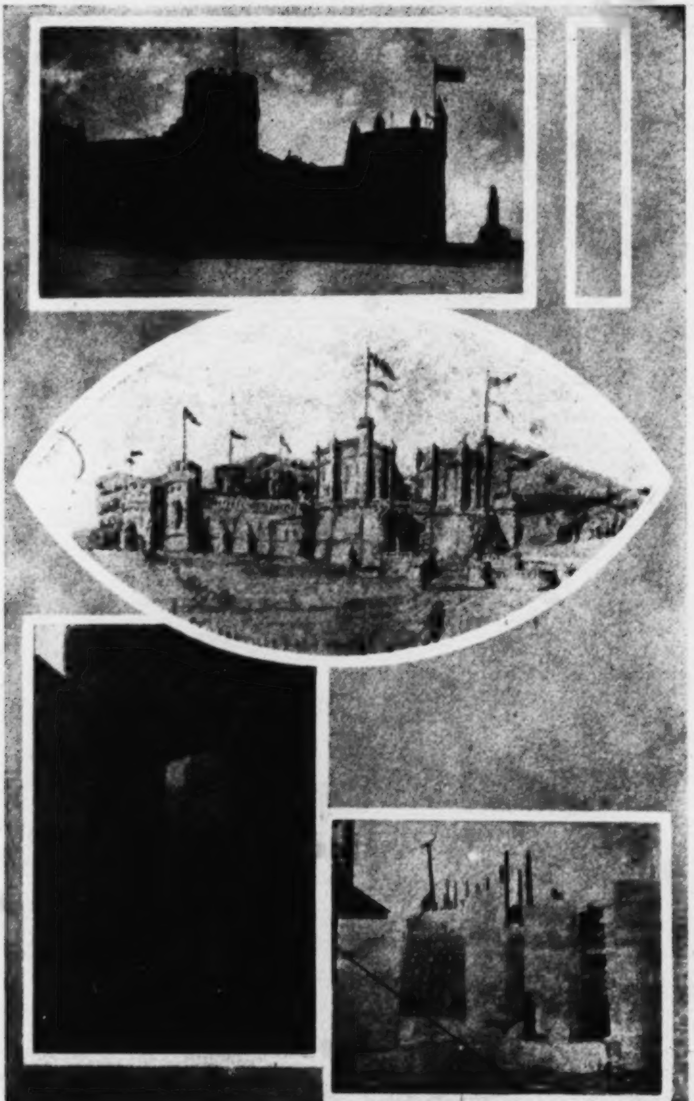
"And finally that in 1896 we are very likely to produce more gold in this locality than all the balance of the State combined, unless some new districts of more extent and value shall be discovered in the interval."

Mr. Campion's predictions—at the time considered visionary in the extreme—were more than verified, and Leadville's gold production steadily rose from $250,000 to $4,000,000 per annum, and has been maintained throughout all the years that since have intervened. Mr. Morse was indefatigable in his efforts to arouse and sustain public confidence in the movement, and doubtless experienced many anxious hours of uncertainty and doubt while the shaft was being driven down to mineral in the Rex mine.

In a letter to the author, written in 1913, he says:

> "I want to recall one incident to you which, to my mind, was both amusing and characteristic of a mining boom. It occurred when the Rex excitement was at its height, and it seemed but a question of a few days when Bob O'Neill and Jim Brown would get the Rex shaft down to the ore indicated by the core from the drill hole. You will recall probably that we talked over the possibility of the shaft being a failure. You had obtained from McGowan and Max Boehmer articles, illustrated by drawings, showing how the ore might have been dragged into a fault, and the diamond drill might have cut into this fault when it went through the thirty feet of ore. You will recall that it was preparing the public mind for a possible failure, and to let us all out of having intentionally created a false boom, in which event we might have been hanged or run out of town as fakirs."

Neither Mr. Morse nor myself were hanged or run out of town, although both quitted it forever in 1896, when the excitement attending the gold discoveries in the Ibex and other mines was at its height. A physical collapse compelled my withdrawal. Greater inducements in the hotel line caused Mr. Morse to remove to Denver. I question, however, if his efforts in behalf of Leadville, in inaugurating and sustaining what was known as the "Gold Belt Era" was appreciated at its full worth. Communities are proverbially ungrateful, and it is likely that the Rex shaft house will be the only monument ever erected to the memory of Calvin Henry Morse. His labors in the promotion of the material concerns of Leadville, however, were not confined to the Gold Belt Era. During the entire period of his residence there he worked untiringly for the community uplift, quietly and modestly yet always effectively, for his methods were ever subtle, analytical, and buttressed with reason, logic and common sense. His long connection with the hotel business in Colorado gave him a very extended acquaintance with financiers, captains of industry and moving factors generally throughout the country, and through his direct influence with that element millions of capital were brought there for investment. I had the good fortune to be closely associated with him for a term of years, through periods of evil times as well as good, and, without desiring to make any invidious comparisons, I am strongly of the conviction that he achieved more for Leadville than any other person of my acquaintance. Senator Tabor enjoyed the distinction of being the "Father of Leadville." Calvin H. Morse, under greater difficulties and more numerous obstructions, and with far larger sacrifices of time and money, may with reason claim the title of "Savior of Leadville." And his most effective work was done when the people needed a man of his unyielding determination and sterling worth to lead them out of the slough of despond into which the evolution of events had consigned them.



CASTLE BUILDING ABOVE THE CLOUDS

A NORMAN TEMPLE ABOVE TIMBER LINE

MIDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE IN THE ALTITUDES

FROZEN PALACE IN THE SUNLIGHT
How Massive Walls Were Erected in the Bright Glare of Day

# CHAPTER LXIII.

## CRYSTAL CARNIVAL AND ICE PALACE—A MOST GORGEOUS ARCHITECTURAL SPECTACLE

It was not until the eventful winter of 1895 that the "Cloud City," shaking herself loose from the shackles of business, and, for a time at least, ignoring the stern demands which the acquisition of wealth imposed on our natures, resolved that she would hold high feast and carnival, and invite the world to the festal board. But the Royal City of the Hills, the fountain head of the gold and silver stream, must prepare a feast worthy of her proud past. Nothing stereotyped, nothing that was conventional, naught that savored of the commonplace, was to be tolerated. In whatever manner Leadville would receive her guests, the idea underlying their entertainment must be unique, original and impressive.

From the inner consciousness of the "Cloud City's" life budded and blossomed the idea of the "Crystal Carnival" and the "Ice Palace."

The "Ice Palace" idea gradually grew and took shape and form. In mass meeting assembled the citizens resolved that the "Carnival" must be on such a scale of magnificence as would attract international attention. With the energy which characterized her people, all financial needs were quickly provided, and the community cast about for a man who would best embody in his own personality her true spirit. The man on whom the choice instinctively rested was Hon. Tingley S. Wood, a pioneer mining operator, who combined in himself the rugged and hardy virtues of the West with the culture, the refinement and the artistic feeling of the East.

Chosen with unanimous approval to the financially unremunerative position of Director-General of the "Carnival," he at once began the arduous task imposed. In bold and striking, but majestic outlines, he sketched the ground plan for the "Ice Palace" that was to be Leadville's crowning triumph and achievement. His magnificent ideas met ready response from the people, and soon the great undertaking was begun. An army of workmen was given employment, and in a few weeks from the period of its inception the graceful walls of the "Ice Palace" rose toward the sky. The site selected is on "Capital Hill," a gentle eminence on the western edge of the city, commanding a magnificent view of the treasure-stored hills to the east, and the giant peaks of the Continental Divide to the west, rising to an altitude of 14,000 feet, while spread below is the busy city, pulsing with the heart beats of social and commercial activity.

The poet alone can paint the glories of this marvelous creation of frozen beauty. It was planned on a scale of magnificence never before attempted. Moscow, Montreal and St. Paul have had their palaces of ice, but these were mere dwarfs to the Crystal Castle that so grandly arose from the summit of "Capital Hill." It was not merely a noble picture to the eye, all cold, cheerless and desolate inside. Within the ice walls were interior frame walls, affording comfortable heated halls. The "Palace" was the nucleus of the "Carnival." The "Carnival" was the embodiment of the spirit of the people. For the first time in eighteen years had they resolved to bid the world to a snowy festival. Within the giant castellated walls, covering an area of 300 by 450 feet, were ball rooms, in which were to be seen the most beautiful effects that artistic skill and cunning could produce. Between these beautiful apartments extended the great expanse of the ice rink, covering 16,000 square feet of skating surface, illuminated with the bewildering splendor of electric lights, where merry skaters glided over polished surfaces to entrancing strains of inspiring music. On entering the grand portal of the edifice the eye rested in pleased wonder at the marvels unfolded. All the State contributed of its wealth to the store of rare curios, as well as of the products of its brain and industry. On every hand were seen unique and imposing statues of ice and snow, illustrating the typical life of the western hills, pictured with winter's pigments—the chiefest triumph of our mountain art.

The "Carnival" season comprised a varied and delightful round of pleasure. The ball rooms were open nightly to the people; daily and nightly the great rink was filled with the merry skaters; elaborate toboggan slides were the resort of the thousands who desired this exhilarating sport. There were snow shoe clubs, curling, hockey, skating, sleighing and coasting clubs, which made it their constant effort to provide entertainment for the guests. The "Goddess of Light" was invoked, and to the latest electric effects, gleaming search-lights, and the exquisitely wonderful prismatic colors of the brilliant illumination of the walls of ice, was added the superb glory of most gorgeous pyrotechnic displays.

And to all this feast, spread by the "City of the Mountains," Leadville invited the world. To the toiler of the mines, the man at the throttle, the clerk and the laborer, the business and professional worker, and to all who would see the greatest producer of wealth in the world, in gala attire, Leadville extended her hands of welcome. It was the "People's Carnival," and the people were received with the warm and genial cordiality that characterized Western hospitality. The doors of the city stood wide open, and Leadville heartily bid all to come and make merry at her Crystal Carnival.

On the rock riven ramp of the mountains
    With the gleam of a gem of great price,
From the deep frozen heart of the fountains,
    Is builded the Palace of Ice.

Of the beams from the Northern Lights, shifting,
    Of the diamonds that sparkle on snow,
Of the blue that the cloud films sweep, drifting,
    Of the sunset's incarnadine glow;

Of the rubies that bead the wine chalice,
    Of the gold-molten rays of the sun,
Of the rainbow—is reared the fair palace,
    Damascened with pure silver, frost-spun.

Crystal clear shine its glittering towers,
    All effulgent its icicled halls—
Frowning over, the icy keep lowers,
    Steel-bright ramparts engirdle the walls.

Brave King Carnival marshals his legions—
    With high courage and cunning device,
They march onward through storm-smitten regions,
    And beleaguer the Palace of Ice.

Through the hail of barbed frost-arrows stinging,
    To the heart of the stronghold they win—
Dancing, shouting, exulting and singing,
    Flushed with triumph, the victors throng in,

Down the snow fields toboggans are sweeping
    Where the light snow shoes silently go;
Mirth and Music their revels are keeping
    As the swift skaters glide to and fro.

Merry, dazzling, the pageant of pleasure—
    And the joy of the hour will suffice,
As the dancers shall trip a gay measure
    In the halls of the Palace of Ice.

For when green-vestured Spring, too long banished,
Shall unfetter the close prisoned streams,
We shall mourn our lost palace then vanished,
To the far, sunset land of our dreams.

When the great "Crystal Carnival" was projected, there were two views of the scope and extent of the undertaking which prevailed among the people. One was that the "Ice Palace" should be in the nature of a local affair, with no attempt at elaboration or the production of such grand effects that it would bring the whole world thither. It was argued that we were an isolated community, with a rigorous climate, and that we could not induce the public at large to make the journey to this supposed provincial city, to see an attraction which might or might not prove successful. But from the inception of the enterprise the newspapers all over the country, the Chambers of Commerce, and other public bodies, approved of the "Leadville Ice Palace" and "Crystal Carnival." It soon became evident to Leadville's most prominent men that the "Crystal Carnival," to be successful, should be projected on a scale of grandeur unequaled in the history of the world. In fact, it was on the condition that such was to be the extent and scope of the enterprise that several of the most prominent gentlemen of the city, distinguished among whom was Calvin H. Morse, consented to promote the festival.

"It must be everything or nothing," said they. "Leadville never yet has done anything by halves. The greatest and strongest, the most substantial, mining camp in the country, cannot advertise to the world a 'Crystal Carnival' that will be second to other similar entertainments. This must be unique; this must be majestic and unrivaled."

When the decision to inaugurate the magnificent

"Carnival" on an elaborate and costly scale was finally reached, Director General Wood surrounded himself with a corps of able assistants, who were thoroughly capable of carrying into execution bold and striking plans.

When operations on the great structure were begun an army of laborers was kept at work; day and night these genii of the Ice King piled ice-block on ice-block, and when the date for the opening ceremonies was reached, the massive structure rested in glittering grandeur on the summit of "Capital Hill."

No cold figures can give to the general reader any conception of the magnificent proportions of the vast "Winter Palace" that Leadville constructed. The "Cloud City" is contented with nothing but superlatives, and superlatives must be used in the description of the wonderful frost pile, the superb structure in which were frozen the rippling brook as it sings through the valleys; the roaring torrent as it rushes with mad glee from its mountain home; or the thunderous cataract that foams and dashes over crags and cliffs. All the music of Nature, frozen from the diapason of silence, stood there on the western crown of the city, the embodiment of a mighty force, stilled by the wand in the hand of the Winter Monarch.

But the structure of frozen architecture was not builded without a struggle with the ancient enemy of the Frost King. There were days when Phoebus and his chariot rode rough shod over the glittering ice walls, marred its translucent beauty and fretted the outer edges. But old Jove had decreed that the path of the chariot through the heavens should be circumscribed; that but a few hours could he pour his red hot bolts against the walls that the Frost King's minions had erected. Phoebus, therefore, struggled in vain. The shafts did but little harm. The long hours of darkness enabled the force of the night to close up the gaps that the fiery darts had made; so when the inauguration of the "Palace" was announced it showed not a scar or an abrasion in the struggle it had waged with the Sun God.

Looking upon this great building from the exterior impressed the spectator with the fact that it was constructed with a view to strength and durability, rather than ornamentation. Its size can be better appreciated from the statement that it enclosed five acres of ground, than from the figures of dimensions. It was of the Norman castellated style of architecture, usually selected for buildings constructed of ice, for the heavy shade effects that are secured and lasting strength of its massive walls. In the "Ice Palace" the monotony of plain walls was relieved by beams and projecting buttresses, corbeling and paneling. These effects, while in themselves plain, afforded relief to the eye. Then the buttresses of hewn ice that extended midway to the panels of the top, and the indentures and projections produced by towers and arches, gave added effects. The main towers were of irregular pattern; those of the north front were octagonal. They were ninety feet high and forty feet in diameter, and formed the main feature of ornamentation of the building. Their imposing height, reaching as they did above the walls and other towers, made them the first and most prominent objects to meet the eye as the "Palace" was approached. They were decorated by turrets on the eight corners of the octagon, and with panelings and battlements. The south towers were circular, sixty feet high and thirty feet in diameter. The corner towers of the main building were also circular. They were forty-five feet above the ground, with the measurement of the diameter twenty feet.

At the north, south and east sides were entrances ornamented with huge masonry carved and hewn blocks of ice. The portals were colossal and of artistic design. The great stairways were of a grandeur that would make them fitting to a structure more enduring than a palace of ice. At the west side, the center was marked by an ornamental bay. From the north to the south towers the distance was 325 feet. To this must be added the extension to the south, including an archway over Seventh street, and the separate building that enclosed a riding gallery; in all 180 feet, making the total length of the building 435 feet, or one-twelfth of a mile. The main building was square, 325 feet from corner tower to corner tower. The south extension to the main building included an arch over Seventh street, that made a span of twenty-seven feet, through which the traffic of this thoroughfare passed. This additional building was on the same general style as the "Palace" proper. Its dimensions were sixty by eighty feet, and was used solely for the accommodation of a "merry-go-round." The main entrance to the "Palace" was at the north, between the great octagonal towers. It was of ponderous build, and decorated in the most ornamental style possible to the material used in its construction, the translucent ice giving it wondrous brilliancy in the bright sunlight of day, or at night when the interior was illuminated by countless electric lamps. Here "Leadville" stood to welcome her guests from every quarter. This allegorical figure was nineteen feet tall, mounted on a pedestal twelve feet high, all sculptured and built of ice. The outstretched right arm and hand pointed to the rich mineral hills from whence Leadville's wealth is taken, and over the right arm was carried a scroll representative of the returns of the camp. On it in raised gold figures was the sum of Leadville's production in the past of the precious metals.

This description gives the reader a feeble idea of the castle of glittering ice as it stood in all the splendor of shimmering beauty on the crest of "Capital Hill," full fronting the matchless hills of the east from which was drawn the sustenance that gave this structure life.

And when might this wonderful "Palace" be seen in all its weird glory? When indeed? With each change of hour some new and dazzling beauty was revealed; with each shifting of the light of day or night some hidden charm was brought to view, and evoked fresh emotions of joy to the beholder's heart.

He might stand upon the gentle slope of "Capital Hill," just as the rosy dawn unclasps the curtain of the night and let the golden rays of the Lord of Day burst on the sleeping world; and standing there what beauties, what wonderful effects, were to be seen! Dim and dull azure in the early light the frozen ice stood on its lonely site, chill, frowning and forbidding; cold and bleak as the eternal poles. The frozen grandeur, while it awed, yet lent the heart to admiration. But behold the change! The portals of the east swing slowly ajar. Red beams of fire shoot from the pearly peaks, and now the frozen "Palace" on the hill assumes new luster. Colored by the coming glory of the morn, tower and turret, battlement and bastion, dim azure hued before, now radiates with prismatic light. With the coming of the dawn the beautiful structure seems to rise from the dim sea of the night. The chill and forbidding walls begin to glow with the warm tints of the early beams of the morning. The splendor of the dawn illumines the structure; and as the blaze of glory bursts from the east, the entire palace of crystal gleams with the luster of the day. Could fairer sight be pictured than Leadville's beauteous structure in the early hours of morning!

But when the day was done and the darkness spread its sable wings, the "Palace" as a structure of solid ice seemed to disappear, and in its place, as though by the hand of a magician, emerged a weird and spectral structure, that appeared as different from the one which could be seen by daylight as it is possible for the imagination to conceive. The Lord of Day faded away behind the western hills. The great "Palace," so dazzling in the brightness of the sun, again became chill and cold, of that glittering steel color which made the structure so frigid in its general appearance. But the shadows deepened, and as dusk elves gathered from here and there, on battlement and bastion, the forces of science began to play, and the spectator's eyes were surprised by scintillations from diamond points of electricity. From tower to turret flashed the great white search-lights far and near across the snowy ranges of the distant hills. The whole scene soon became radiant with the glow of electricity. On each of the four towers the intense white light rushed its billows of illumination. The walls themselves seemed all aglow with radiant orbs. Thousands of these lights were arranged in the ice walls, and the effects thus produced were most dazzling and wonderful. The cold reality of the frozen mass disappeared in the grand transformation scene that took place when the sable curtains were drawn and the spirits of electricity conjured from the darkness the marvelous display.

In addition to the giant statue of Leadville, an allegorical figure which points to the hills of silver and gold as the source of all our wealth, all through the vast area of the building there were arranged a number of unique statutes in snow and ice, the wonderful native material from which, with the skilled hand of the sculptor, were produced rare and beautiful effects, which excited more interest than the finest production of colder marble.

The statuary subjects were drawn from the home life of our people. First given was the "Prospector," that gnarled and grizzled pioneer, whose life is spent amid the hills in pursuit of the precious mineral. By his side, life size, and as natural, walked the patient Burro, loaded down with the old prospector's camping kit. The effect produced by common snow covered with water and frozen to give it the proper polish, was striking. Then, there was to be seen the sturdy Miner, with upraised hammer, driving the drill into the solid rock. Once more he was seen, hat in hand, the other upraised, and holding the precious ore. Silently it told the story, "Struck it Rich." Again the Miner was seen, this time with hammer uplifted, and ready to descend on the drill which his partner held, kneeling down. An elaborate work of art was shown in the statue of the miners at work with the windlass, a most realistic snow picture.

"Sold a Mine" was the title of the last of this series. With high silk hat on back of head, toothpick in mouth, hands in pocket, the figure told in the plainest language that he had unloaded a barrel of stock on a rising market, or else sold his mine to a syndicate and was preparing to go abroad. Other statues, illustrating phases of Leadville life, were also enshrined in snow and ice. The subjects were chosen with artistic skill, and formed most unique features of the novel carnival.

Proceeding up the grand stairway, and passing through the foyer, what may be called the nave of the building was entered. This properly was the skating rink, and contained an ice surface that was 190 feet in length from north to south, and 80 feet in width. It was the center of the building; around it, passing a promenade, and on either side, were the dancing halls. It was covered by a great truss roofing, containing eight cantilever trusses. The decorations of this immense hall were as unique as effective. The roof was studded with stalactites of ice, myriads upon myriads of them hanging from the great trusses and the rafters and rods, and every inch of timbering and iron was covered with an ice frosting that gave the whole roof the glistening of a large bed of diamonds. This room was entirely of ice. It extended from the north to the south walls of the main building, and was inclosed on the sides with an arcaded wall of pillars and arches, the pillars set fifteen feet apart. These pillars or columns of ice were one of the most novel and attractive features of the "Palace." They were octagonal, five feet in diameter, and so built that incandescent electric lamps were placed in the center, the light radiating from them in all directions. This effect in lighting was also produced from the ends, where lamps were imbedded in the walls and over the arches, that were made resplendent by the incandescents shining through the thin slabs of transparent ice with which they were veneered. The latter lamps were placed fourteen feet above the floor, and gave the walls an appearance as though all aglow with light. There were also arc lights suspended from the trusses of the roof, and at each corner was placed an electric search-light, the rays of all, vari-colored, being made to meet in the center of the room. The lights were shiftable, and could be made to shine into any nook or corner. When turned upon the frosted and icicled roof, an effect grand beyond description was produced. This great room, a cave of ice as it really was, with its myriads of lamps, its illuminated pillars and walls, its tinseled roof, statuary sculptured in ice, colonades and arched recesses, formed a picture that was a dream of beauty. The most elaborate extravaganza was never more brilliant than the "Skating Rink" of "Leadville's Ice Palace."

To the east, or left, as you entered from Eighth street, was the grand ball room, 50 x 80, and to the right of the rink, an auxiliary ball room and dining hall of like dimensions. These were houses built within the palace. In this it differed from all others. At St. Paul, Quebec, Montreal and Moscow, there have never been attempts at amusements other than skating. Invariably they were cold and cheerless, built only for the effects of the outer walls. Here the "Palace" was a place of amusement in the strictest sense, a place where people might come for an hour or a day, find entertainment and be comfortable. Each had parlor and dressing rooms, kept at a comfortable temperature. There were convenient lounging rooms. The walls were of glass, exposing the skaters to view. The walls were finished in terra cotta and blue, and orange and blue; the warmer colors at the base gave a cheerful glow, the frieze decorations being lighter. There also was a dining room, restaurant and kitchen, the wares of concessionaires being arranged along the walls. Maids were on hand to attend the ladies.

The Fort Dodge Cow Boy Band provided the music for skaters and dancers.

There were three grand pyrotechnic displays during the season on a scale of magnificence beyond anything seen before in the West.

The toboggan slide furnished the most exhilarating and fascinating sport of the winter carnival. While independent of the association and its management, yet it was a very important part of the "Carnival" itself. It had been built on a magnificent scale, being 2,100 feet long. There were two separate slides or toboggans. One, starting at Harrison avenue, and twelve hundred feet long, ran on the right side of Seventh street to Spruce. This was met by one from the "Palace," and for a block between Spruce and Pine the slides ran one on each side of the street. The "Palace" slide was 900 feet long, with a grade pitch of about sixty feet. The station from which the slide started was nineteen feet above the ground, the toboggans continuing down the Seventh street hill to the east.

The Avenue slide started from a station twenty-six feet above the ground, and, including the grade of the hill to the west, had a pitch of sixty-four feet to Spruce street.

Each slide contained two parallel shoots that allowed toboggans with from four to eight passengers to pass down every half minute.

The station houses, as well as being starting places for the toboggans, were fitted with comfortable waiting rooms, furnished with seats, and kept at a pleasant temperature by stoves. The Avenue station was also fitted with a lunch counter. Each house was twenty by twenty-four feet in size, well built and ornamented. The stations were at the tops of the houses, reached by broad and easy stairways on the outside.

The Leadville Carnival Snowshoe Club took part in all the carnival parades, and acted as a committee of entertainment for the "Carnival Association." The members of the Club were at the depot on the arrival of trains to meet visitors, and put forth their best efforts to furnish amusements for all who attended the "Carnival."

The Club made tramps to all the points of interest in the surrounding country, visiting Twin Lakes two or three times during the season, but this was the limit, as there were many novices in the Club, and a longer distance would have been a task, even for experts to make. Moonlight evenings were the favorite time for snowshoeing, and many long tramps took place during the cold, clear and nipping nights.

Next to the Snowshoe Club the Military Hockey Club was the best organized. It had a large membership, composed of the best skaters of the city.

Within the "Ice Palace" a large area set apart for exhibits was occupied by the handsome displays furnished by artists, manufacturers and merchants, and by the railroads and the hotels. The "Midway Plaisance," painted on 30,000 square feet of canvas, adorned a portion of the interior walls. This and the various other beautiful exhibits, such as a working model of a locomotive, rare flowers and choice fruits, encased in solid blocks of ice, did not fail to attract those who attended the "Carnival," and called forth the highest encomiums for those who had been so zealous and tireless in building and appropriately fitting the magnificent structure.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

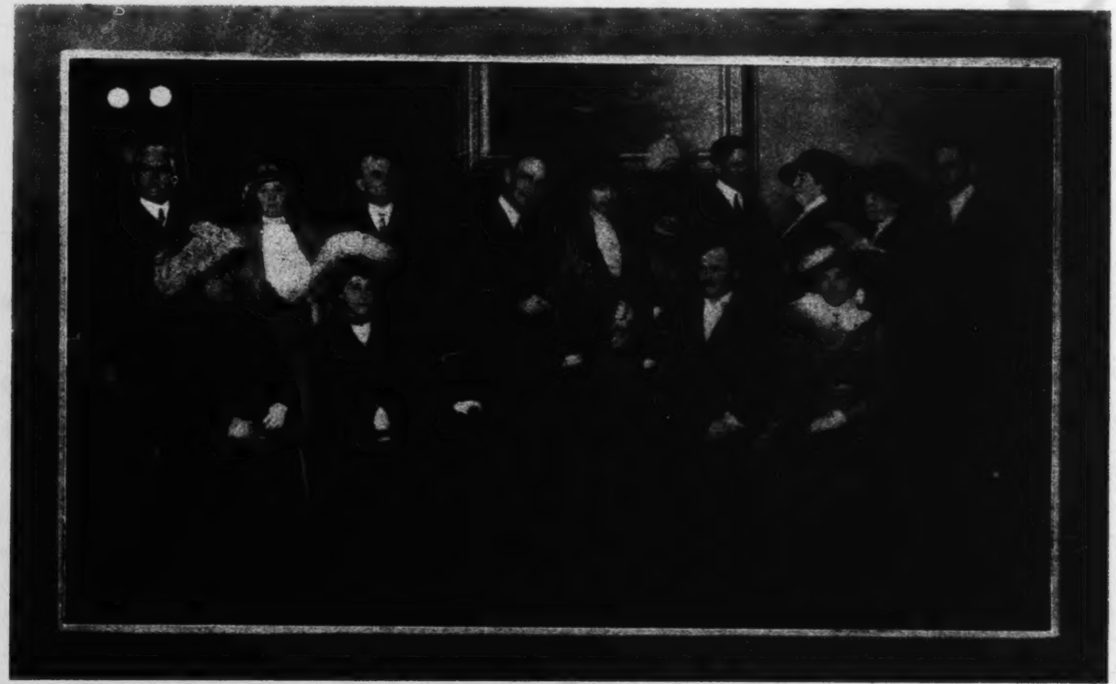
### HEART-RENDING CABLEGRAMS THAT SENT THE AUTHOR UPON A VERY SAD MISSION

The greatest shock I ever sustained came, like a bolt from the blue, on September 6, 1891, in the form of a cablegram from Quimperle, Finistere, France, announcing that "Edith has cerebro spinal meningitis," quickly followed by another, the same day: "Edith in heaven."

Edith was a child of the mountains, born at an altitude two miles above the sea—hair of a fine spun golden lustre, eyes of azure blue, sunny disposition—just approaching her fourth birthday. With mother and elder sister, she was spending the summer season on the rugged coast of Brittany, some four hundred miles northwest of Paris, favorite sketching ground for the ambitious students of the Parisian art schools.

Bretons, descendants of the Druids of the Middle Ages, worshippers of and in the woods—are mainly a fisher folk, a simple, unlettered people of rough and uncouth exterior, yet with lofty ideals, none more cherished than reverence for childhood. The Breton man, however humble and lacking in culture, yet religiously observes the ancient custom of uncovering upon the approach of a child. And it is a tradition among them that no contention so earnest, no quarrel so bitter, no combat so sanguinary, that hate is not dispelled and peace restored, by the intercession of a child. Its appearance upon the scene is the signal for instant cessation of hostilities, conciliation usurping its place.

It was not strange, therefore, that Edith should be-



LEADVILLE ASSEMBLY CLUB

Presentation of Loving Cup to Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Henry Morse, in "Lounge" of Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, February 28, 1913.

Sitting (left to right)—Mrs. Howard C. Chapin, Mrs. C. H. Morse, C. H. Morse, Mrs. Josie Hill-Smith.

Standing (left to right)—Howard C. Chapin, Mrs. A. V. Hunter, Gen. Geo. W. Cook, Sam Leonard, Mrs. Geo. Gano, Mrs. W. B. McDonald, Fred Sherwin, Mrs. John F. Campion, Mrs. Geo. W. Cook, Frank Ballou.

come a favorite among the simple Breton peasants. Her shoes were of leather, a novelty to the universal wearers of sabots, while dress no less than mannerisms appealed to them as quite bordering upon the marvelous. Among the elders she soon came to be known as "the Little White Americaine," and, since she readily acquired the native *patois* and was able to converse with them in their mother tongue, Edith quickly became a goddess in their wondering eyes.

Stricken with a fatal disease, the germs of which doubtless were sown in the excessive altitude of Leadville, she lay ill for many weeks in an upper chamber of a public inn overlooking the sea-swept Breton shore. Information later came to me that during that anxious period, far into the night and into every night, guests of the house could with difficulty ascend the stairs so crowded were they with kneeling women, crossing themselves and telling their beads as earnest, soulful invocations went up to all of the Saints in behalf of the little sufferer. And later, when the spirit had taken its flight, and the frail little body was prepared for the long journey to Paris, the diminutive coffin was entirely hidden by the flowers gathered by them from the neighboring hillsides.

Because of the congestion of bodies in Parisian cemeteries, they are periodically exhumed and removed to the Catacombs beneath the city, fee simple title to burial plots not being obtainable. So repulsive to me, as it would be to any American, was the idea of consigning the remains of a loved one to a leased lot, I directed that it be sepultured in the vault of the American Episcopal Church until other disposition could be provided. Idol of my heart, the little sunbeam had, at the Denver depot, bid me "Good-bye, Papa—Have a nice time!" and no more in life had I seen her. Indeed, when the cablegrams were sent me the child had been dead for days!

In the early spring days of 1892 I determined to go to Paris and superintend the interment of the child's remains in the Cemetery of LePecq, at St. Germain, a suburb of Paris, where title to lots in perpetuity are procurable and where many Americans have found a last resting place.

The transfer was made with that regard for ceremony so characteristic of the French. The official permit for the removal was indeed a surprisingly formidable parchment, decorated with white ribbons and red seals. The Mayor of the little village, as well as the Town Recorder, and a uniformed gendarme with rifle and fixed bayonet, were in attendance, lending much pomp to what in America would have been a very commonplace episode.

On a gentle grassy slope of the Seine, overlooking Paris and the beautiful valley between, the child rests in historic ground, under the very windows of the Chateau of Henry of Navarre and the grim walls of Fort Valerian, the spires of Notre Dame and of St. Denis, tomb of the ancient Kings of France, with the Palace and Garden of Versailles, with yet fresh memories of Marie Antoinette and other Empresses of France just below. Surrounded by a lofty stone wall, and guarded by an ever watchful Sexton, whose father and father's father and still other ancestors back into the Dark Ages, kept the same vigil to watch over it, I came away from the hallowed spot, the only mourner, with feelings wholly unmixed with doubt or apprehension, really rejoiced that the "Little White Americaine" had found a secure resting place, far removed from the din of a great city, far removed from the perils of a wicked world.

The annexed tribute is by Callie Bonney Marble, of Philadelphia:

O, beauteous little life! like opening bud,
Sweet promise of the perfect flower to be;
We cannot call thee "dead" or even "lost,"
Since thro' the pearl-bound gates we follow thee.

Somewhere the baby lives, as truly yours
As when beside you trod the baby feet;
Somewhere, with all the baby charm of earth,
She lives, the bud immortal blossom sweet.

And tho' your heart in anguish questions "Why?"
And only see the tiny mound of earth;
She is not there, for when the spirit fled,
In a fairer world beyond a soul had birth.

Edith her name, your own, your loved always;
The two worlds touch, and Heaven is not far,
Since baby feet have crossed the border land,
And baby hands left golden Gates Ajar.

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The greatest value of a journey abroad is embraced in its effect in removing impressions, in changing convictions, in breaking down prejudices, in broadening the vision, in giving one a keener perception, and a more comprehensive appreciation of the law of proportions. A man who can take a trip to Europe and not return a bigger and a better American, more fully equipped for the higher and nobler duties of citizenship, had best not return at all. Too many wholly miss the great lessons to be learned. Too many get an entirely erroneous impression of what he sees and learns. Too many follow the beaten paths, seeing only what thousands before him have seen, coming back with no better knowledge than he had before, if so good, knowing scarcely more than he could have gleaned from "Baedecker" without going at all, or with previous ideas confused and befuddled and out of plumb.

In my brief journey and beshortened sojourn here and there I endeavored to escape the too common mistakes of others. I avoided the high-priced hostelries; I rode on the tops of omnibuses, when forced to ride at all; bought third-class tickets on the railways, and gave tips only when a real service had been rendered. I put up at "pensions," where one can get the worth of his money, and bought no "antiques" made in the garrets or back rooms of the vendors. And the whole expense of my trip was less than it would have cost me to remain and live in accustomed style at home.

I obtained at least car-window views of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and France, visiting the capitals of each, and seeing about all that was worth while in London, Edinborough, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, Manchester, Leicester, Holyhead, Dover, Calais, Havre, Windsor, and all the charming environs of Paris—St. Cloud, Fountainbleau, Versailles, St. Denis, San Germain-en-Laye, Meudon and Robinson.

I wandered through the catacombs of Paris, where the bones of six million persons are stacked up like cord wood, and traversed the sewers, over the identical route taken by "Jean Valjean."

I viewed the pictures in the Louvre and the Luxembourg, in the great galleries of the palace at Versailles; in the Chateau of Henry of Navarre, in the old salon and the new—until every picture I saw looked just like every other picture. I saw the painters decorating the ceilings of the Hotel de Ville, the same painters who had been working upon the same pictures for twenty years.

I saw the races at Longchamps and the Battle of Flowers that followed, a battle in which seven thousand vehicles, filled with the wealth and beauty of Paris, threw bouquets at each other, until the ground was carpeted inches deep with beautiful blooms.

I saw, day after day, the endless procession of costly equipages moving back and forth in the Rue de Rivoli and on the Champs Elysees, between the "Little" and the "Big" arc—the Arche de Triomphe, erected to commemorate the battles of Napoleon, in the Place d'Etoile, and the smaller monument telling the history of Garibaldi's triumphs.

I visited the spots in the Place de la Concorde where seven thousand French men and French women gave their heads to the guillotine, that Liberty might survive.

I looked through narrow bars in the basement of the Cathedral at St. Denis, upon the very coffins of once great rulers, and I for a moment entered the narrow cell in which the hapless Marie Antoinette was confined, before her brutal beheading, in the Palais de Justice.

I visited the Hotel de Cluny and other storehouses of antique relics, wandered about the gloomy cloisters of the church of Notre Dame, shuddered at the spectacle daily disclosed in the Morgue, and pondered the gruesome history of the Bastile, at the spot where once it stood.

I was amazed at the storied wonders of the Bibliotheque Nationale, speculated upon the architectural marvels of the Grand Opera House, stood amazed at the stupendous proportions of the Eifel Tower, the graceful lines of the Trocadero; drove dreamily through the Bois de Boulogne and the great forests of St. Cloud, St. Germain and Fountainbleau; lounged in the beautiful Parc Monçeau, and watched the nimble-fingered lace makers at work in the park made for them by Napoleon at Montmarte.

I spent many happy afternoons steaming up and down the Seine in the fast-flying "cat" boats, or in circling the wondrous city in comfortable cars of the Grand Centure railway.

I visited the National printery, and found my fellows doing the work for the republic on presses that were in vogue in Ben Franklin's day.

I spent an afternoon at the Musee des Archives, filled with wonderful documents, telling the history of the ages—the Edict of Nantes and its Revocation, the detailed history of the trials of the great and the near great during the French Revolutionary period, before and since.

I saw the exquisite plastic productions of the National Pottery Works at Sevres, the marvelous creations of the tapestry plant of the Goeblins, the scarcely less wonderful works of God and man at the Jardin d'Acclimatacion.

I got a glimpse of French peasant life, a hint of how the nobility live, saw how the poor eke out a wretched existence upon what the American workman would waste or throw away.

I was allowed, for there were no guards to deny admittance, to step into ataliers, and see women and men pose for "The Altogether," without hint of modesty or suggestion of shame.

I was everywhere treated with the greatest respect—everywhere save at the ministry of my own country, the place of places where I had a right to expect the greatest consideration. There I was compelled to go on business, and was told, before fairly seated, it was the Minister's "busy day"—and I bore a letter from James G. Blaine, Secretary of State! The incident made me blush for my country—more, it made me mad.

I attended a funeral at the Madelaine, and one of those curious weddings at the Maire's—a wedding of eight couples, belonging to the working classes, brides and grooms in clothes they could not afford to own, and hired for the day.

I visited several of the Julian schools, where an average of seven thousand American girls and young men think they are learning to be artists.

I talked with mechanics and working men of all grades, and learned how happy and contented they can be on something less than nothing a day.

I saw women hitched to truck wagons, hauling to markets, in the early morning dawn, loads with which in America we scarcely would burden a horse.

I dropped in at the Bourse and witnessed scenes of frenzy that are duplicated every day on the New York Stock Exchange.

I was permitted to visit the National Assembly and the Senate, and observe the politeness and gentility with which French Statesmen call each other thieves and liars.

I viewed with admiration the French arrangements for handling passengers and freight—the devices everywhere adopted for preventing accidents, the convenience and safety with which millions are welcomed and dispatched without opportunity for getting maimed or killed.

I noted how easy it was to get about without street cars, where the omnibus system is so admirable—always a seat for every fare, never a strap-hanger.

I marveled at the comparative cheapness of food products at the great markets, although everything is subject to octroi dues at the barriers.

I observed, with satisfaction, that all children were conveyed to schools in vehicles or were chaperoned by teachers or nurses.

I noticed that newsboys were either men or women, and that they were not permitted to split the air with their raucous jargon.

I saw the dignity with which a gendarme arrested a petty offender, simply tapping him on the shoulder, saluting gracefully with his sword, returning it to its scabbard, and going about his business, the person apprehended reporting unattended to the nearest station!

It was inspiring to see the lawyers don cap and gown, at once upon entering the Palais de Justice, thus indicating their respect for law.

Five minutes after my introduction to the Manager of the Anglo-American Bank he handed me, unsolicited of course, a cheque for a year's subscription to my newspaper—so polite and affable those French bankers—and it was the first time any one had ever paid a year's subscription in advance. I do not apprehend he ever after looked at my newspaper.

And the telegraph department of the Postoffice, because it had delayed a few hours the delivery of a telegram, returned to me the full cost of sending it from London.

I had many pleasant experiences in Paris, saw many interesting things, learned many valuable things, and brought away from it a storehouse of memories—memories that will endure.

Then I went up to London. Having gone down by way of Dover and Calais, I returned by way of Dieppe and Newhaven, always figuring upon getting the most of everything for my money. Both crossings of the Channel are delightful. One can get as "dippy" going by one as the other, for the English Channel, when it so desires, can beat the Atlantic to a frazzle, when it comes to stirring up things.

What one may see in the Metropolis of the World, within a limited period of time, depends largely upon how he tries to see it and who shows it to him. It was my good fortune to have for guide a young man to the manor born, brought up and educated there. This person, Mr. William Rose, Jr., was the son of a man who, for forty years, had been Superintendent of Parcels of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a position corresponding with General Freight Agent of an American railway. His parents lived at Brixton Hill, a suburb on the Surrey Side, but my young acquaintance was a commercial traveler, representing a Manchester cotton house. With genuine English hospitality, he dropped his work for the time being, and devoted three weeks to showing me about the city.

Aside from the glimpse I got of English home life, which this brief association gave me, I doubtless saw more of London in three weeks than, in other circumstances, I might have seen in as many months, if not years. Most of it I saw from the roofs of those great omnibusses that radiate from "the Bank" and penetrate every nook and corner of the great metropolis—an unsurpassed and unsurpassable vantage point.

More facile pens than mine have utterly failed to paint a picture of London that can be understood and appreciated. Most of the things one sees are not visible. They consist of memories. With wonderful creations of art at every turn in the road, one is impressed at once with the lack of art in the English mind and in the English hand. There is everywhere lacking the necessary perspective. Take, for instance, the entrance gate to Euston Station. One stumbles onto before seeing it, and all around and about it are so many common, if not repulsive, objects, that one utterly fails to grasp the beauty of its lines, the perfection of its design, the completeness of its finish. It is a beautiful thing, in the wrong place. Only those see it at all who have occasion to travel by the Northwestern railway, and then one is so concerned about securing a seat in the compartment sure to contain one more than it will hold, and to get his "luggage" put into the right van, that he fails to recognize it worth while to miss his train altogether than to lose sight forever of that work of art, surrounded on all sides, and almost hidden from view, by cheap hotels, freight warehouses and sights distinctly commercial.

This is but a sample. The Parisians would have torn away a dozen streets, if necessary, to show that archway.

So it is all over the big town. That greatest of all financial institutions, the Bank of England, from without, is a distinct disappointment to every visitor. Apparently a rambling one-story structure of no apparent great dimensions, dark and murky and gloomy—yet covering the most valuable plot of ground, probably, in the world. In New York it long ago would have given place to a forty-story modern sky-scraper—but there it stands, just as it stood a hundred years ago, monument to the traditions of the English.

Then, down there on Fenchurch Street, I was taken to a former palace, to see where Henry VIII—"Bluff Hal"—used to warm his shins. What did I see? Over the mantel, beneath which he sat, a big, bold sign: "Roast Beef." Now, whatever effect that might have upon the gastric nerves, wouldn't it be likely to knock every particle of sentiment out of your composition?

My chaperon told me that just below my window, across the street from my hotel, was Old Bailey Prison, with its thousand memories, and that right down there Charles I. had his head chopped off.

Of course, I visited the National Gallery, and saw Gainsboroughs and Joshua Reynolds—I saw them till two o'clock—looked at them until really I should not have been able to distinguish a Gainsborough from an auction sign or a moving-picture show announcement.

Nelson's monument stands out boldly enough in Trafalgar Square, and extends way up above the fog line, but it is about the only great work of art in London that the British have given room enough to show it in.

There are a number of interesting things to see in the Crystal Palace, objects that have been there since 1856, and which the English wouldn't move a foot from where they were originally placed under any combination of circumstances—"twouldn't do, dontcher know?"

You are reminded of Prince Albert by a handsome figure along the roadside down Hyde Park way, but you are so concerned in seeing royalty and Americans driving about Rotten Row that you hardly stop to look at it.

There you are again—with a hundred interesting historical objects being pointed out to you at once. You scarcely see any of them. Talk about your moving-picture shows! There is one for you, at the main entrance to Hyde Park. All the world moving before you at one and the same time, and the most conspicuous thing in sight is somebody's valet, or a gorgeously caparisoned beadle.

Had I spent two months, instead of two hours, in the Tower of London, I might have come away with an inkling of its contents. Two hours isn't a period of sufficient length to grasp the whole history of England and it is nearly all there.

One can only tarry a moment in the cell where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and view the axe with which he was beheaded, as well as Queen Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Lovat, Lord Kilmanock, and heaven only knows how many other troublesome persons, for one is reminded there are other things to see—the Armory of Queen Elizabeth, with the dented block upon which queens, rebels and courtiers, met their fate; the Bloody Tower wherein two princes were caused to be smothered by Richard; the Devereux Tower, where Essex was confined, and the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsy wine; the White Tower and the Beauchamp Tower, each with its bloody history.

Less gruesome, more cheerful and inspiring, the contents of the Regalia room, with its diamond-bedecked crowns, its ancient arms, rods, scepters, spurs, bracelets, gems worth millions, oh so many millions in pounds sterling, which one would think should be put to some practical use—to feeding the poor of London, if nothing better could be thought of.

It is a great privilege to view the wonders of the Tower of London. It is a great pleasure to escape from its darksome precincts, step across the moat, and out into God's glorious sunshine!

Now the interior of the Bank of England—that is worth while, especially if you are properly credentialed, as I was. I had a letter from J. J. Hagerman to Governor Lidderdale. Mr. Hagerman was the American business partner of the Governor, and by the time I reached him he wasn't the Governor at all.

"You probably know," he said, "that the rules prohibit the re-election of a Governor. Well, precisely 365 days ago—we were just recovering from the Baring Bros. failure. The Board said it would like to have me hold on for a time until my successor should pick up the threads. Supposing that meant for a few weeks at most, I consented, and so I have served a second year without being elected. That's the way we English get over traditions. I've just turned the Bank over to my successor, and in an hour I'm off for the continent. Here is a list of the heads of departments. The Beadle will hand you from one to another, and thus you will see as much of the Bank as you wish."

The Governor was as plain a gentleman as one could wish to see. His clothes were not as good as my own.

But the Beadle! Well, I've never seen anything quite so magnificent in my life. You would think he owned the bank, and yet, I don't suppose his salary exceeded two pounds six! But he treated me with the distinction of an Ambassador.

I saw where four hundred soldiers were housed in the basement, mounting guard as in actual warfare, waiting for attacks on the bank's gilded horde, that never are made.

I saw the great scales, so large they are manipulated by steam power, and yet so delicate as to have their balance effected by a single hair, or by a ray of sunlight. How appropriately these balances are called the "Lord High Chief Justice."

Then there was placed in my hand a single bank note drawn for a million pounds sterling—five millions of dollars—and the largest single cheque ever drawn on the bank.

Next I was shown a fifty pound note that for an entire century had lain in a sunken vessel at the bottom of the ocean.

Lest this might not satisfy my curiosity, I was permitted to see a ten pound note that had been used to patch a broken pane of glass in a hovel in Whitechapel. Obviously the party using it for so profane a purpose had never seen a Bank of England note, and didn't know what it was.

The bank's print shop interested me very much. It was a larger plant than my own, and yet all of the presses were always in motion, turning out stationery for the institution.

Most interesting single object to me was the bank's autograph albums. The custom of preserving the signatures of distinguished visitors has been maintained since the bank was organized, nearly two hundred years ago.

These books, now numbering hundreds, contain the names of emperors, kings, queens, princes and potentates of every tongue and from every clime, and constitute a most interesting study. The pages are about eighteen inches square; in the center of each is pasted a genuine Bank of England note—genuine in every respect other than that the name of the Governor is omitted. The line where his signature should appear is left blank for that of the visitor, so that each signs as "Governor of the Bank of England." It is a pleasing privilege to many to so sign, though it looks a trifle odd to see on some of the pages—"Benjamin Franklin, Governor of the Bank of England," or "Sam Newhouse, Governor of the Bank of England," as the case may be.

Any one may visit Parliament House, Westminster Abbey, or any one of a hundred places immortalized by Dickens; but it is a rare privilege to get inside the Bank of England, and see all of its interior workings. "I have lived in London fifty years," said the elder Rose to me, "but I should hardly know how to get into the Bank of England."

It happened to be quarterly interest day, and thousands were there collecting interest upon their consols. A separate individual account is kept with every holder of a government bond, a system involving a vast amount of detailed labor; but that is the way it always has been done, and so it must be done to the end of time. It is British to adhere to ways ancient.

It has only been my purpose to write a few things seen in other lands, things just sufficiently out of the ordinary to warrant recounting here.

I had spent a week in "Edinboro town" and a few days in Glasgow, and I was able to take a glimpse of "Ould Ireland" on my way home.

London to Hollyhead, by the Northwestern railway, is the longest journey one may take in England, about fourteen hours.

I could not resist the temptation to stay over one day at Chester, on the borders of Wales, and run down to Hawarden Castle, Gladstone's country place, but a few miles distant. I wanted to see for myself if there were any trees left standing upon it, and was convinced. All tourists do not honor Chester with a call, more's the pity, for, besides the ancient Cathedral, there are many interesting reminders of Caesar's time observable, among other things a bridge built by the Romans before the Christian era, as safe and dependable today as when built. Such things speak well for the honesty of the early-day contractors. Signs indicating that this or that establishment was inaugurated five hundred or eight hundred years ago are not uncommon in the streets of Chester, and what remains of the ancient wall encompassing "the city that never surrendered" is in a fair state of preservation.

The run down the coast to the Isle of Anglessy, towering mountains on one side, a placid sea on the other, is an indescribable delight.

And at Hollyhead you may, as did I, have pleasing contact with a typical Welchman. It was a mile or more from the Mole to the village; my trunk-strap needed repair, and a native executed the commission. "What is the charge?" I said, prepared for a hold-up of two shillings at least.

"I paid a tuppence for mending the strap," he said, "and I would like a penny for my service!"

Think of it! a penny, two cents, for a two-mile tramp, when I willingly would have given fifty cents, nor much demurred at twice the sum.

That was in Wales, dear reader, not in the States!

Unless one wishes to see all of the breweries and distilleries, a day is sufficient for Dublin, and yet all the years that since have passed have not sufficed to extinguish the memory of the stench that rises from the Liffey when the tide is out! Dublin, is, or was, inexpressibly filthy. It is, or was, insufferably nasty. Its streets were unspeakably dirty.

A visit to Dublin Castle was interesting.

A ride through Phoenix Park was a delight.

I may have thought it a joke to walk over the grave of Dean Swift.

I am sure I never saw a sweeter colleen than the one who at the hotel waited till midnight to "turn down your bed, Sir," an ancient and very beautiful custom.

But I felt an inexpressible relief when I had properly "done Dublin," and my face was turned to the northeast coast. There I went for a day, to see a convention of ten thousand Irishmen, at Belfast, protesting against home rule, and declaring their determination to take up arms against an Irish parliament at Dublin. It was a revelation to me—a day well spent.

Then I was off for Londonderry, where a tug was waiting to take passengers down the river and to the ocean, where lay the "City of Rome," one day out from Glasgow, steam up, ready for the joyous passage home.

Did not I say the greatest joy of a trip to Europe is the home coming? I say it now! I swear it!

I am loathe to close this chapter without reference to a spectacle witnessed at sea, the sublimity and grandeur of which impressed me as nothing in nature had before or since, not excepting the most expansive view of the Grand Canon of the Colorado. Our vessel had made an unprecedented run from the last light at Tory Island, off the North Irish coast, and the passengers were felicitating themselves upon the probability of reaching New York ahead of schedule time. But the erratic nature of the sea and air on the Grand Banks had not been adequately discounted. When in north latitude 45.12, west longitude 54.55, we found ourselves involved in a fog of extraordinary blackness and immeasurable density. It hung over the noble vessel like a pall, stubbornly blocked its pathway, pursued it like a Nemesis, and forced its intangible presence into every open port and unprotected hatch. For quite twenty-four hours we were thus imprisoned between four black walls that came out of the infinite deep, and were lost in infinite space above. Meanwhile, the ship's log made a most discouraging exhibit of distance traversed, scarcely more than half the previous day's record.

All night long the fog horn sounded its weird warning to possible passing vessels. Only for a moment at a time would the Captain surrender his place on the bridge to under officer, so heavy did the responsibility for the ship's safety rest upon him. One man's eyes were as good as another's in such an atmosphere, it might be supposed, and yet the master seemed unwilling to trust any but his own to detect approaching lights, were any craft so unfortunate as to be caught in the embrace of the insinuating and unyielding enemy of navigation.

But a greater danger menaced, nor was it necessary to name it in terms. The earnest faces of the chief officers, on duty or off, told the story to experienced travelers who asked no questions. Those who were making their first journey across the great deep were all as blissfully ignorant of what was transpiring or what possibly might happen as were the passengers of the Titanic before the fated vessel struck, in about the same locality, twenty years later. They had not been able to interpret the language of the little lanterns run up on the mast of an outgoing steamer, passed the night before, nor could they analyze the significance of the steadily falling temperature of the sea through which the vessel was slowly plowing. In the sea-worthiness of the craft itself, and in the skill and fidelity of its officers, they had intuitively come to confide, for the latter were sturdy Scots, whose magnificent physique and lofty bearing admitted of no doubt, forcing unwilling confidence from the most timid. Yet the strongest heart was not wholly without misgivings, and the fact that midnight came without material lessening of the crowds on deck, measured the anxiety of all classes.

Nothing save the cabin clock indicated the merging of day into night. Stygian darkness pervaded every nook and cranny of the vessel. The breaking waves could not be seen a ship's length ahead of her prow. The atmosphere had grown perceptibly colder, the water was becoming frigid. Official anxiety increased as the mercury fell, for the season was almost midsummer, and it intensified as it reached the freezing point.

Thus, with alternating hopes and fears, upon the part of all aboard, the day gradually wore away. No single ray of light had in twenty-four hours pierced the somber pall that hung over the Rome, and through which passage was reluctantly yielded.

But, glory to God, deliverance came at six in the evening, in the grandest transformation mortal eye ever beheld. Without note or flash of warning, and apparently in an instant of time, the City of Rome shot out of the darkness into the gorgeous, dazzling, effulgent light of a matchless sunset.

The fog bank, from which the vessel had so suddenly emerged, was cut vertically as smooth as a sharp knife would cut a fresh dairy cheese.

Wonder at this phenomenon did not at once yield to the natural explanation of it, although it was there, mountain high, and fearfully near. Only a few miles from the lee side of the vessel was seen, majestically riding the waves, a monster iceberg, variously estimated from half to three-quarters of a mile in length, half as wide and a thousand feet high. It had the appearance of a gigantic castle upon the summit of a lofty hill, its myriad spires and pinnacles and domes tipped with golden fire from the sun that had just fallen below its loftiest crest, and giving to its more massive body below a softened, lustrous glow, that shifted and changed as the sun dropped lower on the horizon, and its rays gradually penetrated the interior, all the colors of the rainbow being reflected from its virgin sides and slopes and ambitious pinnacles stretching upward to the infiinite.

The spectacle was destined soon to fade away, though I fancy it will live forever in the memory of those who beheld it. After many years, I have now but to close my eyes to see it again, as the devout and longing soul of the Christian believer fancies he sees, in times of trouble and darkness, the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem with curbs of jasper and of pearls.

The sun soon dropped below the horizon, the celestial fires faded from spires and pinnacles and domes and buttresses and turrets, and the crystal palace of the gods was transformed, almost in a breath, into a grim, forbidding monster, bereft of beauty, yet grand and magnificent and awe-inspiring, quite beyond human imagination to conceive or pen to describe.

Had the officers of the Titanic possessed a modicum of the caution exhibited by the master of the City of Rome on this occasion, and thought more of the safety of its passengers than of a record run, the horror of 1912 would never have darkened the pages of history.

# CHAPTER LXV.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS—ESSAY IN "POLITICAL PORTRAITS," BY FITZ MAC

For the purpose of conveying to the public some sage thoughts that shape the public life of the State, which uttered alone in the form of essays would not have commanded wide attention, the late James MacCarthy ("Fitz Mac") published a volume of "Political Portraits," in 1888, using the names of twenty-two more or less prominent citizens of Colorado to represent his several themes, taking advantage of that interest always attaching to one man's opinion of another, when that opinion is candidly expressed, to hold the popular attention.

Thus, an article on Judge Moses Hallett constituted an essay on "Political Ideals and the Dangerous Tendency to Individualism," which effects the upper classes of society; one, on Senator Thos. M. Patterson, an essay on "The Political Leader;" one on "Haskell, the Socialist," as well as one on John Hipp, an essay on "The Political Agitator;" one on the late Rev. Myron Reed, an essay on "The Relations of the Church to Politics;" one on Carlyle C. Davis, an essay on "The Influence of the Press;" and another on Hon. F. C. Goudy, an essay on "The Influence and Value of Politics as a School." And so on through the list.

The author's essay on "The Influence of the Press" would seem to have appropriate place in this volume, and is here presented without further explanation or apology:

Nothing added to nothing makes nothing. Nothing multiplied by nothing produces nothing. This obvious bit of mathematical philosophy accounts for the fact that so few newspapers today have any considerable direct influence on public life; also for the fact that so few newspaper men get to the front in politics. It takes a purpose and an effort to produce a result. Printer's ink and prepared wood pulp no more make a newspaper than flesh and blood and bone make a man. It is the spirit within which makes either a power. It is intelligence, courage, fortitude, devotion to duty, which carries either out of the sphere of things merely physical and transforms it into a moral influence.

No stream can rise above its fountain. The character of no newspaper can rise above the character of the man who makes it. There is no intelligence in wood pulp. There is no courage in printer's ink. There is no fortitude in type metal. There is no self-devotion in a printing machine. It is the spirit which makes the man. It is the man which makes the newspaper. The influence of each, therefore, depends not upon flesh and blood and bone, not upon ink and wood pulp and type metal, but upon character. It is not a question of the goodness or the badness, but of the attractiveness, the intensity, the individuality.

This is an age of averages, an age which, without repressing the individual, promotes the mass. It is the golden age of mediocrity. I mean what I say; I do not mean inferiority. We use mediocrity mostly in a wrong sense. I mean that it is an age stronger in the middle than it is at the top. The genius of the country is bent toward the meridian line. We do not pull down from the top, but we pull up from the bottom, and we keep the center of force near the middle. This is what gives us stability. This is what imparts such a ponderous and irresistible force to our age of averages.

We have accustomed ourselves to say that the press is a great power. It were better, clearer, more definite, to say that it is a great instrumentality. Undoubtedly it is the greatest moral instrumentality of the age. But this can only be said of the press as a whole, as an average. Nothing but feebleness can come of feebleness, nothing but inanity of inanity. It is undoubtedly true that there never was a time when the average of the press was higher than today; but it is also true that there never was a time when the earth was encumbered with a greater number of feeble and inane newspapers. The production of a newspaper has degenerated from a profession into a business. Its motive is no longer ambition, but greed. Greed is a universal passion; ambition is not. So that while the press has broadened the base of its operations, it has lost the tone and keenness of a personal influence. The tendency is to do away with individuality. This is in the interest of gain, in the interest of stability, but against concrete and recognizable personal influence. The piquancy, the variableness of mood, the strength, the weakness, the tides of attraction and repulsion—all the charm of personality—has departed from the press. This is in the interest of stability. Editors perish, the paper survives. But in losing the indefinable charm and influence of a personality, the press has acquired the stability of an institution. It is no longer the newspaper, but the newspapers, in which the power abides. As in mechanics, when we gain power, we lose speed. So in the newspaper, when we abate a little of individuality and conviction, we gain a good deal in stability. This is all toward the average and against personal influence. Yet there never was, and there never can be, a greatly influential paper in the world without some strong individuality behind it—some initial and seminal mind impressing a personal character and identity upon it. The character of the newspapers today is a business character, because the strongest personality behind the paper is the business manager. Naturally, he subordinates everything else to the success of his own department. The paper thereby gains stability, but loses power. It may reach more readers, for that is the business man's strong point; but it does not stir the souls of those who read it, because it is written without conviction and without enthusiasm. The circulation is increased, not by the talent of the editor, but by the genius of the canvasser. The motive of the whole enterprise, if I may reiterate, is business and not ambition. It should not be surprising, therefore, that nothing is achieved in a direction where nothing is attempted. Nothing in the purpose of the management, multiplied by nothing in the individuality of the writing staff, gives a product of nothing in the influence of the newspaper on public life. The papers of today follow their main motive intelligently and successfully, but that motive is profit; consequently the best talent employed goes to the business department. This is why the press has become a more stable, if less admirable, institution, than in former times. If weak at the top, it is strong in the middle, so that the force, if less immediately effective, is more constant. It is all in the line of the average—the line of intelligent and substantial mediocrity.

There are not above a dozen newspapers in the whole country—among the dailies I mean—that ever originate any thought which affect public action. The rest merely produce it, as the journeyman potter reproduces the matchless forms of Greek art in western clay. But in the attractive production of news the ingenuity of the press today is boundless. And let a thought, however small and modest, be dropped into the columns of a paper today, and the watchful genius of the press catches it up and reiterates it with a thousand voices. If you have the run of an exchange list, you find it reflected in a thousand sheets. It reverberates through the country like the echoes of a shot fired among the mountains.

No individual newspaper today is much of a power in Colorado politics, but the cumulative influence of all is enormous. There are something like two hundred papers published in the State. Only a few of them originate anything. Only a few of them even have any considerable local influence, yet all taken together and animated by an earnest conviction, they constitute a power, which is simply irresistible.

A composite picture, expression or illustration of the qualities which animate and inform the press of Colorado would more nearly represent Carlyle C. Davis than any other member of what we term "the press gang." He is the owner and responsible editor of the Leadville *Evening Chronicle* and the *Morning Herald Democrat*.

For a brief period, three years ago, I was the hired editor of both of his papers. I ought, therefore, to know him pretty well. I consider him the ablest all-round newspaper man in the State. There is hardly a quality in which he has not some superiors, but I know of none who combines so many of the qualities that contribute to the efficiency of a journalist. How he has missed becoming a great public influence is a matter not easy to explain. It is certain that he is not, and it is equally certain that he possesses those qualities of mind which contribute to render men personally influential. But he has been running his papers for profit, and not for ambition.

He is as bright as a new dollar. He has a dauntless courage, unequalled capacity for application, exhaustless physical endurance, a most ingratiating address, a loyal and lovable nature, an alert intelligence, and unblemished business honor.

No one can see how really smart he is in business, and not wonder that he is not a millionaire and the manager of a great railroad.

No one can see his very exceptional cleverness in political matters, and not wonder why he is not one of the greatest political influences of the State. I could not name six men in Colorado so capable as Davis in the mere manipulation of politics. His natural skill in this regard is really great. He is a ready and capable writer, but somehow he fails to make the impression of an able writer.

When moved by a strong conviction, I know of no journalist in the State who can turn off a more forcible article, and he never lacks the courage to print it.

He is personally a most likable fellow, and he is wonderfully devoted in his friendships, yet he has always missed being generally popular. He has a quick instinct for finances, and with the most remarkable opportunities of the decade surrounding him, he has missed making a fortune. With every endowment of nature that goes to the making of a remarkably smart man, he has missed achieving distinction as such.

We see men, sometimes successful and exalted in public favor, with a reputation for ability, about whom we can discover no substantial basis for success. Exactly the opposite is true of Davis. In business he is honorable, shrewd, industrious, watchful and eminently liberal, yet all his efforts have only enabled him to acquire a very modest little fortune.

In politics he is capable and faithful, yet he has never secured the recognition in public favor to which one would say his fine abilities entitled him.

In journalism his reputation has never been commensurate with his capacity. His cleverness is so distinct, his information so full, and his mind so remarkably ready, that I always felt myself to be slow and dull in his presence. His manners are so kind, so elegant and so intelligent, that I always feel a little clumsy and boorish when he is near me. It has always seemed to me that if I were as smart as Davis I could be the first journalist in America, yet he is not even the first journalist in Colorado, though he is probably the most capable all-round newspaper man in the State. He knows every detail of the business, from writing a good, forcible editorial to setting it up at the case, making it up in the form, and working it off on any kind of printing machine made.

Luck is a large element in every life. Successful men take the credit to themselves of having created the circumstances that made them. Those who fail are willing to leave the credit to fate.

Financially, Davis had the luck to be wrecked in the shallows just after he had caught the tide of fortune at its flood and started off with all sails to the wind. But the man is not a failure. Reckoned from where he started financially, he is more than a moderate success. Reckoned, however, from the base line of his abilities, his life is a disappointment.

I cannot quite account for it, for he is one of the most capable men I have ever known.

It has often seemed to me, in looking over men, that completeness of the faculties is not what counts in the production of character. Men seem to grow strongest when they grow a little one-sided. Not that Davis is unique in his completeness. I can see many reasons why he is not the first writer on the State press. One is that he has not tried to be. It will hardly be necessary to mention the rest. He is a thoroughly bright and capable editorial commentator. But an editor of the first-class he never could be, because his mind, with all its completeness, lacks that seminal quality which gives life to thought and makes it grow as it is scattered. In politics he lacks toleration and patience. Though always ready to sacrifice himself for his friends, he is self-willed and jealous of any divided friendship. There is no trouble he would not take for a man so long as the man gives him an undivided heart; but the fellow that wants Davis to help him should keep away from the other paper. There is no end to his generosity. He is an appreciative man himself, and he likes to be appreciated. He does not at all lack the courage to be unpopular, but he is too anxious for approval to endure the least reproach with patience. In a word, he lacks the composure of spirit without which any man must be miserable in a public station. The only approval an editor or a politician should allow himself to require is the approval of his own reason. Otherwise, there is nothing but torture before him. The mind, serenely conscious of its own strength, finds itself able to yield without discomposure or less self-confidence. Too much of Davis' strength is dissipated in fretful resistance to inconsiderable things. He is a man who can be knocked down with a feather when he cannot be driven with a club. Any appeal to his generosity will succeed; any appeal to his fear will always fail. With the courage of a lion, the tenacity of a bull-dog, and the stubbornness of a mule, he has a sensitive spirit that quivers under reproach. Without having exactly the reach and composure of the truly executive mind, Davis has the executive perception and the executive tenacity of purpose. He seems to lack that enlightened, far-seeing instinct which we call sagacity. That is, we call it sagacity when it succeeds. We may call it imbecility when it fails. After all, it is a matter of looking wise and taking your chances.

With Davis' unusual cleverness in politics, it is rather a wonder he has not gotten to Congress. But, again, nothing can come of nothing. He has not tried to get there.

His mind is as swift as a dart. He is a courageous and forcible speaker, and a capital parliamentarian. He is exactly the quality of man that would make a valuable Congressman from such a State as ours, and it is because I think he may be a candidate before many years that I hang this portrait up for public view. He is becoming pretty well known to the politicians of the State, and has given us two or three examples of his ability to handle himself in a political effort. His courage and parliamentary skill in getting the resolution on the management of the State Treasury before the last State Convention, against the united efforts of the machine, was a master piece in instance, which entitles him to the confidence of politicians who are looking for a man to tie to, as it also entitles him to the earnest admiration and gratitude of the Republican party.

That the party wanted the resolution was unequivocally demonstrated by the wild enthusiasm, and almost perfect unanimity, with which the convention adopted it, when he skillfully introduced it in the shape of an amendment, to prevent the machine from referring it to the committee on resolutions, where it was sure to be smothered.

It was a brave act, and the people should keep it in mind. Nine-tenths of the members of that convention knew the moral necessity and the political expediency of adopting such a resolution as well as Davis did, but he was the only man who had the courage to offer it, under the frowns and threats of the gang who constitute the machine. He demonstrated how little a machine amounts to when intelligently and defiantly encountered. That act showed that Davis has a genuine capacity for political leadership, and I confidently look to see him become a political leader. He is now only forty years of age. At the age of eleven he was apprenticed to the printer's trade. He enlisted while still hardly more than a child, and served in the campaigns of Tennessee and Mississippi. After the close of the war he traveled over the country, working at his trade in various cities, and gaining that intimate knowledge of the newspaper business, as it is conducted in town and country, which makes him today such an unusually ready and capable journalist. While most boys are still at school, he settled at Cincinnati, where he remained six years on the *Enquirer, Chronicle* and *Times,* and in 1872 bought the *Cosmos* at St. Charles, Mo., the oldest paper in the State, which he edited until 1876, when, broken in health, he came to Colorado to recuperate. After living out among the sheep and cattle ranches for a season, he assumed the editorial management of the *Rocky Mountain News,* and it was his fortune to edit the last issue of that paper as a Republican journal. He remained with it as news editor, after it passed into the hands of the Democrats, until the fall of 1878, when he went to Leadville and established the *Evening Chronicle*.

The camp was at that time at the flood tide of its fabulous career, and he made money with incredible rapidity. In three years he had made over fifty thousand dollars, and was on the high road to wealth, when the failure of the City National Bank brought him to his knees.

He was one of the original locators of the town sites of Aspen and Glenwood Springs. His interest in these enterprises alone would have made him a rich man, if he could have held on, but he was obliged to let go before they came to anything.

Nothing but the most indomitable pluck enabled him to keep his legs after the staggering blow of the bank failure, but his fine conduct in that unhappy scrape commanded the admiration of all classes in the camp and enabled him to tide over his difficulties.

In 1883 he bought the *Democrat,* and since that time has run two daily papers and a large weekly. For a man in his position, and of his ability, he has not interested himself much in politics, though whenever he has gone in earnestly he has invariably been successful. He was elected City Clerk in 1882, and in 1883 was appointed Postmaster. In 1884 he was chosen delegate-at-large to the National Republican convention at Chicago. In 1885 he acquired the *Morning Herald,* and consolidating it with the *Democrat,* obtained a monopoly of the newspaper and printing business of the camp. He is now in a more prosperous condition than for five or six years past, and I think we may expect to hear of him in public life before he is much older. He would be a most useful and available man. He can point to his record without a blush. When the financial collapse which wrecked three of the Leadville banks in quick succession came in 1883, he was made President of the City National. He had the honor to set himself like a rock in defense of the creditors, and the institution has paid every man in full except its own officers. That is a record that no man need fear to go into politics with.

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Subjected to the test crucible of analytical examination, Fitz Mac's "Portrait" would seem to lack consistency. So "bright" a person as he describes, surrounded by the opportunities of a century, surely ought not to have missed all of them, failed to amass a fortune, kept out of the Senate, never reached the executive chair of a great railroad, or become a great public influence. But whereas the author concedes his inability to understand it, to me the reasons are very simple, and that the younger reader may profit from the lesson, I shall enumerate a few of them.

I erred in not using other people's money in fortifying my position before it was seriously menaced.

I was over jealous of the independence of my papers and shrank from compromising that independence by becoming a debtor.

I was too strongly obsessed with the belief that I had a "mission," and that it was to attack wrong, and wrongdoers, wherever and whenever encountered, wholly regardless of consequences to myself.

I was too apprehensive that my motives would be misconstrued.

I was too zealous in the public interest. I was not content to commit the public safety to its paid guardians and natural protectors. My policy was too aggressively bold and too often impolitic. I ever found myself doing those things that militated against the interests of my newspapers.

I fought the placer trust, the duty of the courts, when it would gladly have purchased my silence.

I jeopardized my life and property by maintaining a running fight against gamblers, thugs and bunko-steerers, clearly the duty of the peace officers and the militant moralists of the pulpit.

I unnecessarily antagonized an influential body of mining men, by publishing news of mineral discoveries in their properties before they were ready to have the announcements made—before they had bought off, run away or frozen out the poor owners of surrounding territory.

I bitterly opposed the payment of a million dollar municipal debt, fraudulently created, when my silent approval would have cemented the friendship of the warrant and bond sharks.

I antagonized some of the railways, liberal newspaper patrons, by insisting upon lower freight rates.

I fought the State treasury ring and the State land board grafters, when to wink at their plundering schemes would have made me partner in the division of the swag.

I opposed the wholesale robbery of the people by grafting boards of supervisors, who cheerfully would have "whacked up" with me.

I made myself too conspicuous in my championship of law and order when organized strikers were terrorizing the community.

I displeased a clique of crooked bankers, by exposing their villainous methods.

I fought to a finish and whipped to a frazzle a coterie of schemers who sought to drain Twin Lakes, one of the most charming resorts on earth, in the interest of a gigantic irrigation scheme.

I scorned to accept, as free gifts, blocks of stock in mining companies, for the use of my name on their boards of directors.

In one morning and three afternoon editions of my papers I roasted grafters of high and low degree, exposing schemes to fleece the tax-payers at home and investors in mining shares elsewhere.

I forced the adoption of laws to protect legitimate practitioners of medicine and ran the quacks out of town.

It was truthfully said that my papers were the only ones in the State "owned by their owner"—all the rest were either owned or controlled by corporations or by some one desiring a seat in the United States Senate.

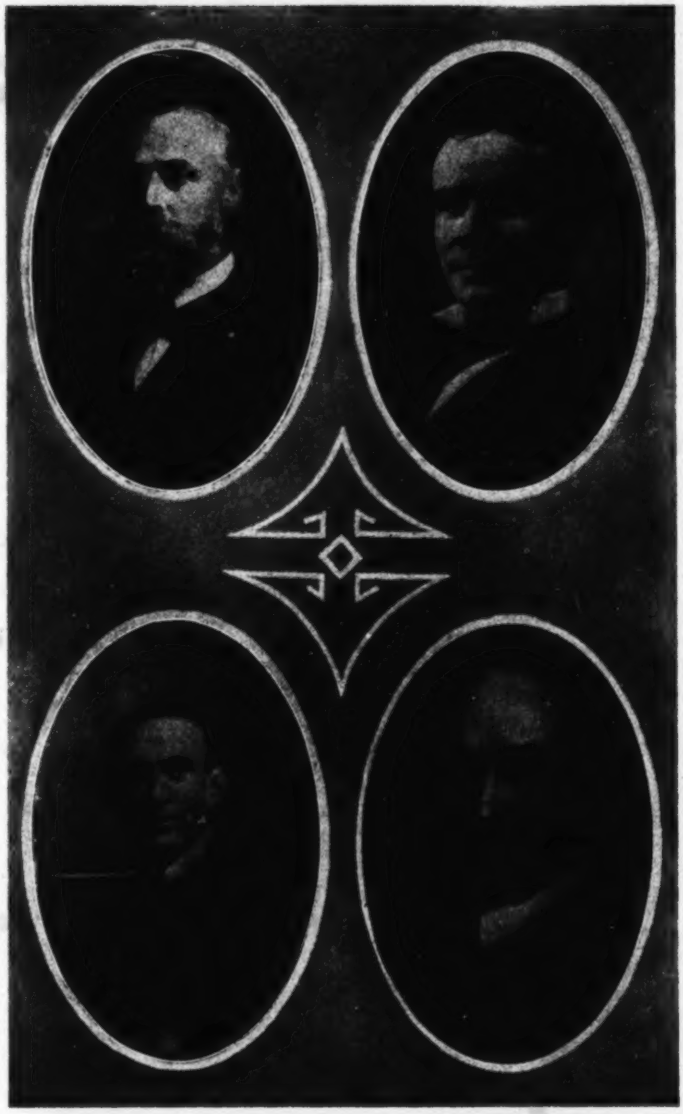
It is easy to see why I was not "generally popular," easy to see why I did not make a barrel of money, easy to see why my life was a "disappointment"—for such it was if the acquirement of power—political or financial—be the proper and chief aim of existence.

No man can persistently, day after day, week in and week out, throughout a long term of years, run contrary to the human tides, and expect to escape getting his feet wet.

As far as relates to the deliberate pursuit of policy, I probably should not do differently were the opportunity for a repetition afforded me. But as to mistakes, due to lack of education, of experience and of judgment, that is another matter. I have related how I missed becoming a millionaire by my failure to take up an option on a slice of the Robert E. Lee mine.

Only a short time after that I missed becoming a multi-millionaire by letting go, at the wrong time, my fourth interest in the wonderful mineral springs and townsite of Glenwood, in Garfield County. I had associated myself with the Blake Brothers and W. S. Shannon, a lawyer, in locating these marvelous properties, upon which hundreds of thousands of dollars have since been spent in improvements in the way of hotels, bath houses and swimming pool, and a town-site upon which a fair city of ten thousand subsequently sprang up and sprang out, not to mention mining claims almost without number, and then let the princely holding pass from my possession for a song, an act due to sheer stupidity, for want of a more appropriate name.

Then, only thirty miles distant, I joined Governor Tabor and a number of others, in locating a town site at the mouth of the Roaring Fork, to which we gave the high sounding title of "Roaring Fork City." We secured a postoffice, and the place at once became the outfitting point for a wide mineralized section. But men with greater sagacity started another town, a mile nearer the mines, and there fifteen thousand people gathered and joined in making "Aspen" one of the most beautiful and prosperous mining cities in the land. Within a year



**H. G. BRAINERD, M. D.**
Chief Nerve Specialist of
the Pacific Coast

**EUGENE FIELD**
Author, Poet, Humorist,
Dramatist

**CHARLES VIVIAN**
Founder of the Benevolent Patriotic Order of Elks

**SEELEY W. MUDD**
American Association of
Mining Engineers, Representative Guggenheim Syndicate

there was not a single inhabitant left in our "Roaring Fork City."

Missed millions again—and by a mile! Really "smart" men are not in the habit of making such egregious blunders as are here mentioned.

# CHAPTER LXVI.

## MY RELATIONS WITH THE PRESS GANG—'GENE FIELD AND HIS ECCENTRICITIES

My acquaintance with what in shop parlance is known as the "press gang" included every prominent person engaged in newspaper work in Colorado from 1876 to 1896. My relations with them were uniformly agreeable, in numerous instances decidedly congenial, and in a few cases distinctly friendly. With a single exception, briefly noted elsewhere in this volume, I never engaged in a newspaper controversy with a contemporary or permitted my papers to be used as vehicles for personal abuse of those engaged in the trade. I am rather proud of the record, because I have had abundant provocation for bitter newspaper warfare.

My most intimate associates among the journalists of Colorado were Kemp G. Cooper, for many years manager of the *Rocky Mountain News* and the *Denver Republican;* Ben Steele, the talented editor of the *Colorado Springs Gazette;* Captain J. L. Lambert, founder of the Pueblo *Chieftain;* Col. John Arkins and James M. Burnell, my associates in establishing the Leadville *Chronicle;* Ellis Meredith, of the *Rocky Mountain News;* Mr. O. H. Rothacker, the brilliant editor of the Denver *Tribune;* Fred Skiff, business manager, Eugene Field, the gifted literary contributor to the same journal during the eighties; and Sam D. Goza. Will Irwin, famed correspondent and author, was only then preparing for his subsequent brilliant career.

While writing this paragraph I am filled with wonder that I should class Eugene Field as an intimate friend, since I fail to recall any single act of kindness ever done me by that irritating and erratic genius, whereas I easily might fill a volume with scurrilous stuff he has printed about me, without hint at provocation. He belonged, however, to a small and privileged class, who could, with perfect impunity and wholly without fear of reprisal, do the most atrocious things, for which another might have been shot or hanged.

Field's fame rests upon the delightful verse, with childhood as the theme, with which he graced American literature. "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," "Little Boy Blue," and poems in the same vein scarcely without number, doubtless will long cause his name to be remembered appreciatively in every American household. "The Little Peach" will continue to "grew;" "Casey's Table d'Hote," Modjesky as Cameel," and "The Clink of the Ice," will endure. His posthumous fame will rest largely upon his contributions to contemporaneous literature while living in Chicago and contributing a column daily to *The News* of that city.

His career in Colorado was a joke, and a huge joke at that. And always he was the joker. Those whose acquaintance with him is confined to his published poems, mainly written in the later years of his life, and after he had surrendered his ambition to become the champion wine bibber of the century, will scarcely be prepared to believe the stories I feel impelled to relate here about him, but all of them are so true that the accuracy of no single item will be questioned by those who knew him in the Rocky Mountain region.

While leisurely sauntering down Larimer street in Denver, about ten o'clock one evening, I was approached by two burly policemen, rudely hustled into a patrol wagon and hurriedly driven to the City Jail. Not a word was spoken en route. The journey occupied but a few moments. Arrived at the jail, I was received by the turnkey, a man I long had known. He greeted me cordially, helped me to a cigar, and while we sat smoking together in the Desk Sergeant's office, Field and a few friends came hastily in. 'Gene had "put up the job on me," but fearing some indignity might be offered, he had run down to the jail in great haste, entering with some perturbation. The joke, in this instance, really was upon him, although it might have been otherwise had I not, fortunately, been acquainted with the turnkey.

That was but a mild sample of his practical joking.

Upon another occasion I had dropped down to Manitou for a protracted and much-needed rest. As was the custom in those days of six-day papers, Field and his chums had gone down to spend the Sabbath, intending to return on Monday in time to get out Tuesday morning's paper. On Wednesday following I had occasion to go to Denver for a single day. Meeting Field on the street, I remarked to him that he had left the Springs a day too soon. Inquiring the reason, I told him that on Monday a car-load of people from St. Joe, his old home, had arrived, and, queried as to who were in the party, I named all whom I could remember, adding that there was a girl included who already had cut quite a wide swath at Manitou, a girl of pronounced beauty and spirit, locally known as "the belle of St. Joe."

Field happened to be acquainted with the lady, and said as much but no more to me, and with that we parted.

I arose early next morning, with the purpose of taking the only train for Manitou, and, supplying myself with a copy of *The Tribune,* I repaired to the dining room of the Windsor Hotel. Turning at once to the editorial page of the paper, always the most entertaining section of it in those days, I was horrified and mortified

—if not petrified—by sight of a poem, "top of column, next to reading matter"—signed with my name, reading thus:

### *Cupid at Manitou*

I've been at the Springs for a merrisome while,
 And oh, need I tell you the rest?
Why, my soul lights my eyes with an eloquent smile,
 As a little bird sings at my breast!
Her face, like the lilies, is modest and fair,
 And her orbs with an ecstacy glow,
And cute little bangs straggle out of her hair—
 She's a darling young belle from St. Joe!

We met on the foothills, the usual way,
 I was footsore, and hungry and weak,
But my pangs disappeared like the night before day,
 And the hot blush mantled my cheek.
Ah, it's many a maiden with radiance rare,
 I've met in my walks to and fro,
But with never a maid that presumed to compare
 With the beauteous young belle of St. Joe!

I'm going to Leadville to print and to write,
 With a little bird's song in my breast,
But I'll hie to the Springs every Saturday night,
 And woo that sweet bird in her nest.
'Neath the glorious stars and the sad-visaged moon,
 While the vespers are whispering low,
I'll sit in the soughing and gloaming and spoon—
 Oh, I'm mashed on the Belle of St. Joe!

—C. C. Davis.

The "Belle of St. Joe," as she had come to be known almost before her luggage was unpacked, had been assigned to a seat at my table; I had been formally presented to her; she had been discussed about the hotel by the guests, nearly all of whom I personally knew; in the journey to Denver I had gossiped about the lady, her beauty and accomplishments, with the wife of the Governor of the State, a guest at the Manitou House.

The train for Manitou was due to leave in an hour. Take it? I could not.

Much as I needed the rest for which I had gone there, I no more dared to return at that time than if I had been guilty of purloining the hotel silver.

There was but one thing for me to do, but one recourse. I telegraphed the clerk of the house at Manitou to forward my belongings to Leadville, and I returned home by another route, my vacation ended before it fairly had begun.

This was a pretty serious practical joke, calling for reprisals. Upon my return to my office I directed that the exchange editor, hence until further notice, clip every verse, regardless of merit, that should come within the purview of his vision, and this was kept up until I had hundreds of poems gathered, poems of low and high degree, mainly of the former, which I began to print, one a day, or part of one a day, in every instance crediting the verse to Field!

It was the very beginning of 'Gene's fame as a poet, and some of the vilest verse that I gave space to soon found its way into Eastern journals, threatening forever to ruin his reputation as a versifier.

As soon as he began to realize the effect of my dastardly scheme, he plead for mercy, promising never to repeat the offense, if only I would call a halt upon the poetical quotations.

For once, and I never heard of a similar case, Field was outgeneraled. He freely admitted that I had put one over on him from which recovery was doubtful.

Faithfully he kept his pledge to me. But his other victims were numbered by the hundreds. His column of "Sharps and Flats" constituted the most entertaining feature of the *Tribune*. His wit was of the most rasping sort; it always was directed toward individuals, nor was age, dignity or position any protection from his daily assaults. For every paragraph there was a victim, with a decided and fearless preference for the man in the public eye at the time. And the rector of the leading high church was no more immune than the ward heeler. He used the names of individuals with an abandon that recognized no barriers. How he, for so long a period, escaped retribution at the hands of the bruised and battered of the populace has ever been a mystery to me. Friends believed him possessed of a charmed life. He certainly enjoys a charmed posthumous fame.

Often have I heard him remark: "Well, boys, you'll have to excuse me for a while. I've got to grind out some more 'mother rot.' "

"Mother rot" is what he denominated the delicious verse dedicated to childhood, and on which, as remarked, his fame doubtless will mainly rest. That he cared much for children is a mistaken idea. He was kind to his own; yet I've known him to go to his home on a pay-day without a penny in his purse, having "blown in" his entire week's pay in the purchase of a "curio." His collection became exceedingly valuable, and his wife refused an offer of thirty thousand dollars for it after his death.

That the reader may gain an idea of Field's "style" I will here give what he was pleased to denominate his "boss personal." Fancy a prominent and dignified citizen, a man of family, and possibly a pillar of a church, welcomed to Denver in a paragraph like this:

> "Colonel Thompson, of Crested Butte, arrived in the city last evening, accompanied by his beautiful and fascinating niece, Miss Maudie DeVere. They have apartments at the Windsor."

Another favorite diversion was to dignify, with prominence on the editorial page, some light and frivolous if not amorous verse, the product of his own pen of course, and to it he would append the name as author of some grave and reverend citizen, mayhap distinguished for many virtues, but never known to have indulged in poetic fancies.

In like manner, in verse and prose, in alleged communications and spurious interviews, this merciless Missourian, before the close of his Denver career, had given three-fourths of the population ample warrant for wishing that some one would murder him and conceal the body.

No one ever did, and he finally escaped to Chicago, where he continued to follow the bent of his peculiar genius, modified somewhat to suit the different atmosphere and police regulations, but characteristic to the last.

With what else he did at Chicago the reader doubtless is more or less familiar, for it is upon that his fame is builded. My purpose is not to deal with it, but rather, by a conscientious relation of facts, of sayings and doings, that ordinarily furnish an unerring index to character, to emphasize the frailty of the superstructure upon which posthumous fame sometimes is erected. This credits Field with a nature "like unto that of a child." With this purpose steadily in view, let me recount some of his playful, childish pranks:

An old friend had come out to Denver to introduce a new device of his own invention for extinguishing fires, a sort of hand grenade. He had appealed to Field, his only acquaintance there, to aid him in promoting his enterprise. Through 'Gene's influence permission was obtained from the authorities to place an empty cabin upon a vacant lot, ignite the structure in the presence of a multitude, including the fire department and city officials, and then demonstrate the efficacy of the new device in extinguishing the fire. That the intensity of the flames was increased by every grenade that was thrown into them, and that an entire wagon-load was sacrified in a futile effort to check their progress, astonished all except one of the spectators. The practical joker of the *Tribune* had tampered with the bottles, substituting coal oil for the chemicals they were supposed to contain!

His friend was ruined, of course, by this brutal joke, for few of the spectators were made aware of the cause of the failure of the grenade device, and a repetition of the demonstration was unthinkable.

Upon another occasion, at Manitou, Field had been given a cot in one of the corridors, there being no vacant rooms. After the other guests had retired, Field, supplied with a pitcher and bowl of water, went through all of the contortions of a much drugged individual, making such a commotion as to get all out of their beds, including proprietor and clerks. It was an immense joke, much appreciated—by Field. The house once more quieted, he went through the various corridors of the three-story hotel, changing every occupant's boots or shoes, carrying those from the first to the third story and vice versa, and then, at daylight of a quiet Sunday morning, when every guest was supposed to be enjoying his or her beauty sleep, Field got out the hotel gong and pranced through the halls with it, making such a din that sleep was forever abandoned.

On the following Monday morning he preceded the usually large throng of passengers to the station, his arm in a sling, his head bandaged with bloody rags, and threw himself upon two opposing seats, while sympathetic lady passengers stood up in the aisles.

After changing cars at Colorado Springs he painfully hobbled through the crowded coaches, hat in hand, soliciting contributions, receiving many a quarter or half, and retaining every penny!

When Rev. Geo. W. Miln abandoned the pulpit for the stage, and was announced to appear at the Tabor Opera House in the title role of Hamlet, Field was appealed to by friends of the preacher-player for fair treatment at the hands of the dramatic critic of the paper, who happened to be himself. At that time the *Tribune* was saying unpleasant things about every attraction at the Opera House, there having been a misunderstanding of some sort between the management of the paper and that of the theater. Field made satisfactory promises, and contented himself with a three-line paragraph about the event, after this highly irritating fashion:

"Rev. Geo. W. Miln played Hamlet at the Opera House last night. He played it until eleven o'clock."

Invited to a rather swell dinner by a lady friend of Colorado Springs, Field distinguished himself, and nearly extinguished the function, by the perpetration of an almost unspeakable practical joke. Slipping into the dining room, just in advance of the guests, he inserted in the body of a huge stuffed turkey that adorned the center of the table a giant fire-cracker, lighted the fuse, and made his escape to another part of the house. At the psychological moment there was a terrific explosion in the dining room. The effect in detail perhaps may be imagined. The beautiful frescoed walls were decorated with the rich dressing of the monster fowl, and no two parts of the bird were found in any one place.

Shortly before his death Field paid a visit to Los Angeles. During a call upon Dr. Norman Bridge, an old Chicago friend, he observed hanging upon the Doctor's office wall a fairly good portrait of Melville E. Stone, General Manager of the Associated Press. Taking advantage of a temporary absence of his medical friend, our practical joker took down the picture, wrote beneath it "Yours truly, 'Gene Field," and replaced it on the wall. Months elapsed before the pleasantry was discovered. A visiting friend of Dr. Bridge suggested that he had known Field in his lifetime, and thought the portrait a very poor representation!

I am loathe, even now, to deny that Field possessed some of the attributes that have endeared his name to so many hearthstones, although they were never made strikingly manifest to me during a rather intimate acquaintance and what passed for a very close friendship. I loved him I know not why. I was the victim of many pranks more cruel even than those I have related, and any one of which might have estranged me from another. I must have been under some strange hypnotic influence, for the wickedness of the things he did seemed not so to me at the time.

I am quite well aware that nothing I may write will detract from the merit of his child verse, nor would I have it do so. He indeed wrote of something that exists, whether he felt what he wrote or not, and much of his verse will endure, nothwithstanding his proneness to jocularly refer to it as "mother rot."

In her autobiography, issued in 1910, the Countess Bozenta (Helena Modjeska) relates an amusing experience with Eugene Field, quite confirmatory of my insistence that the dignity or standing of individuals never in the slightest degree restrained his penchant for practical joking. She says:

> In St. Louis I saw Mr. Eugene Field, another of the dear friends I gained in America. I admired him for his

genuine poetic talent, his originality and almost childlike simplicity, as much as for his great heart. He had indeed a many-sided and rich nature—most domestic in his family relations, a delightful host by his own fireside, and yet a perfect Bohemian in artistic circles. The author of exquisitely dainty poems, and withal a brilliant and witty humorist, he was equally lovable in all these various characters. He was full of original ideas, which often gave a quaint touch to his receptions. In later years, when he lived in Chicago, I remember a dinner, *en forme,* which he called a 'reversed one,' beginning with black coffee and ice cream and ending with soup and oysters. After the first course he delivered a most amusing toast. We were laughing so much that tears stood in our eyes. He looked compassionately around the table, and saying, 'I see that you are sad and depressed; let us have some fun,' he went to a mechanical piano and gave us a few bars of a funeral march. After each dish he returned to the instrument and treated us to some doleful tune. On a later occasion he sent us a formal invitation to a party at his house, "to meet a friend from abroad." But when we came there was no such friend, and as the evening went on the foreigner did not make his appearance. When we were on the point of leaving we heard a strange sound at the window. "At last!" exclaimed our host, and opening the window called out some name which I cannot remember. After a few seconds we saw the head of a donkey, and a most frightful braying filled the room. Eugene Field stroked caressingly the long, soft ears, until the soothing effect of his hands stopped the musical entertainment, and the introduction took place. "This is my belated friend! He is, indeed, a great donkey!" remarked our host, quite seriously. After taking leave I overheard some of the guests saying, "That was indeed a bitter satire, but I should like to know who was really that friend from abroad personified by the donkey!" Thus are commentaries written, looking for some deep, hidden meaning in a simple joke."

Notwithstanding the death sentence pronounced in 1895, I have at least survived nearly all of my journalistic confreres of that and an earlier period. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Steele, Mr. Dill, Mr. Field, Major Ward and Mr. Rothacker long since passed over the range.

Mr. Skiff, a ten-dollar-a-week reporter when I first met him, has since earned international fame as an exposition manager. He was one of the directors of the mining exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago, and then became managing director of the Field Columbian Museum; he was in charge of the United States exhibit at the International Exposition in Paris, chief of exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition, and at this writing is one of the leading spirits in the management of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. Notwithstanding his loyalty and devotion to the proprietor of the Denver *Tribune* at ten dollars a week, he was succeeded by another reporter who offered to do the work for eight dollars. But his former boss, reflecting that his treatment of Skiff had not been just, determined to restore him to his old position, and invited him to call and discuss the subject. Upon Skiff's appearance the former employer, Mr. Herman Beckurts, greeted him with: "Hello, Skiff! How are you fixed?" With a mixture of irony and good humor, Skiff replied: "Well, Mr. Beckurts, I haven't got much, but I'll loan you what I have!"

Ellis Meredith is a name to conjure with. Physically but a midget, tipping the balance below a hundred pounds, she yet is one of the most influential and forceful characters ever connected with the press of the Centennial State. She is a brilliant essayist, a profound political commentator and a most pleasing versifier. In 1893 she was summoned to Chicago to plan the furniture and select the furnishings for the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. Later she was chosen by the National

Woman's Suffrage Association to present an appeal for the ballot for women to the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate. To her efforts, perhaps, more than to any other single human instrumentality, is to be ascribed the granting to women of the ballot in Colorado. For a number of years past she has been at the head of the Electoral Commission of that State, having control of the entire voting machinery of the commonwealth. Intellectually she is a prodigy. In her grasp of the fundamentals she is a wonder. Spirited, vivacious and charmingly entertaining, she yet is modest and retiring, and wholly lacking in self-assertiveness. In 1904 she spent a few hours at my home in the San Gabriel Valley, and thus referred to it in a communication to the Denver *Times*.

* * * A week or so later I spent the day with him and Mrs. Davis on their beautiful walnut ranch, a mile from San Gabriel. The second Mrs. Davis was no flighty or designing girl when she met Cad Davis, but a woman of sound judgment and mature years. If ever two people were happy together they are, and if ever a woman saved a man's life when he was on the verge, and helped him back to something like old-time vigor, the present Mrs. Davis is that woman. For Cad Davis —which sounds so much more natural than Carlyle Channing—is doing extremely well for himself. He has accumulated a good deal more than a competence, and is regarded as a shrewd and careful business man. He has offices in the Mason Opera House in Los Angeles. He has grown younger himself, if anything, during the past ten years; and if his investments turn out anything like as well as they promise, he will soon possess more wordly wealth than he ever owned in this State after the panic. * * * Hasn't the time almost come when a man and woman may elect to go their separate ways without having to blacken the character of the other by way of self-justification? Remem-

bering the pain and loneliness of her life, and the greatest sorrow that she had always to bear—a sorrow in no way brought upon her by Mr. Davis—her release is a mercy. But in times like this, when one speaks tenderly of the dead, we should be careful to be just to the living.

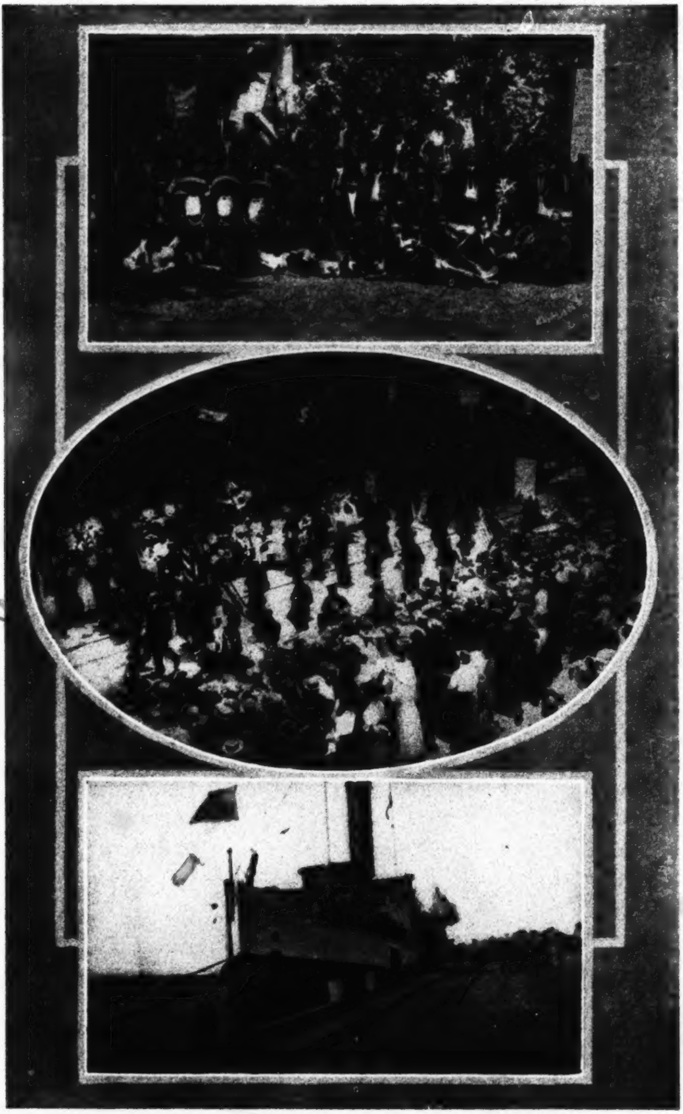
# CHAPTER LXVII.

## SURRENDER TO NATURE'S EXACTIONS—LIFE IN THE PALACES OF THE AFFLICTED

How meager the knowledge of learned doctors and eminent specialists! In 1895, after a most thorough examination, I was by them sentenced to death! I might live three months, possibly a year, but beyond that they held out little hope. A presumably incurable ailment had for twelve years been making insidious inroads upon my nervous system, culminating, in midsummer of that year, in a complete collapse. My office force was so well organized, it was believed it would hold together, for a time at least, and until disposition could be made of the institution I had been nearly two decades in building up. I was removed to Denver, and in St. Luke's Hospital and the Williams-Marquette Sanitarium I spent seventeen weeks, in the care and under the heavenly ministrations of as devoted a band of nurses as ever wore insignia of their order.

I no more heard the clank of presses or the exhaust of engines, but awoke each morning to the soothing strains of vocal music and the mellowing peals of organ in the chapel, enjoyed a dainty tray breakfast, and waited with eagerness the morning call of the doctor—the kindly, gentle, sympathetic doctor, who looked so profoundly wise, and, relatively, knew so little! A few instructions to the attendants, a bit of encouragement to the patient, and off to the next room, leaving me to my own devices until the evening round of visits.

At first no callers were to be admitted, but the nurses,



Cook Drum Corps in Sycamore Grove, Los Angeles
Parade of the Corps in Spring Street, Los Angeles
Guests of the Author on Excursion to Catalina Island

God bless them, early smuggled in a few, and the favorable effect was so marked as to warrant them in recommending that the doors be thrown open to all comers. The visits of the eight hundred friends of whom a record was preserved by the nurses did more to restore me to normal status, I do verily believe, than all the morphia, cannibus Indica, strychnine, and other drugs with unpronounceable Latin names, with which I was plied.

Never before had it been so much as whispered that my backbone needed strengthening, yet the course of treatment called for half an hour of enforced stretching daily, until it was found that I had grown in stature three-quarters of an inch!

Barring the essential odors of iodoform and sundry other disinfectants, I rather enjoyed the invalided experience. One has such expansive opportunities for introspection, for reflection, for mental resolution, for review of all that has gone before. All the influences of earth and air, the surroundings and environment and association of a modern hospital and sanitarium are distinctly soothing and comforting, encouraging and helpful—all make for mental and physical rehabilitation. My sole grievance was the ban against smoking, but even that restraining rule was minimized by my sympathetic and ingenious nurses, who daily, in mid-afternoon, stuffed the door and window jambs with cotton, to prevent the escape of smoke, and with one standing guard outside, to warn callers that I was sleeping and must not be disturbed, the other entertained me with pleasing stories, while I enjoyed my fragrant Havana!

How artfully I bribed those sweet nurses to break house rules, with theater tickets and carriage drives, the doctor, nor yet the director or head nurse, never knew, and here will learn, if ever, for the first time—for I didn't die in accordance with the program—nor yet die at all, and have lived so many years since that most of the young nurses have grown to maturity, and mayhap maternity, if not grandmotherdom, while even the doctor himself long ago passed over the range, and into the realm to which he had decreed I must precede him. I forgive him his false predictions and am willing there should be placed on his tomb a duplicate of the spirit of that notice which it was once facetiously said adorned a Leadville church: "Don't shoot the organist: He does the best he can."

While convalescing my Leadville holdings were disposed of, and preparations made for my removal to sea level, where it was thought my declining days might be spent in comparative comfort.

Col. D. B. Robinson, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, had proffered his private car in which to convey me to California, declaring that if I would not take it at the Union Station in Denver, he would "back it up to the hospital," and, to circumvent his machinations, I finally slipped away between two days, giving him no hint of date of departure. I felt that I would prefer walking to riding alone in a private car.

A consultation of doctors had culminated in the decree that I could no longer hope to live, even at the altitude of Denver, and I had been given but a day in which to return to Leadville, arrange my tangled affairs, and say a lasting farewell to the scenes and the people I loved so much. This, I did, as the lawyers say, "in words and figures following, to-wit:"

I have this day—indeed only this hour, so to say—concluded the sale of all my Leadville newspaper properties to a company of which the well-known, the brilliant, the distinguished, young newspaper editor and manager, Mr. Wm. H. Griffith, is the head. It remains to me only to say farewell to the people among whom I have lived so long, and among whom I have found so many ties of friendship which it cannot be otherwise than sad and painful to me, in my condition, to sever, with so little hope that they can ever in this world be renewed. I have lived among you 17 years. We have struggled together for our prosperity. We have wept together for our dead.

The position of an editor, in a community like this, where he becomes personally known to all, is much like that of school master. He cannot hope that his motives will always be understood and appreciated.

I have worked among you and with you and for you, not always indeed to your satisfaction, but always earnestly according to my poor best, and on the whole you have always sustained me with a patience, and mostly with a cordial faith in my poor labors, which it fills my heart with gratitude to remember. Now that I am leaving you forever, I think it cannot seem to any one foolish or unmanful that I should say, now that the labor of life is ended, now that I am going away to await, with such fortitude as I may, the coming of the angel of peace and rest, the silent angel of death—now that I am, like an old and worn out teacher, closing the old school house, casting one last, sad, tearful look about upon the old desks, the old play-grounds—one regretful, self-reproachful look upon the old ferule—to say, in such a sad moment, that the people of this now strong and substantial community, among whom, and with whom, I have labored, and who have so patiently and appreciatively sustained me since we began together the building up from a rough log cabin camp, that you were at this moment, yourselves, your interests, your children, your dead, for whom we have wept together—that you, and all that you cherish, seem inexpressibly dear to me, now that I am parting from you.

And I hope it cannot be thought unmanful weakness to cherish the hope that you may have a tender and forgiving memory for my shortcomings, and remember only that I have wrought according to my poor best.

My successor takes possession of an establishment already solidly built up, and which with his brilliant and charming capabilities as a writer and manager, he is certain to expand and extend the influence of the Leadville press far beyond anything I have permitted myself to hope for or attempt. I beg to commend him to the patient and appreciative good will with which you have so long sustained my own poor endeavors.

And, now, dear friends, school is out—for me at least—and so farewell—farewell, and God be with you all.

# CHAPTER LXVIII.

## BOARDING THE OREGON—ON TO ZION—A NEMESIS SHELTERED IN HOME FOR VETERANS

With that semi-hysterical screed, I finally quitted Leadville, my sadness at parting but meagerly expressed. I yet hoped eventually to be able to live at the altitude of Denver, and consented to go to California for a season, more as a concession to the advice of doctors and friends than conviction of necessity. I set my face to the westward with something like Spartan courage, spurning the suggestion of a nurse, but suffering for the need of one before reaching the coast.

A year under the friendly skies of Southern California performed wonders for me, but my love for and loyalty to Colorado had increased rather than diminished, and I determined to return.

During a few days' sojourn in San Francisco, en route thither, I joined an excursion party of newspaper and railway men to the Golden Gate, to meet the "Oregon" on its way north from the Santa Barbara channel, where it had made a most successful trial trip in the government proving grounds there. The now famous vessel had not been painted, its armament had yet to be provided, and water several inches deep was washing its decks, when we boarded her in mid-channel.

No member of our party for a moment realized what an acquisition the "Oregon" was to be to the country's navy, what a record journey it was so soon to make down the lengthened Pacific coast, around Cape Horn, and up the Atlantic side, in time to strike such telling blows in the historic sea fight at Santiago, in which the flower of the Spanish navy was rammed and battered to pieces and left stranded on the Southern shores of Cuba. But she was the product of California ingenuity, skill and superior handicraft, and all were justly proud of the magnificent record for speed just made in the harbor of Santa Barbara.

Her reception at San Francisco was in keeping with the high character of the craft, and the important place her maiden trip was destined to have in the fast-forming history of Uncle Sam's navy. Every vessel in the bay, from Sausalito to the Union Iron Works, was dressed in the colors, from deck to tip of main mast, flags and pennants floated in the balmy breeze everywhere on land and water, jack tars without number lined the yard-arms of all the craft, cannons boomed, whistles shrieked and bells clanged, while the air fairly trembled with the cheers of the multitude that from every vantage point joined in the acclaim to the great sea fighter that was to be.

After a hasty tour of the Sound cities, I went eastward over the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's line to Utah's capital, on my way to Denver. At Salt Lake City I was met with two calamities, either of which was sufficient to compel a complete change in my plans. The old malady attacked me with renewed vigor, and the best advice I could procure from medicos was to hasten back to sea level.

At the same time there appeared on the scene a Nemesis, in the shape of a representative of dependents, claiming one hundred per cent. more property than I owned, and rather than contend for a fair division, I made over to him, for their benefit, everything I possessed, save the necessary expense of the return journey to the coast. I then made application to the Pacific

Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, near Santa Monica. There, under the shelter of the roof provided by an appreciative government for its saviors and dependents, I had determined to spend the remainder of my days, be they short or long.

But conditions at the Home were not as I had anticipated, and my sojourn there, for the greater part of a year, was a decidedly mixed pleasure. I was assigned to a cot on the third floor of a barracks building, into which, under the rules, the admission of food was not permitted. Often, because of my crippled condition, I could not reach the main dining room, and at such times I suffered for want of nourishment. There was not a vacant bed in the hospital where I could have been properly cared for. I was the victim of conditions for which the management was in no wise responsible.

Another feature of life in such a place, one beyond correction of course, is the enforced association with a class of men without character or companionable quality, the only qualification for admission being an honorable discharge from army or navy, and inability to earn a livelihood by manual labor.

This environment, to a man of my nervous condition and sensitive temperament, was well nigh unbearable. But I sustained the burden with such fortitude as I could command until relief came—from an unexpected quarter.

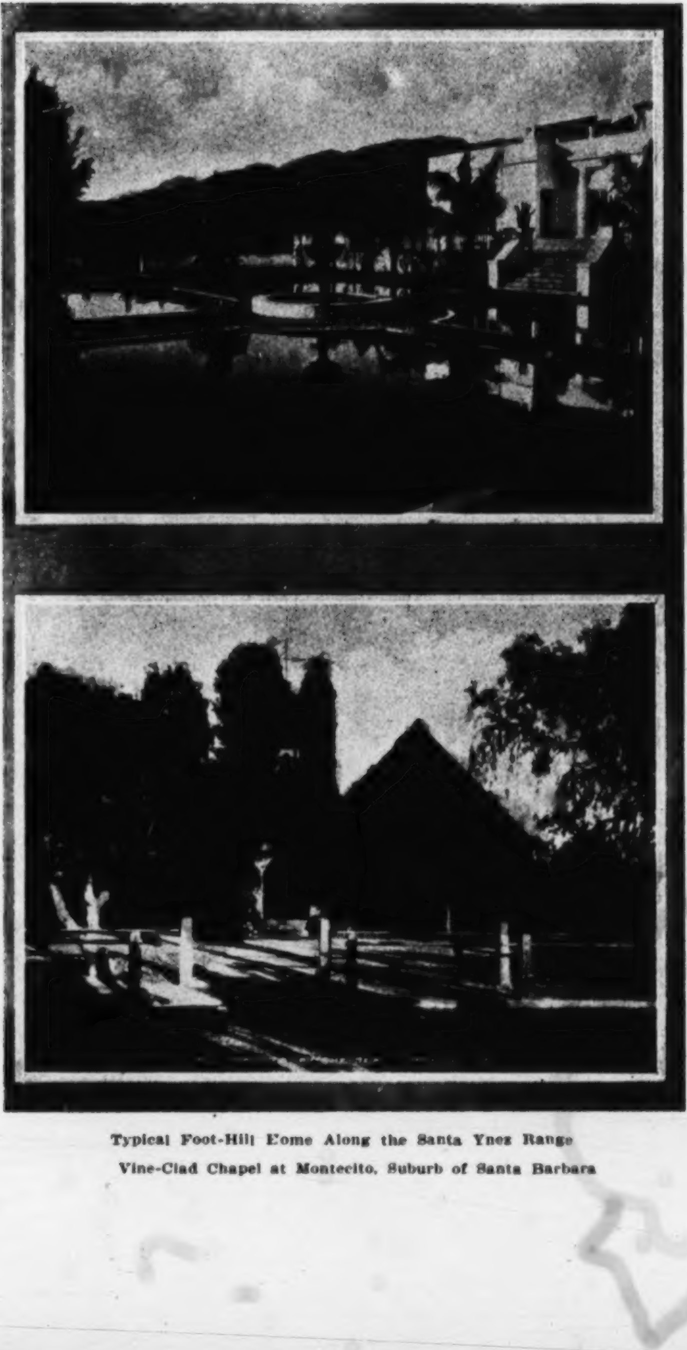
I had previously, during my stay in Los Angeles, been a patient at the Southern California Sanitarium, on Grand Avenue, owned and managed by Miss Mary Alice Summers, herself a trained nurse of many years' experience, only a year my junior. Advised that I had returned to the coast, and found refuge at the Home, she visited me there, and, learning the conditions under which I suffered, assumed the task of correcting them.

Enlisting the interest of Dr. H. G. Brainerd and a number of the Los Angeles physicians in my case, their influence with the Chief Surgeon was sufficient to secure my admission to the Home Hospital. Thereafter, during the remaining period of my stay, Miss Summers brought or sent to me, almost daily, such food as I was accustomed to and which was adapted to my requirements, her heaven-sent ministrations removing all cause for complaint on the score of physical needs. I was frequently permitted to visit her home in the city, eighteen miles distant, brief furloughs always being obtainable. This was a privilege I enjoyed beyond expression.

I had parted with all of my savings, petitioned the government for a pension, and had almost come to feel that an impassable gulf separated me from the world in which I had been such a restless atom. But another great grief burdened my heart, and was an ever-present menace to my peace of mind. The wife of twenty-five years, who never entertained an unsatisfied wish, had not only accepted the last dollar I possessed on earth, and permitted me to become a public charge, but had, as I was informed and believed, justified her act with a claim that I was mentally unbalanced and unable longer to manage large property interests!

Able to overlook other shortcomings, this to my mind was the limit. It seemed to me that an attack upon the integrity of my mental faculties, under all the circumstances, was wholly unforgivable, and was the moving cause for two subsequent acts. The first was a divorce, the decree for which I permitted the wife to take upon a cross-complaint to my petition, and the second, a return to Colorado—should my health permit—for occular demonstration of my sanity.

"Marriage," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the nursery of heaven."



Typical Foot-Hill Home Along the Santa Ynez Range

Vine-Clad Chapel at Montecito, Suburb of Santa Barbara

The right mating of man and woman is the divinest of gifts to humanity. But I had been unfortunate in the extreme in my selection, and had for twenty years led a most wretched domestic existence. However, it had not, until this last blow fell, been my purpose to seek relief in a divorce court; and my consent to her taking the decree, by my non-appearance, was in keeping with a conviction, always strong with me, that regardless of reasons or circumstances, the man should take upon himself whatever odium may attach to a legal separation, and make it as easy and unembarrassing as possible for the weaker member of the union.

# CHAPTER LXIX.

## AGAIN IN HARNESS—SECOND COLLAPSE—PROPOSAL BY WIRE—SHIRT-WAIST WEDDING

Under the improved conditions at the Home, for which I was solely indebted to the disinterested solicitude and attentions of Miss Summers, I steadily gained strength, and by the 1st of May, 1897, against the counsel of herself and the Home surgeon, I made preparations for a return to Colorado. I fairly burned with eagerness to prove to my thousands of friends in that State that I had been woefully and cruelly libelled, and entertained a yet lingering hope that, with care, I might continue to live under its bright skies and effulgent sunshine.

Fortune favored me, for I hardly had landed in Denver before I was tendered the position of Managing Editor of the *Times*. Former associates of the press gang extended a welcome that fairly warmed the cockles of my heart. With no worries or business entanglements, no domestic heart burns or earthly ties to distract, I entered upon my duties with a light heart and a fixed determination to make good all along the line. Without egotism, I believe the editorial page of the *Times,* during the summer of 1897, reflected intelligent and well-directed effort. Certain I am that it displayed the best work of my life, and I felicitated myself that few if any readers of the paper believed it was being conducted by a lunatic.

But, Alack! and Alas! With the first breath of fall, the first visitation of wintry zephrys from Long's and Gray's Peak, came a return of my old malady, intensified, no doubt, by my arduous labors on the paper, and again the best professional advice I could obtain was to hasten away.

I was some time in reaching California, however, and sundry unlooked-for events occurred before I was permitted again to view the placid waters of the Pacific. An unusually severe attack of pain en route forced me to stop at Las Vegas Hot Springs, New Mexico. While there, after two days' effort, I succeeded in locating Miss Summers at Sault Saint Marie, Michigan, where she was visiting a sister. To her I sent what perhaps was the most unique message ever filed with the Western Union. After filing it I was in somewhat of a quandry as to whether it would be taken as a joke or the hysterical act of a lunatic, but what follows shows the outcome rather clearly:

In the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

*This is to certify that*

On the 13th Day of September, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-seven, at Las Vegas, in the Territory of New Mexico, I joined together in

*Holy Matrimony*

Mr. Carlyle C. Davis and Miss Mary Alice Summers, according to the rights of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, and in conformity with the laws of the Territory of New Mexico. In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed my name, this thirteenth day of September, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-seven.

GEORGE SELBY,
Rector Missionary Parish of Las Vegas.

Witnesses:
MRS. GEO. SELBY,
BEATRICE ATKINS.

I had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a union with Miss Summers. I was penniless, with an incurable disease, promising candidate for a wheel chair at an early day at best, and a future dependent solely upon her professional ability to keep me on my feet, or at least in condition to perform literary labor.

She took the awful chance, and never since has whispered a regret for having done so.

My condition called for a quick decision, nor was there time for the building of a trosseau. She wanted to have the privilege of caring for me, and hastened to Las Vegas.

The minister was ready. The minister's wife was ready. Two others' hearts were ready. It was a "shirt-waist" wedding. But it was divinely good, and has proved divinely lasting.

After a few weeks' treatment at the Hot Springs, under the skilled nursing of my wife, we were ready to resume our journey to Los Angeles.

With the promise of financial support from confiding friends, I determined to purchase an interest in one of the established journals of that city, and, with a view of first obtaining dependable data as to standing and prospects, I accepted the position of chief editorial writer on the *Herald,* the oldest morning paper there, performing the duties for the better part of a year, but convinced, at the end of that period that I could not afford to accept the property as a gift. So completely intermixed with corporations was its ownership that success seemed quite beyond realization. I think my determination in this matter was one of the most sagacious acts of my newspaper career, inasmuch as far more capable journalists subsequently failed to keep it afloat, and permitted it to suspend as a morning journal in 1912.

Holy Santa Barbara! Stern in thy beauty,
Fair in thy majesty, lovely in duty;
Steadfast and honest! With honors due thee,
Hail! We salute thee!

Firm in the truth as thy thought had revealed it!
True unto death; thy conviction ne'er yielded
Till with the seal of thy heart's blood thou sealed it!
Hail! We salute thee!

Faithful and steadfast—nor wavering nor faltering
Not for the ease of life turning or altering;
Not with thy soul for the world's acclaim paltering!
Hail! We salute thee!

Legend or truth, thy story embue us,
With love of thy courage that with love of thee drew us,
With courage unfaltering thy spirit embue us!
Hail! We salute thee!

In the autumn of 1898 we went to Santa Barbara, and were so captivated by the scenic beauties and equable climate of that matchless seaside resort that we determined to locate there, for a few years at least. Although more than abundantly supplied with newspapers, I was conceited enough to believe I could make a place for another, and early in 1899 I launched what I believe to have been the handsomest daily paper ever printed in the United States. Indeed, it was so faultless in its typographical appearance as to draw out from the Mergenthaler Linotype Company a lengthy commendatory letter.

I secured a franchise from the Associated Press, published the full western afternoon report, imported talented literary and reportorial writers, and started on a voyage as brilliant as it was brief.

I soon discovered my error, and suspended publication of *The Santa Barbara* four months after its birth.

This was my first business failure; but the enterprise was full fifty years in advance of the requirements of the community. The inception was a grievous error, due to mistaken judgment as to the temperament of the community; but the blunder was at least partially redeemed by my sagacity in abandoning it before more of my backers' money was wasted in a fruitless endeavor to compel people to accept something they obviously did not want.

But I continued to reside in Santa Barbara for two years, giving much of my time, without compensation, to civic betterment. A brief recital of my volunteer efforts and success in this behalf may not be wholly lacking in interest.

The primary requirement of the city was a bath house. A seaside resort, not without fame on two continents, was nevertheless destitute of accommodations for bathing. For twenty-five years the people had been waiting for some one to supply the need. But bathing establishments are proverbially unprofitable, and private capital could not be persuaded to make the venture. When I located there the community was discussing the practicability of bonding the city for the purpose. But legal obstacles intervened, and that method had to be abandoned. Finally, and by private subscription, the only available site for a bath house was purchased, and held for some sort of future disposition.

It was a wise step, but only a step, and I was not content with it. Waiting for private capital to volunteer to engage in an obviously unprofitable enterprise did not strike me as just the thing, and being named as Chairman of the Bath House Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, I began to put my own ideas to the test.

The Chamber named as my associates on the committee Mr. Jno. F. Diehl, the leading merchant, and Mr.

Walter Hawley, large capitalist and principal owner of the Arlington Hotel. These gentlemen heartily approved of my plan of campaign, and lent valuable assistance in carrying it to a successful issue. I advertised in the leading journals of San Francisco and Los Angeles, offering a long lease of the site at $1.00 per annum, exemption from taxation for a number of years, and a free fresh water supply.

Among the responses to the advertisement was one from Mr. Roy Jones, son of the late Senator J. P. Jones, of Nevada, a man of resources and practical experience. He was President of the North Beach Bath House at Santa Monica, an institution upon which $60,000 had been expended, but which had never earned a dividend, although the chief bathing reliance for half a million people. The reason given was the high cost of heating water for the swimming pool.

Just prior to my first meeting with Mr. Jones, the extensive plant of the United Electric, Gas and Power Company had been located alongside the bath house, and the exhaust steam from its boilers, utilized without cost, in heating the water of the pool. That excessive expense item removed, large dividends were in sight.

Mr. Jones suggested a duplication of that scheme for Santa Barbara, but it was impracticable, because of the remoteness of the existing power plants there from the bath house site. However, the suggestion gave me a hint of a plan by which it could be worked out.

The United Electric, Gas and Power Company owned gas and electric plants at a number of beach points, and was known to be desirous of extending its territory. The President of this corporation agreed with me that if I could secure an option upon the electric light plant at Santa Barbara upon his terms he would take over its property, "scrap" its machinery, erect a new power house adjacent to the bath house site, and thus be able to heat the water for a large swimming pool without expense.

The scheme, nevertheless, was beset with many difficulties. The Electric Company was earning comfortable dividends, but at the same time it owned an unprofitable gas plant, and it was unwilling to part with the one without unloading the other.

A counter proposition comprehended a dual deal of this nature, supplemented with an agreement to erect a bath house to cost not less than $10,000.

After long and vexatious negotiations and delays, I succeeded in closing a deal along these lines, although it subsequently was found that $10,000 would scarcely more than start the structure. Fifty thousand dollars was finally expended, and Santa Barbara, without cost to its people, at last could boast of the finest bathing establishment on the Pacific Coast, adjacent to the plaza and the leading hotel. The Mission style of architecture was adopted, and it became the pride of the city.

The United Electric, Gas and Power Company erected and equipped on property adjoining the most modern power plant on the coast, rehabilitated the gas plant and opened a large sales room for the display of gas and electric fixtures.

Later it acquired the Santa Barbara Consolidated Electric Railway Company's holdings, extended its lines, laid heavier rails and largely added to its rolling stock.

The building of the bath house and the making of the improvements here noted were the moving incentives to the erection by Mr. Milo M. Potter of a million dollar hotel on the ocean front, and before this acquisition was fully realized a decided impetus was given to building of homes and mercantile establishments all over the city, and there was in the years following a considerable augmentation of the population.

I have dwelt at some length upon this achievement of the Bath House Committee, less with the purpose of self-glorification than to illustrate the value of advertising to a community as well as to individuals and corporations. All of the benefits enjoyed by Santa Barbara are directly traceable to a five line announcement in the *Los Angeles Times*.

Upon taking over the gas and electric plants, the United Electric, Gas and Power Company tendered to me the position of General Manager, and placed me in charge of all its property in Santa Barbara. This was put in a high state of efficiency, and later sold to the Southern California Edison Company.

I continued my activities in the Chamber of Commerce as Chairman of the Committee on Publicity and Promotion, on Finance and on Federal Building. In the last named capacity I caused to be introduced into Congress, by Hon. R. J. Waters, of Los Angeles, a bill appropriating an adequate sum of money for the erection of a Federal Postoffice, influenced the indorsement of the bill by both the San Francisco and Los Angeles Chambers of Commerce, and induced the owners of two eligible sites to tender title to them free of cost to the government. Undertakings of this nature move slowly, and Santa Barbara did not realize its ambition for federal recognition for some years.

The Chamber of Commerce membership included a number of very active, intelligent, sagacious, far-seeing men, conspicuous among whom was Mr. John F. Diehl, and with him and others on the several committees I worked constantly and devotedly along the lines of civic betterment, rewarded by witnessing great improvement on the ocean front, in the repair of old and the building of new roads and trails, and the appropriation of State funds for sundry public institutions.

How much the people of Santa Barbara owe to a score of devoted, self-sacrificing workers of the period in the Chamber of Commerce directory is recorded in many visible works of improvement. The only compensation they received was the conviction of each that he had contributed his time, efforts and money, without expectation of reward, in rehabilitating one of the most beautiful cities on the continent, a city with priceless natural advantages, but which up to that period had not nearly been appreciated, and only partially taken advantage of.

# CHAPTER LXX.

## AGAIN WITH ANGELS—CREATING FICTION AND DEALING IN JUNK—FARMER ONCE MORE

The wonderful building boom enjoyed by Los Angeles in the first two decades of the century began in 1900, and in the spring following we decided to return and make yet another effort to rehabilitate a depleted fortune. That of course was not possible in the pursuit of my profession. But at Santa Barbara I had about dissipated my wife's meagre savings, and I could not afford to remain idle for any extended period. I, therefore, accepted the first position proffered me, that of managing editor of the *Daily Journal*. There is not supposed to be any place in a modern daily newspaper office for a "lame duck," but I made good in this place, the requirements not being very exacting. Indeed I was able to supplement my editorial work on the *Journal* with a book on "Lead Smelting By Blast Furnace," the technical features of which were furnished by the eminent chemist and metallurgist, Dr. M. W. Iles, who for twenty years was head chemist for the Globe and the Omaha and Grant Smelters at Denver, and inventor of the "Bag House," a device for extracting precious metal values from the fumes of the furnace, theretofore escaping into the atmosphere. This work has since become something of a text book for assayers, chemists and metallurgists.

Included in a number of contributions to the periodical press, the East as well as the West, was: "Ramona, the Real and the Ideal," illustrated and published in the

December, 1903, edition of "Out West" Magazine. By reason of my previous long acquaintance with the author of "Ramona," Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson ("H.H.") at Colorado Springs, and my wife's intimacy with the Del Valles and Coronels in California, we were enabled to collaborate with success in dissipating the many fictions regarding the romantic novel of Ramona, the sale of which has been exceeded by but one other purpose novel, the immortal work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Our contribution to Out West magazine ran through several editions, and elicited letters of inquiry from all parts of the world. In this we told the whole story, from inception to close, and embellished it with portraits of all the principal characters and a number of scenes, including, amongst the former, Ramona as a child, Senator R. L. Del Valle, the "Senor Felipe" of the romance; Senora Dona Ysabel del Valle, the "Senora Moreno;" Don Antonio F. Coronel and Dona Mariana de Coronel, who inspired the romance and aided the author in its preparation, as well as of the author herself, from a painting by Harmon. The scenes depicted included a view of Camulos ranch; the patio at Camulos; "El Recreo," the old Coronel home in Los Angeles; Don Antonio, Dona Mariana and her sister in a Spanish dance on the veranda, as well as a number of Indian groups at Camulos, Pala Mission and elsewhere.

This work was so well received, and the demand for it so much in advance of the supply, that I later decided to reproduce it in book form, largely extending the text and multiplying the illustrations. The title was changed to "The True Story of Ramona," and a handsome volume issued from the art press of the Dodge Publishing Co., New York, in October, 1914. The work was well received by book reviewers throughout the country, the New York *Times* including it in a list of "the most important and useful books of the year." It is on the market in cloth, $2.00 and full leather, $5.00.

I spent the summer of 1902 in an exceedingly strenuous struggle with the grim spectre of Death, triumphing over him in August of that year, under the intelligent and scientific direction of Dr. H. G. Brainerd, the eminent nerve specialist, and the devoted attention of my wife, who scarcely left my bedside during that long and trying battle with the great Reaper. Convalescence was slow, and nearly two years passed before I was able to do much save with my pen in bed.

Once again on my feet, I got busy with a scheme to put money in my purse, and would have made quite a little fortune had I possessed the capital necessary to finance a promising undertaking. Associated with a number of gentlemen I secured a franchise from Mr. Henry E. Huntington for advertising in the cars of his Los Angeles electric system, and assigned it to the "West Coast Advertising Company," a corporation of which I became president. Unable to equip the cars, a very considerable sum being required, I was forced to part with control, and soon after, minority ownership being irksome, I took a much lesser profit than I should have received, and retired from the company.

Given a natural grove of oranges, lemons or walnuts, plus a comfortable modern bungalow, and ranch life in Southern California is ideal, especially if one has a bank or other profitable business in a near by city to compensate for the usual hiatus between income and outgo.

O, yes, I have heard of the man who, upon a five acre plot of ground, supported a large family above interest upon investment, only I never happened to encounter him in the flesh. Nor did I ever harbor the fallacy that, after failing in all other undertakings, a man can always make a success of farming. It did not require experience to convince me that it calls for a higher degree of intelligence than almost any other pursuit—greater watchfulness and devotion, a keener perception, sounder judgment. I went on to a ranch in the San Gabriel Valley in 1904, anticipating just about what subsequently happened. It was set solid to English walnuts, presumably in full bearing, and the net returns from which would about pay the "keep" of a man and a team. The profit and "living" must come from what could be produced between the rows of trees and in the product of henery and rabbitry. There was naught else on the place but a mortgage. Rare indeed is the California ranch without a mortgage! I managed to acquire a team and the necessary implements and tools. Then I built a barn which sheltered self and wife till I could erect a suitable dwelling, the live stock meanwhile consigned to a shed. I realize that these details are not of thrilling interest, but they seem to me to serve a purpose.

White men cannot compete with Orientals in truck gardening, hence I gave my attention to special crops. Sweet potatoes were most promising. Formerly the market had opened at 7 to 10 cents per pound, declining to 3 cents. But it was my luck to strike a 3-cent opening market, declining to 1 cent. Otherwise I should have netted sufficient from my first crop to build a home.

The next year I went in for Casaba melons, supposed to mature in mid-winter and yield fabulous holiday returns. No soil was ever better prepared, no young shoots ever more devotedly nurtured. But the crop fully matured in *September,* and it would have puzzled a Burbank to classify the yield. It was neither a melon nor a cucumber, but a cross between the two, which neither chickens nor hogs would eat. The seedsman had sold me a gold brick, and lawyers advised me I could not recover.

But the flowers and plants and vines, early started, now began to glorify the place with their blossoms and verdure. I had sold a part of the land, and with the proceeds erected a unique bungalow, a rustic bridge and a pergola. We named the place "La Unica," and it soon was regarded as a show place.

Finally, I hit upon one thing that could be raised with certainty. That was the price. One can always raise the price on a Southern California ranch. Then I sold at an advance of $1600 an acre, and later took over a grain ranch in Orange County, swapping that for orange groves in Duarte, and, almost before I was aware of it, I was engaged in the real estate business, swapping city for country, and country for city, to the great delight and profit of regular agents, who absorbed in commissions about all the real money that developed in the various deals. I did not carry this to its ultimate conclusion, else I should eventually have landed in the poor house. Just how long it can profitably be engaged in is a problem that perhaps might be referred to the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

A dealer, desiring to illustrate the dullnes of the realty market, once said to me: "The truth is, we're all in a hole down here, and everybody is engaged in trading holes." While in the business a number of incidents developed emphasizing the proneness of a class to dishonesty. Thus, for an equity in a vacant lot, upon which I was paying interest upon an $1800 mortgage, I was offered a clear property in Kern County, consisting of two acres of ground, improved with a two-story cement house, occupied by the leading mercantile establishment of the place, the postoffice and sleeping rooms. Thus the owner pictured it, adding that he had realized $50 a month rent for a long period, and had never been assessed for taxation.

It was a very alluring proposition, and my first impulse was to close the deal at once, lest it get away from me. But prudence dictated a little probing.

Replies to letters of inquiry developed these facts: That three years previously the postoffice had been discontinued and every house in town except this one taken down and removed to Johannesburg (being of cement it could not be moved); that it had never been occupied by store, postoffice, or anything else; and finally that it occupied unsurveyed government land, and hence was not taxable! A cement house in the desert, with a woeful past, and a more woeful future! I looked up that owner, and forced him to reimburse me for my outlay in disclosing his rascality.

But this incident discounts the one just related: For a Los Angeles property I was offered in exchange a 40-acre ranch in the northern part of the county, twenty acres in alfalfa, twenty acres raw land. Providing the two "flowing wells" would furnish sufficient water to irrigate the entire tract, it would be an acceptable "swap." I inspected the ranch and was pleased with its appearance. A mammoth reservoir was well nigh overflowing. The wells didn't "flow," but there was a fine pumping plant on the place, and I requested that it be put in motion. The engine worked handsomely, like a thing of life, but not a drop of water issued from the pump. The circumstance amazed the owner even more than it did me, but after a hurried consultation with his foreman, he divested himself of boots, waded into the reservoir and turned a lever, when straightaway a generous flow came from the pump. Something was said about a "converting lever," but it didn't impress me at the time, and everything being shown to my satisfaction the exchange was made. Several months later, after I had disposed of the ranch, the true inwardness of that manip-

Mission Home Built by the Author at Santa Barbara
Author's Bungalow in South Pasadena
Home of the Author in Oneonta Park

ulation of a "converting lever" was disclosed. The owner had operated the pump eighteen consecutive hours before the date of my visit, in order to make a showing of a vast supply in the reservoir; but he had overdone the trick, leaving the well dry. However, he had previously run a four-inch pipe line from reservoir to well, and at will could turn a lever and empty the former into the latter. Thus, when I viewed the operation, four inches of water was being emptied into the well while the pump was lifting but two inches out of it. Had I been at all suspicious of such trickery, I would soon have witnessed the phenomenon of the water disappearing from the reservoir faster than it was being pumped into it. I should never have known the trick played upon me had not the rascal returned to the neighborhood at a later period and boasted of his achievement.

Joyous to me of all the months in later years was September, 1912, when the Grand Army of the Republic held its national encampment in Los Angeles. Stellar feature of the function was the presence in all of the parades and at all of the receptions of the George W. Cook Drum Corps and Band, of Denver, which I had assisted in organizing thirty years previously. The corps consists of eighty men and three girls, all wearing an attractive uniform. The *piece de resistance* of this band is a patriotic musical number entitled "The Battle of Gettysburg," its production occupying from half to three-quarters of an hour. This, I believe, has never been attempted by any other musical organization in America. It has been a feature of every national encampment of the Grand Army for more than a quarter of a century. In recognition of my early efforts in behalf of the corps, and because I had been the author of the prelude to the "Battle of Gettysburg," General Cook gave me position at the head of the line, and I was permitted to carry a handsome banner presented to the corps by the ladies of Denver.

Proud the day I thus marched with old comrades up the slopes of Fort Hill, traversed by General Fremont's command, way back in the dim distant past! What memories it invoked! What thrills! What glorious climax to gladsome reunion!

Securing transportation for the corps, I heartily enjoyed a day with my former Colorado comrades at Catalina Island, helping them to a side trip in glass-bottomed boats, where for the first time they viewed the indescribable wonders of the great deep. That they fully appreciated the privilege may be judged from what follows:

Headquarters of the
Geo. W. Cook Drum Corps and Band,
City Hall, Denver, Colo.,

Mr. C. C. Davis, October 19, 1912.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:

At our last meeting the following was adopted:

*Resolved,* That we tender our most heartfelt thanks to Mr. C. C. Davis for his great kindness in making it possible for us to visit the Santa Catalina Island, while attending the G. A. R. National Encampment at Los Angeles, September 9 to 14. To show our appreciation of his great kindness, be it further

*Resolved,* That he be elected an honorary member of this organization, and that he be presented with one of the official badges of the corps, to be mailed to him by our Leader. We trust that he will receive this token of our appreciation and friendship, and that he will wear it with pleasure to himself and honor to our organization. Hoping that Providence will make his declining years the most happy ones, we subscribe ourselves,

THE GEO. W. COOK DRUM CORPS AND BAND,
G. H. B. Heale, *Leader.*

An astigmatic friend once pronounced me a "born promoter." I reflected that I had been quite successful in promoting public interests, and might achieve for myself. I therefore organized the Industries Investment Company, and became its active manager. I was not disposed to despise the day of small things, and am sure I should have been moderately successful in handling the propositions put up to us; but my associates scorned these, and voted to list only such schemes as were beyond our reach. To be sure, we booked a few hundred million acres of Mexican land, and formed a quasi partnership with a coterie of distinguished Mexican statesmen, one at least a member of Porfirio Diaz cabinet; but the display of their names on our stationery had the effect only of raising a doubt as to our integrity. Real investors naturally judged us by the company we kept. I came very near realizing $150,000 on one deal, the Sonora Land Company taking that profit a short time after our option expired.

The Industries Investment Company finally went out of business, having lost everything but honor, and we had a close shave on that. We had undertaken to promote the purchase of a Chinese junk, full armored, its cabin filled with all of the instruments of torture used by the Oriental pirates, the craft manned by a native crew. This vessel was to be anchored in Southern California waters and opened to visitors until it should lose its novelty, when it was to be put in the excursion trade.

Negotiations had been about concluded with the native governor of a province when the imperial government at Pekin fired a "firman" at us, prohibiting the sailing of the vessel. No armed craft had ever been permitted to leave Chinese waters, and the traditions and customs of five thousand years were not to be waived, even at the behest of the Industries Investment Co. But our "go-between," the shrewd chap we had dispatched to the Orient to make all the preliminary arrangements, did not propose to be balked by a firman issuing from the titular head of a paltry four hundred million people; and without hint to us of his purpose, he had a Chinese junk built at a North Pacific ship yard, after plans, specifications and photographs secured by him in China. This, after exposure to the elements for a few months, to give it the color of antiquity, he proposed to palm off on us and the California public as genuine. But we got a tip in time to save our good name, if not our good dollars expended, and to cancel a tentative contract entered into with an electric corporation, thus washing our hands of the whole blooming junk business.

The Industries Investment Company, during its relatively brief career, did harm to no one, and retired with honor, all claims against it adjusted. I was by no means discouraged or out of conceit with my equipment as a promoter. The Industries Investment Co. fiasco was not properly chargeable to me. It is not easy for anybody to sell what he hasn't got to people who don't want it.

My next venture was more letgitimate, and although its success depends upon developments in the future, it at least promises handsome returns. This consisted in the exchange of Cuban lands for the California rights to manufacture and sell cement products under the Sawyer system of plural moulds, my holding in the company earned by promoting activity. As I write, the Cement Age is dawning, the cement sky already wears a ruddy hue. Associating with me a number of prominent Los Angeles gentlemen, the California Unit Brick and Tile Co. was organized, and I became a director and Secretary, and finally President. It is a holding company, its profits to come—with emphasis on the "to come"—

upon the sale of territorial rights and upon royalties. Paid emissaries are going about the country, telling lurid stories about our wares, leaving the old and withered head of the concern in the handsomely appointed offices at Los Angeles, employing odd moments in putting the finishing touches to this volume of recollections of a busy life, punctuated with successes and failures, but always, I believe, inspired by high ideals and more or less decent purposes.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### THE CASE SUBMITTED TO A JURY OF MY PEERS—WHAT SHALL THE VERDICT BE?

I have reached the end of my narrative. It is an odd story of an unique career. If it shall have failed to convey a message and taught a lesson, it will to me be a distinct disappointment, and I shall feel as if my candor had been wasted; for I have hoped that it would be more than a book of entertainment, more than a simple relation of incidents in the life of a busy man, more than an impressionist picture of events occuring along a more or less picturesque course of wandering. I have hoped that the younger reader, by reading between the lines, might glean some profitable deductions from its perusal. Carefully read and inwardly digested, he should be able to gather some useful pointers from my varied experiences.

Endowed with perhaps an abnormal amount of egotism, I doubtless have enlarged upon my achievements; as an offset I at the same time have candidly confessed to blunders and conceded errors by no means flattering. It will be remembered that I was living in a peculiar atmosphere, in a community of heterogenious elements, the counterpart of which never before had been witnessed. And, by way of further extenuation, I may always plead that I had been brought into the world only half made up, and never should have been born at all. I stated that conviction in the opening chapter of this volume.

In his definition of Success I think Mr. Belford, in

"An Appreciation," is correct. It is what a man does, and not what he swipes and stows away, that spells Success. He is good enough to declare that in his opinion my career has been monumentally successful, and he adds that "there is not enough in the manuscript about the Author." Those who are inclined to agree with him on that point may have recourse to the "Appendix," where is massed a compendium of flattering testimonials by contemporaries of the press. I regret that I was not nearly so careful in clipping and preserving "testimonials" of a different character, for I surely would have included some few samples of the "roasts" with which from time to time I was favored by my "esteemed contemporaries." In the absence of these I am constrained to allow that the wicked things said about me would easily fill a large volume. It is one of the privileges of the editor to be abused by men who do not relish having the truth told about them. I have been rather merciless in my condemnation of wrong and in my castigation of wrong-doers, and in consequence I have harvested a formidable army of detractors and more or less belicose enemies. I probably was the most cordially detested individual in Leadville. Actions for libel in a multiplicity of cases abundantly attest this fact. If one really desires to know what kind of a fellow I was, he should consult the files of the other papers, teeming with illuminating literature of a nature distinctly personal. Nevertheless I may say, as did Col. Joyce upon an historical occasion, that while I may have puffed smoke in the window of some official Essex, I never trampled upon the royal robes of the virgin queen." At least I enjoyed the reputation of always paying my debts. Why, the credit man of a Chicago paper house once said: "Stop! Don't let him go! I want to see the man who pays for his goods before he gets them—the only Davis on our books who isn't a lame duck!"

Speaking of the Davis family, I should not omit a story about one of them. It was at a social function, at the home of a very devout man, who scrupulously observed the custom of saying or having said grace before the breaking of bread. It was a numerous and a lordly company, and when all were seated the host—and I was conscious that his eyes were focused upon me—with great solemnity declared that "Mr. Davis will now ask the Divine blessing." In the moment that followed, a moment that seemed a full hour, I am sure I heard my own heart beat. But in his own good time, provokingly deliberate man that he was, the *Reverend William Davis* arose from his seat at the other end of the table and began his supplication! It was an awful moment. Few know how much of human suffering may be crowded into the sixtieth part of a second!

I was on the point of registering a boast that I never did anything actionable under the criminal statutes; but I recall the circumstance that once I was apprehended for publishing a challenge to mortal combat, a penal offense under Colorado laws. This constituted one of the most humorous incidents of my career. Arrested and taken before a Justice of the Peace for preliminary hearing, I asked that a bailiff be permitted to go out with me in search of bondsmen. Without responding to my request, the Justice laboriously filled out the blanks of an official bond, and, signing it himself as a surety and handing it over to the bailiff for his signature, two only being required, he perfunctorily filed it away, and bid me a very good morning!

That was the last I ever heard of the case. On the way to the court I had called upon my lawyer, Hon. Charles Cavender, now a Colorado District Judge, and

LA UNICA RANCHO
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taken him with me. Returning to my office with him, I treated him to a twenty-five cent Perfecto—and that was all the retainer he ever received.

Technically I was guilty. The advertising columns that very morning contained the challenge in bold black type, though I had not seen it. The clerk had received it in the course of business the day before, and, because of its nature, had charged an exhorbitant fee for its insertion. It was a narrow escape. A less friendly Judge might with perfect propriety have held me to the Criminal Court on the charge, and he as easily might have been more exacting with regard to the financial standing of the sureties offered!

Almost a quarter of a century ago a wise Doctor looked me over with great minuteness, taking various measurements of my anatomy, skillfully manipulating the stethoscope and other mysterious surgical appliances, and carefully jotting down in note-book the data thus accumulated, the while looking the personification of solemnity. The result was entirely too suggestive, too alarming, for discussion in my presence. The truth must be unfolded to me gradually and delicately, lest it produce too great a shock. Then to my most intimate friend outside the family the terrible fact was disclosed that I was marked for the Reaper. "How long, Doctor?" timidly yet fearfully inquired my anxious friend. "Oh, that is uncertain. A year, possibly—three months, probably." "My heavens! Doctor, what can it be? What is the nature of the ailment?" "Well, we can't tell exactly—a spinal lesion. If I must give it a name I should pronounce it locomotor attaxia. Your friend should put his affairs in shape as soon as possible!"

I was given twenty-four hours in which to return to Leadville and dispose of the product of seventeen years of strenuous effort.

I fell for the Science of Medical Jurisprudence. And for more than twenty years I have been bemoaning my folly. The Doctor? Oh, he has been dead these dozen years past. He was a perfectly healthy, robust specimen of physical manhood when he pronounced sentence upon me. I long since forgave him. Twelve other Doctors subsequently confirmed his diagnosis. My escape from death

Remains no less a myracle
Of Him who turns the proud resolves of Kings
To mockery, or guides them to the end
By the most slender thread.

The twenty years of convalesence have not been in vain. I have enjoyed a few comfortable hours. I have been happier than ever before. I have learned much. With Burns I may affirm that—

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on's bank,
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in makin' muckle mair,
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
An' center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part aye
That makes us right or wrong.

# APPENDIX.

## Summary of More Recent Developments in the Leadville Mining District, by Henry C. Butler, Editor Herald-Democrat.

"Chance," that fickle and uncertain goddess, is usually credited with presiding at the birth of most mining camps. Mere casual and fortuitous circumstances have frequently combined to bring to light hidden treasures, and the most trivial accidents are responsible for revealing bonanzas whose existence was never dreamed of before. The story of the early Leadville is no exception to the rule, for men gave little heed to bald geological discussion, and dry technical details relating to that bit of the earth's crust under which such fabulous deposits of carbonate ore had been discovered.

But in the early nineties mining men had in their possession a mass of geological data on which they could predicate certain very definite conclusions. Men were willing to "gamble" in mining with the same enthusiasm and the same daring, but they wanted an even break with Nature, and the science of geology became a handmaiden whose assistance was always actively in demand, and she was most generous in her rewards.

The development of the Leadville Gold Belt was made possible by a careful study of surrounding conditions. It had been determined, with a fair degree of accuracy, that the great ore channels or shoots had a general northeast and southwest direction, and this important generalization, established after a dozen years of careful study, furnished the clue to the discovery of the famous Ibex mine, with its marvelous record of millions in gold. The great mineral belt at that time comprised Fryer, Carbonate and Iron hills, but beyond these to the east, Breece hill remained without the sisterhood, a Cinderella still sitting in her rags awaiting the coming of Prince Charming. Surface prospect work had shown no indications of extensive mineralization, but beyond, to the northeast, a solitary mine, known as the New Year, had revealed the presence of surface ores of considerable value. The Little Ellen, in the same section, was also productive, but they were far removed from the active silver-lead producing areas.

If the Leadville ore deposits extended northeast and southwest, the continuation of the outcrop deposits of the New Year and Little Ellen must certainly be found in Breece hill, providing sufficient depth could be attained. It was such reasoning as this which led the pioneers in the Ibex, John F. Campion and James J. Brown, to undertake the development of the Little Johny claim, and they secured substantial financial backing from George W. Trimble and A. V. Hunter, prominent bankers of Leadville. Both Mr. Campion and Mr. Brown had been carrying on mining operations in other portions of the district, and their enterprises were unusually successful. Mr. Brown had been superintendent of the Maid and Henriet Mining company, a Smith-Moffatt enterprise, while Mr. Campion is credited with having opened up several ore shoots in the Leadville basin, which first revealed the wealth of that portion of the district.

The sinking of the first Ibex, or Little Johny shaft, proved to be one of the most difficult undertakings ever carried to completion in Leadville. It was necessary to sink through beds of quicksand, and in order to keep the shaft from caving, heavy timbers were driven in endways. The work proved to be enormously expensive, but having put their hands to the plow these men decided to see it through to the end, and the soundness of their judgment was fully justified, for in 1893 the shaft reached the ore body, and from that year to the present time—1916—the production of ore has been continuous.

The effect of the "Little Johny discovery" was magical, although the owners were not anxious to give out any information. Leadville seemed to take on new life, particularly as the chief value in the ore was gold. In the years that followed a number of new mines had been opened, and the district had established itself on a more permanent basis than ever. Such mines as the New Monarch, the Fanny Rawlings, the Garbutt, the Resurrection, the Dolly B, the Little Vinnie, the Fortune, the Big Four, the Bix Six, the Penn, the Ballard and the Luema have been added to the galaxy of producers, and their combined output may be safely estimated at one hundred million dollars.

With Leadville's mining industry now assured and established by the opening of a far wider area than had before been dreamed of, there came new confidence. The Smith-Moffatt combination had opened large ore bodies in the Leadville basin, on the eastern edge of the city, in the early 90s, but this whole territory had been practically abandoned, after the labor strike of 1896, and miles of workings were flooded.

Another chapter in the history of Leadville was written when, in 1899, the task of unwatering the Penrose and other properties was undertaken by Major A. V. Bohn, who organized the Home Mining company for that purpose. Many mining men were somewhat skeptical of the outcome, believing that the Smith-Moffatt combination had practically taken out all the value. The Home company, however, proved a most successful venture, and the result was the mining operations in this particular area received a most remarkable impetus, and the basin underlying the eastern part of the city was the scene of active mining until 1907, when mining again ceased, owing to the fall in the price of metals, due to the world-wide panic of that year.

In the prosaic days of the twentieth century, with the mining industry solidly and substantially based on well understood lines, and with the character and nature of the ore deposits well understood, it did not seem possible that there were any more surprises in store for Leadville. And yet at a time when the situation was at a low ebb, on account of the dullness of the metal markets, the decreasing grade of the ores, and the timidity of capital in the matter of mining investments, the fickle goddess of Chance once more waved her wand, and to the astonishment of the mining and the metallurgical world, of miner and scientist alike, an entirely unexpected form of mineralization was discovered, which has since proved to be one of the bulwarks of Leadville's prosperity.

Zinc ores abounded in the Leadville district, but, so far as anyone knew, only in the form of sulphide. In early days zinc, when found in combination with the other metals, was a detriment, as it could not be saved in the process of smelting with gold, silver, lead and copper, but had a tendency to clog the furnaces, and consequently, its presence being undesirable, resulted in a penalty being imposed by the smelters. By 1900, however, high grade zinc sulphide ores found a market, and zinc mining became part of the recognized business of the district.

The grade of the ore, however, gradually became lower as the richer sulphides were worked out, and it looked as if this resource were soon to be a thing of the past, when, in the summer of 1910, some casual tests showed the existence of zinc in a form hitherto unsuspected. Carbonate of zinc, or smithsonite, and calamine, or silicate of zinc, are well known minerals, but miners, geologists, metallurgists and mineralogists had been walking through immense deposits of these ores in the Leadville mines without suspecting their existence in commercial quantities.

Fryer hill, scene of the earliest mining activity, was the center of the first excitement. The Hayden mine, which had already been abandoned, developed an immense body of the mineral, and, as the demand for spelter was very good, there was little difficulty in marketing the ore.

The Western Mining company's properties on Carbonate hill took on a new lease of life. The Western company had taken over the Maid of Erin, the Henriet, the Wolftone, and other famous early-day bonanzas, and the new consolidation, under the management of Hon. Samuel D. Nicholson, had been very successful. Mr. Nicholson had been identified with mining in the Leadville district since early days, and his ability as a mining man had been clearly demonstrated in connection with many important enterprises. The Guggenheim interests controlled the Western company, and Mr. Nicholson was placed in charge as general manager, he himself being one of the large stockholders. The presence of the oxidized zinc in this territory soon enabled the Western company to add enormously to its tonnage, and other large mines were enabled similarly to increase their output.

The story of the Upper Arkansas Valley begins with placer mining in the rich beds of California gulch. That was in 1860, when only the most primitive methods of separation were possible. In 1911 placer mining again received a most remarkable impetus by the introduction of the gold dredge. The installation of a dredge costing $125,000 on the old Derry ranch, by the Derry Ranch Gold Dredging company, marked an important epoch in Leadville history. The plant has been taking a thousand dollars a day from ground that had never been supposed to be practically workable, and gives assurance of long continued productivity.

The remarkable advance in the price of all the metals has created a new prosperity for Leadville. In 1916 three great pumping enterprises were under way, in as many drainage areas, for the purpose of reopening old mines and penetrating greater depths. The men of '79 were inspired by hope, courage and enthusiasm, and the men of 1916 are demonstrating the same indomitable qualities.

## A Few Excerpts from the Contemporary Press.

### WHILE VISITING THE METROPOLIS

(New York Daily Graphic, March 11, 1881)

* * * In two years Mr. Davis has built up a business worth $50,000, and owns besides considerable bank stock, mining shares and mining property in Lake, Gunnison and Summit Counties. His Alma Mater was a printing office, the education of so many of our public men. He is a stalwart Republican, and his paper is a power in the councils of the party in Colorado. His success demonstrates what can be done in the West by young men having the ability, industry and perseverance of Mr. Davis.

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### WHILE PASSING THROUGH NEW MEXICO

(Los Vegas Daily Optic, 1886)

"Cad" Davis, as he is familiarly known, founded that phenomenal newspaper, the Leadville Evening Chronicle, and he has, through good and evil reports, and all sorts of brilliant encouragements and profound discouragements, remained with the great carbonate camp with unflinching faith and courage, until today he is the owner of all the newspapers in Leadville, and has accumulated a handsome fortune. Hundreds of men have been in his employ for the past seven years, and not one of them ever left his service who would not fight for him afterwards. He always paid the highest salaries and never missed a pay-roll. A capital writer, and thorough newspaper man, comprehending every detail of the business, he is acknowledged to be the best journalist in Colorado, and his merits as a man are quite equal to his excellence in the newspaper field. He has been contemporaneous with every phase of journalism in the greatest mining camp of modern times since its foundation, and his "Reminisences" would, if printed, make a lively as well as bulky volume. He is a trim-built, clear cut, hawk-eyed man, put up on steel springs, and there is no limit to his energy. He is today exercising a large influence both on the politics and material weal of Colorado, and he will keep it up for many years to come. He is one of the notable characters in his famous State, and the writer, as one of his old employes, who owes him, like all the rest, nothing but good will and kindness, is glad of the opportunity to give the readers of this journal some idea of one of the brightest, best known and most successful of Western journalists, who can count as his friends every man that ever worked for him.

## A MAIN STAY IN THE SILVER CITY

(Denver Times, March 17, 1896)

For over sixteen years, and up to his recent unfortunate illness, Col. Davis has been one of the main stays of the great Silver City. He has never faltered in his devotion and loyalty to it, and his papers have always had their columns open to its advancement. He has long been considered one of the most able of editorial writers in Colorado, as well as one of the keenest and most just of men in the management of his affairs. The news of his illness was received with wide spread sorrow, and that it should result in compelling him to relinquish much that he held dear is to be doubly regretted. That the good wishes of hundreds of admirers and friends will go with him is assured, as well as sincere hopes for his ultimate recovery.

## A DISTINCTIVE MARK ON HISTORY

(Leadville Journal, May, 1907)

* * * Leadville people will always have respectful consideration for the opinions of Col. Davis, and we realize as the years roll on, that in him the city had an able, forceful mind which made a distinctive mark upon the journalistic history of the West.

## "ECCENTRICITY IN MANY THINGS"

(Denver Sun, July, 1884)

* * * Col. Davis has been with Leadville in all her trying times, and his voice has always been heard for what seemed to him the true policy of the town. It is said of him that he does more work than any three men in his employ. He is a clear, cogent and graceful writer, and an equally forcible and clear-headed business man, as his success in the face of all competition shows. His mental bent is that of an extremely decisive man. When he becomes infected with an opinion, he drives it at the public with a sledge hammer. To this forcefulness he owes several dozen very enthusiastically bitter enemies. His strong individuality gives him the popular reputation of eccentricity in many things. His integrity has never been questioned any more than has the existence of Leadville's ore vein. His editorial position and his decided views have thrown him more or less into politics. After the bitterest fight that ever occurred in Lake County he was sent to the National Republican Convention that nominated Blaine. His friends announced his name without consulting his wishes, and being once in the fight he stayed, despite the frenzy of antagonism displayed by a very influential faction of the Republican party which he had scourged editorially. Mr. Davis won, but at the same time declared he would never again be a candidate for political honors. This attitude he has consistently maintained, despite the urging of his candidacy for the State Senate and other offices.

## FINE COMBINATION WHILE IT LASTED

(Cincinnati Commercial, August 4, 1883)

A Leadville dispatch announces the purchase of the Leadville Democrat by C. C. Davis, one of the founders of the Leadville Chronicle. * * * The guiding genius of the latter paper was Davis, whose dauntless energy and indefatigable vigilance, nervous activity and far seeing shrewdness, was making itself felt everywhere. A livlier man never lived. But for a brief period he had an able, well balanced, sedate and logical mind to act as a ballast for the editorial hold of the full-rigged little craft—that of John Arkins. While Davis could see and draw news and revenue from a hundred directions at the same time, Arkins could hold level the political end of the booming mining camp. While Davis could, with provoking coolness and a revolver, stand off the belligerent element that tried to interfere with the policy of the paper, or could lie whole nights in the cock-loft of the rickety log cabin in which the paper was printed, with a double-barrelled shot gun for his sole companion, trying to prevent the office from being burned to the ground, Arkins could throw hot shell and dynamite into the chaotic condition of society with the view of reducing it to a degree of order and decency. It was a fine combination while it lasted; but soon Arkins had to go into the valley for his health. Davis stuck. His acquisition of the Democrat indicates his purpose of monopolizing the newspaper business of the lively city on the mountain top, and, judging from his past achievements, he will not be long in accomplishing his ambitious aim.

### THE PROFESSION FITLY RECOGNIZED

(Denver Republican, May 27, 1884)

We heartily congratulate Mr. Carlyle C. Davis on his election as a delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention. It is a compliment to a good newspaper man which all good newspaper men should appreciate. It is a recognition of a generally unrecognized profession which does a good deal of work for snide politicians and gets very little in return. Barring the head of the delegation, General Wm. A. Hamill, no man on the delegation will have more influence at Chicago than Col. Davis.

### "TOO SCARCE TO DISPENSE WITH"

(Pueblo Chieftain, August 9, 1895)

C. C. Davis is reported to be noticeably improving since his removal to St. Luke's Hospital in Denver. He takes a cheerful view of life in his new surroundings. He has many friends in this State who hope for his ultimate recovery. Men of Mr. Davis' stamp in the editorial harness are too scarce to dispense with him for many years yet to come.

### STRIKE AND BURN OF THE INVECTIVE

(Major Ward, in the Herald Democrat)

* * * The Evening Chronicle from its first issue, The Herald from its early years, and the Herald Democrat from the time it was given its distinctive character, have been chiefly under the direction and management of C. C. Davis. Under his control they have been powerful factors in the life of Leadville, and, through the city, in the life of the State. And they have been factors for good. They have been true and fearless. In the earlier times they fought effectively to curb lawlessness and violence, and make life in the new and wondrous camp safe and comfortable. Later they strove to good purpose to establish the fair and benign rule of taste and refinement. They have advised and striven intelligently and successfully for the making of the most of Leadville's opportunities. Mr. Davis has made his power felt in the strike and the burn of the invective which he has turned upon that he believed to be wrong. He has, too, exerted an influence to build up, to restore and to cheer, in the strength of his advocacy, in the wisdom of his counsel, and the kindliness of his encouragement. As he bore his part in the first days in the confidence of courage and the severity of justice, so he has taken his way through the latter times in the cheer of helpfulness and the gentleness of charity. And along his ways, through all times, there has been the bounteousness of generosity. As at the resistless demands of failing health, he seeks a well earned rest, all will wish for him quick restoration to his wonted efficient and benificent activities.

### PASSING THROUGH THE WINDY CITY

(Chicago Daily News, December 15, 1885)

* * * In 1879 he established the Leadville Evening Chronicle. Three years ago he acquired the Morning Democrat, and now he has gathered in the only other daily newspaper, the Herald. There has not been a public enterprise in Leadville with which he has not been identified, and he has always labored earnestly in behalf of the permanent industries of Colorado. His career has been so full of earnestness, sincerity and honest industry, that no one would deny him the success that has crowned it.

### RATHER THAN DESERT A FRIEND

(Chicago Record-Herald, June 6, 1884)

Doc Dougan forever! In a fair fight for delegate-at-large from Colorado Carlyle C. Davis won out. Dougan helped him. There are some people out there who do not like Davis because he told the truth about them, and they started in for a fight. Dougan was President of the Carbonate National Bank, and they came to him with a lot of depositors and told him that unless he would desert Davis, $150,000 of the deposits would be withdrawn. Rather than desert his friend, Dougan resigned. He deserves the gratitude of every newspaper man in the country. He is a MAN.

### NEVER FORGOTTEN HIS OBLIGATIONS

(St. Louis Chronicle, October 4, 1885)

C. C. Davis is one of the men who made Leadville, Colorado. He went to that town when the boom first struck it with 75 cents. That was six years ago. In four years he was postmaster at $5000 a year, City Clerk at $4000, President of the City National Bank, and the owner of three daily papers. Although a small man, Davis is a "hummer." He has continued to accumulate riches during the past two years until now he has to call in his neighbors to figure up his worldly possessions. Through all of his successes, Mr. Davis has never forgotten his obligations to the public as a journalist, or the true purpose of a newspaper that is published in the interest of a community. In a late issue he took occasion to say: "When a paper fails in its mission in this regard, it forfeits the respect of its patrons and is fit only for universal contempt." That is the true ring. That is the principle of a journal that is printed in the interest of the masses rather than in the interest of a corrupt clique or to further the schemes of oppressive monopolists.

### A VERY DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT

(Kansas City Times, September 2, 1889)

* * * Col. C. C. Davis is proving himself to be the James Gordon Bennett of the West in newspaper enterprise.

### "A QUILL DIPPED IN VITRIOL"

(Durango Democrat)

If Col. Davis succeeds in opening a newspaper emporium in Denver, the kindergarten institutions there will have to stay up late o' night and arise early in the mawnin' to keep up with the procession. Davis wields a pen dipped in vitriol, and otherwise calculated to do damage. There is going to be a monkey-and-parrot time 'ere the burros nest again.

### MOST INFLUENTIAL IN THE STATE

(Hutchinson, Kans., News)

* * * Mr. Davis is the most noted editor in Colorado, and his papers the most influential in that State, while at the same time the most independent. He now owns all of the newspapers of Leadville, his phenomenally successful career having demonstrated that he combines those qualities so rarely found in one person, namely, fine literary talent and great financial genius.

### "WIELDED A POWERFUL INFLUENCE"

(Denver Republican, May, 1897)

* * * The retirement of C. C. Davis calls for a word of acknowledgment of his long, successful and honorable career as a journalist. Mr. Davis founded the Leadville Chronicle, and subsequently purchased the Democrat and the Herald. In this capacity he wielded a powerful influence in the politics of the State, as well as on its industrial and commercial progress, and he at all times maintained a reputation as an able, brilliant and vigorous journalist. * * He retires with the respect and good will of all the newspaper men of the State.

### A WELCOME HOME BY THE PRESS

(Colorado Springs Gazette, May, 1897)

All of the newspapers, and most of the people of Colorado, will welcome the return of Col. C. C. Davis to the editorial harness. Health partially restored, he has accepted the position of managing editor of the Denver Times, since which date the fourth page of that most excellent paper has bristled with the bright writings of his pen.

### "OBSERVES A MARKED IMPROVEMENT"

(Fort Collins Courier, May, 1897)

* * * Col. Davis has been a resident of Colorado more than twenty years. He is an editorial writer of exceptional ability. A marked improvement is already noticeable in the editorial columns of the Denver Times.

### "UNAWED BY THE MANY EXACTIONS"

(Leadville Herald Democrat, Feb. 4, 1899)

The return of Mr. Carlyle C. Davis to the field of active newspaper work will be hailed with gratification by his many friends in Leadville. Today the first issue of his new venture, The Santa Barbara, reached Leadville, and its reception by his old friends would have gladdened the heart of its publisher, had he been able to see it. Many hearty expressions of praise and congratulation were to be heard as the neatly printed sheets were unwrapped in stores and offices throughout the city. Editorially, it is Cad Davis at his best, and the evidence of its editor's full return to health and vigor gave pleasure to the people among whom he labored so many years as a journalistic "guide, counsellor and friend." We can wish him no better than that The Santa Barbara shall increase with the years and bring to him the same measure of success which attended his labors in this field. To have reared one such monument as stands to testify to his energy and ability in the Herald Democrat and Chronicle should be enough to satisfy the vanity of the average man, but Mr. Davis is not an average man, as he proves by setting out boldly in the afternoon of his life to build another in a new land, undaunted by established contemporaries and unawed by the exactions the task will make upon his strength. Leadville sends a cheer for his daring and confidence in his success.

### "LIKE A BALMY BREEZE PALM LADEN"

(Leadville Miner, Feb. 4, 1899)

* * * It is edited in Mr. Davis' usually happy style, and comes to the frosty old mountains like a balmy breeze laden with the breath of palms and of orange blossoms. * * * Mr. Davis is certain to create a stir in newspaperdom in Southern California. The entire population of Leadville will wish him success in his new venture.

### "LONG ON GUSH, SHORT ON FORESIGHT"

(Santa Maria Graphic)

* * * Mr. Davis is an all round newspaper man, long on gush and short on foresight. The make-up and arrangement of the paper are far in the lead of any daily paper we ever have seen.

### A MUCH APPRECIATED QUALITY

(Santa Barbara Herald)

One apparent dominating characteristic of the editor of The Santa Barbara is his disposition to hold himself above the petty newspaper dissensions and jealousies that have so long characterized the profession in this town. The "flings" of his more or less alarmed competitors that greeted his first arrival were magnanimously ignored by the new man, who astonished the editors of the older sheets by giving them the same complimentary mention that he bestowed upon other local institutions—the climate, the scenery—in fact, everything Santa Barbaran. If Mr. Davis persists in this unusual civility toward his contemporaries, we shall admire him as much for his self-denial as for his courtesy.

### GLIMPSE OF THE DARING NEW COMER

(Santa Barbara Leader)

* * * All were eager to catch a glimpse of the daring new comer, who put in an appearance in the face of an over-crowded journalistic field. The journal is fashioned after the height of the printer's art, and is well styled in every respect. It reads well, appears modest in its aspirations and takes a sensible position as to what it will be. We hope "The Santa Barbara" will have a clear conscience, as clean a record, and as bright an appearance when it approaches Volume 2.

### BEST LOOKING DAILY IN CALIFORNIA

(Santa Barbara Herald)

Col. Davis' new afternoon paper made its first appearance last Saturday, and is by far the best looking daily newspaper ever issued in California.

### A COMPETENT MAN AT THE HELM

(Santa Maria Times)

The initial number of "The Santa Barbara" came to hand Monday night. There appears a competent man at the helm, and a long string of competent men and women on its staff, but just why its owner has ventured his wealth in the undertaking is hard to conceive.

### "A RATHER STIMULATIVE AWAKENER"

(Los Angeles Herald)

The first issue of "The Santa Barbara," a daily journal published in its namesake city, is a model of clean, modern typography, and proves that its editor, Carlyle C. Davis, formerly one of Colorado's most successful newspaper men, has implicit confidence in the future of the city by the sea. Santa Barbara has in former days been characterized as a delightful but somewhat sleepy place, but Mr. Davis' paper will surely act as a very stimulative awakener.

### "WHAT A NEWSPAPER OUGHT TO BE"

(Los Angeles Times)

The publication of "The Santa Barbara," a new afternoon newspaper, has been begun at Santa Barbara. If the promise given in the character of the first issue shall be fulfilled, the paper will be deserving of liberal patronage. It evinces a comprehensive knowledge of what a newspaper ought to be, its matter is well written, and its make-up and typographical features are especially attractive. It has the Associated Press service, supplemented by special dispatches.

### A CONFIDENCE BORN OF SUCCESS

(Los Angeles Express)

* * * Mr. Davis has achieved success both as an editor and general manager of newspapers, and he will give the people of Santa Barbara an excellent afternoon paper.

### "TYPOGRAPHICALLY AT THE HEAD"

(San Luis Obispo Breeze)

* * * Typographically it stands at the head of the daily publications of this State, renowned for the excellence of its daily papers. "The Santa Barbara" appears to be a long way in advance of the requirements of the city where published; but if merit is the measure of success there will be no question as to the result of the venture.

### "LIKES ITS TAKING INDEPENDENCE"

(Lompoc Record)

The long talked of new daily, "The Santa Barbara," made its appearance Saturday as an afternoon messenger of news, good cheer, and cultivated thought. Mr. Davis, in the initial number, introduced himself well and grandly to the intelligence of the city and county. As a competitor the new paper will be a formidable rival to the other papers, quite as much from its superiority as from its taking independence, a feature much needed in these times of political degeneration. We shall watch the progress of this new venture with a desire to see it maintain its high standard, which will leave a wholesome impress and will elevate journalism.

### "BOLDEST MARINER ON CHOPPY SEA"

(Ventura Democrat)

The "Santa Barbara" is the title of a brand new daily newspaper just launched by C. C. Davis, the boldest mariner on the choppy sea of journalism. We say bold, because a man endowed with sufficient courage to establish a daily paper, equipped with Mergenthaler and other expensive up-to-date machinery, in a town like Santa Barbara, already crowded to suffocation with newspaper offices, is dallying with a great future and wasting valuable time in a rickety experiment. He ought to emigrate to Spain or Mexico, where he soon would command fancy wages as a champion matador at the bull fights. We admire nerve and enterprise, and would fain extend our congratulations and best wishes, but candor compels us to say that we shall be agreeably disappointed if "The Santa Barbara" should live to a venerable age.

### HONOR OF HEADING THE PROCESSION

(Leadville Herald Democrat, 1912)

* * * Mr. Davis was instrumental in organizing the "George W. Cook Drum Corps and Band," twenty-five years ago, when he and General Cook were in Leadville together. Hence, it was particularly appropriate that Gen'l Cook, paying a nice little merited compliment to his early day Leadville friend, should tender to him the honor of heading the procession in the Grand Army parade through the cheering crowds that lined the streets of Los Angeles.

### THE BANK PAID DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR

(Leadville Herald Democrat)

Some workmen engaged in tearing down a part of the old City National Bank building, yesterday, recovered a twenty dollar gold piece which had been in a rubbish heap for the past twenty years. In 1881, after the bank failed, C. C. Davis was elected President. He made the statement, on taking charge, that the institution should pay its depositors dollar for dollar. **It did so.** It is the only bank in the State with such a record. But it cost Davis a fortune and his health to do it. The gold piece bears the date of 1870. It was found in a deposit box in the vault which had been cast away in the debris.

### PECULIAR INTEREST AND GREAT VALUE

(Los Angeles Herald)

The leading article in Out West for December is entitled "Ramona, the Real and the Ideal," by Carlyle C. Davis, a veteran Colorado editor and publisher. Mr. Davis was intimately acquainted with Helen Hunt Jackson, and his knowledge of the author and her work, combined with his late residence in Los Angeles, has given the article a peculiar interest and great value. Some popular traditions are ruthlessly exploded, but nothing is taken from the recognition that humanity owes to Mrs. Jackson for her work, both in the practical and the ideal sense.

### THE INSPIRATION FOR THE NOVEL

(Leadville Herald Democrat)

Whatever subject is touched by the facile and graceful pen of Col. C. C. Davis is certain to be illuminated and clarified. It is scarcely necessary to say this to Leadville people, who have become familiar with his singularly lucid style during the period of his journalistic activities here as editor of the Herald Democrat and Chronicle. He was by far the ablest editorial writer in the West. For some years Mr. Davis has been a resident of Los Angeles, and it would be strange indeed if the singularly romantic history of that land of sunshine, its picturesque ruins, its semi-tropic climate, and its quaint old peoples, did not appeal to his imagination. We have before us, in Out West magazine, a most delightful article of his, "Ramona, the Ideal and the Real." It is, in brief, the story of Helen Hunt Jackson, the author of Ramona, "a romance," Col. Davis says, "the influence of which has been second to the production of but one other American novel, Uncle Tom's Cabin." In this article, which is most profusely illustrated, Col. Davis seeks to find the inspiration for the novel. * * * The facts on which the romance is based are quite as interesting as the story itself, and, told in Col. Davis' inimitable style, his article furnishes a permanent addition to the history of that portion of the country.

### HE DID A GOOD LITERARY SERVICE

(Los Angeles Express)

Of especial interest is the article, "Ramona, the Ideal and the Real," which is the initial contribution to Out West. So much of nonsense has been written about "H. H." and her Indians, that an authoritative and sensible article such as is this is a pleasure to peruse. It is finely illustrated, and its writer, Carlyle C. Davis, has done a good literary service.

### PRONOUNCED VALUABLE HISTORICALLY

(Los Angeles Times)

The leading article in the current number of Out West, "Ramona, the Real and the Ideal," will be welcomed by all classes of readers, but will have peculiar interest for the readers of Helen Hunt Jackson's purpose novels, of which Ramona was the most conspicuously entertaining and successful. The author, Col. C. C. Davis, enjoyed a life acquaintance with Mrs. Jackson, and since coming to California has enjoyed exceptional advantages for procuring unpublished facts regarding the inspiration for the novel from the idealized characters yet living here. In a singularly pleasing way Mr. Davis tells the plain, unvarnished story, and clears away much of the fiction that has attached to the theme with the lapse of time. The article is valuable from an historical standpoint as well, and will take the place of many unreliable and unauthentic tales that have been printed and generally believed. The article is suitably illustrated with scenes and portraits that give added relish to its perusal.

### "CLARIFYING THE ATMOSPHERE"

(Colorado Springs Gazette)

The friends of Col. C. C. Davis in Colorado, and their name is legion, will welcome an illuminating article from his pen that appears in the current number of Out West, the leading magazine of the Pacific slope, entitled "Ramona, the Real and the Ideal." Col. Davis was a welcome visitor to the home of Mrs. Jackson in this city, enjoyed her confidence to an unusual degree, and deeply sympathized with her life work. Thus equipped, he has been able, better perhaps than any other person, to pick up the threads on the Pacific coast, and weave them into an interesting story, valuable historically as well as entertaining. His contribution also serves a well defined purpose of clarifying Ramona atmosphere and clearing up many of the absurd stories that have gained credence, but which had no foundation in fact. The story of Col. Davis is appropriately illustrated with scenes and portraits, very helpful to the reader.

### RAMONA WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

(San Francisco Chronicle)

The author of "The True Story of Ramona," Carlyle Channing Davis, has done a good service in sifting the chaff from the wheat in the large body of reminisence that has gathered about Ramona and its author. Most of the facts were gathered at first hand, and this gives a remarkable freshness and vivacity to the narrative. * * * Ramona is a classic which will never be forgotten while love and romance, self-sacrifice and pity for the unfortunate stir the human heart.

### A VALUABLE ADDITION TO HISTORY

(Los Angeles Express)

It is seldom that a story creates interest enough for other books to be written about it; but the author of "The True Story of Ramona," Carlyle Channing Davis, was impelled by patriotic and sectional interests, so to speak, as well as literary. It is a valuable addition to the libraries of Southwestern history, as it deals with possibly the second book which in a literary way has to do with Southern California.

### HAS A UNITY AND COMPLETENESS

(Los Angeles Times)

"The True Story of Ramona," by Carlyle Channing Davis, has a unity and completeness independent of the novel, and recites many incidents and phases of romance that are new and interesting. The book is designed as both a tribute to and interpretation of the work done by Mrs. Jackson, and a sketch of her life, with emphasis upon her sincerity and the far-reaching effect of her influence, not only lends value to the book, but will do much toward widening and deepening appreciation for Ramona and its author.

### "IT IS REALLY A ROMANCE ITSELF"

(Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer)

"The True Story of Ramona," by Carlyle Channing Davis, is an account of the eminent author of Ramona, and how she came to write the novel, together with the facts and fictions, the source and inspiration, that went to make it the second largest seller in the fiction market. It is really a romance itself, involving thrilling events and tragic episodes, together with many hitherto unpublished facts.

### IT WILL HAVE A WIDE READING

(San Jose Mercury)

No historian, no other writer of romance, has portrayed as has Helen Hunt Jackson in Ramona the patriarchial life on an old California rancho, with its lavish hospitality to all wayfarers, its bands of Indian retainers, and its deep religious life, that mellowed all the fine old Biblical spirit and set it apart from the modern life that has crowded it out of all existence. How the great novel came to be written, its inspiration and purpose, is told with remarkable fidelity in a volume just from the art press of the Dodge Publishing Co., New York, "The True Story of Ramona," by Carlyle Channing Davis. It is a splendid addition to the history of early California, and will have a wide reading in all English-speaking countries.

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### IT IS A SUCCESS WELL DESERVED

(San Francisco Argonaut)

A book about Ramona deserves some attention from a public interested in the story of the West, and attracted by a vigorous narrative style that proceeds only from enthusiasm. * * * The information about Helen Hunt Jackson herself, in "The True Story of Ramona," by Carlyle Channing Davis, is so liberal as to amount to a biography. We may confess that Ramona herself, as a human character, leaves us somewhat irresponsive, but no one can remain irresponsive to this impressive background of early days, with their simplicity, their devotion and their courage. It is in the presentation of a panorama that the author finds his success, and it is a success well deserved by competent workmanship and conscientious accuracy.

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### "DID A GREAT LITERARY SERVICE"

(Leadville Herald Democrat)

In the New York Times annual book review is a list of fifty of "the best and most useful and important books of the year," included in which is "The True Story of Ramona," by Carlyle Channing Davis. It is evident that Ramona has grown into a classic, and in gathering together all of the facts relating to the production of this remarkable book, in presenting in true perspective the real scenes and incidents which make up the groundwork for Mrs. Jackson's novel, Mr. Davis has performed a great literary service. Subordinate in interest only to the publication of the book is the presentation by Mr. Davis, to the Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art, of the robe, sandals and girdle of Father Sanchez, whose character is idealized in Father Salvidierra. These sacred and historical articles were procured by Mr. Davis from Miss Gwendolin Sandham, of London, daughter of the late Henry Sandham, the artist of Ramona, to whom they were presented by the reverand father.

### THE WORK OF TWO COLORADO PEOPLE

(Rocky Mountain News)

Those who read "The True Story of Ramona," if they already have read Helen Hunt Jackson's novel, turn eagerly back among its pages to identify its heroes, heroines and villains and their haunts, with the not less picturesque originals so vividly portrayed in this book by the author, Carlyle Channing Davis, so widely known throughout the West as a writer. If they have not read the novel, this delineation of wonderful men and women and their influence on the production of a wonderful romance, hasten them to make its acquaintance. It is a unique and interesting work, giving facts stranger than fiction among the adventures of Helen Hunt Jackson, by an author singularly equipped for the task.

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### NO ONE COULD DENY HIM SUCCESS

(Chicago News)

* * * Colonel Davis has had a remarkable career. He is now the owner of three daily papers. There has not been a public enterprise in Leadville with which he has not been identified, and he has always labored earnestly in behalf of the permanent industries of Colorado. His career has been so full of earnestness, sincerity and honest industry that no one would deny him the success that has crowned it.

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### "AS SAGACIOUS AS ENTERPRISING"

(Chicago Tribune)

There is talk of another Republican daily newspaper in Denver, and it is said that Col. C. C. Davis is going to be at the head of it. He has three papers already in Leadville, and he has made a remarkable success in life the past dozen years. He is an exceptionally enterprising man, but he is as sagacious as enterprising, and we do not believe he can have any serious thought of engaging in Denver journalism.

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### HE HAS PERFORMED A GREAT SERVICE

(Los Angeles Times Editorial)

Carlyle Channing Davis has written a fine book calitd "The True Story of Ramona." In doing this he has performed a great service. Ramona has been one of the books which helped the world to realize that California was on the map.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF COL. SAM D. GOZA

(Butte Miner)

"When I was a kid along in the fall of '79 or the spring of '80, while working in the circulation department of The Leadville Evening Chronicle, I was sent one evening over to The Herald office to get some paste. I got the paste and came back, and then the brilliant idea occurred to me that I go into the press room, get a little news ink out of the fountain, mix it with the paste, and with the mixture decorate the front door knob. The suggestion was promptly acted upon, and a little later who should come flying thro' the door but the boss himself! And the line of profanity that followed his entrance was some exhibition. The next day Mr. Davis posted a notice in the office, offering a reward of $10 for information as to the person who decorated the door knob. That ten dollars looked big to me at the time, and after debating the matter in my mind for a short while I decided I would earn it. So, after getting on the safe side of the counter from my irate chief, I told him. He promptly handed me a ten dollar gold piece, and to my amazement sent me back to work, refusing to fire me, for both of which generous acts I was duly thankful. The incident illustrates the character of the man. His fury was ever short-lived."

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## HOW THE IMPOSSIBLE WAS ACHIEVED

Denver, January 11, 1892.

C. C. Davis, Leadville.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of January 8. According to the rules of the Colorado Passenger Agents Association, and our advertisements with other lines, we could not issue annual passes to Messrs. Cavender, Wood and Dougan, on account of The Herald Democrat. It gives me pleasure, however, to enclose with this complimentary annual passes as follows: C-652, T. S. Wood; C-653, D. H. Dougan; C-662, Chas Cavender.

Yours truly
S. K. HOOPER,
General Passenger Agent Denver and Rio Grande Railway Co.

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## COURTESY OF A RAILWAY OFFICIAL

Denver, March 19, 1896.

Mr. C. C. Davis, Leadville.

Dear Sir: To relieve you of any possible embarrassment in the matter, I write to ask that you retain the annual passes over our lines issued to yourself and members of your family, regardless of the rules and custom of returning such transportation upon the transfer of ownership of a newspaper. I hope you will retain the three annual passes, and that you will make good use of them during the year. With kind regards,

Very truly yours,
S. K. HOOPER,
General Passenger Agent Denver and Rio Grande Railway Co.

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## HOW GOVERNORS SOMETIMES ARE MADE

Colorado Springs, February 19, 1889.

Hon. C. C. Davis, Leadville.

Dear Sir: Col. Elijah Sells, father of our Secretary and Auditor, is an applicant for the Governorship of Utah. I am informed that Mr. Sells has always been very active in the interests of the Republican party, was once Secretary of State of Iowa, later Auditor of the Postoffice Department during Lincoln's administration, and that he is endorsed by such men as Senator Sanders of Nebraska, Judge Dillon of New York, Judge Usher of Kansas (member of Lincoln's Cabinet), Governor Ramsey of Minnesota (member of Hayes' Cabinet), Senators Wilson and Allison of Iowa, Justice Miller of the U. S. Supreme Court, and others. * * * Our Mr. Sells is very anxious to secure the endorsement of Senators and Representatives, as well as the State officials, of Colorado. I shall feel deeply indebted to you if you can secure these endorsements for Col. Sells. I know of no one so well versed in politics as you are in this State, and that is my reason for soliciting your influence in his behalf.

Yours very truly,
JOHN SCOTT,
President Colorado Midland Railway Company.

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## HOLIDAY GREETING FROM THE GREAT

Chicago, January 2, 1896.

Dear Old Cad: Your kind letter 27th ultimo reached me early yesterday morning, just in time to hear you say, "Happy New Year!" You certainly write as if you were feeling better—that is if you ever were sick—because you write just as you used to talk, and I am firm in the belief that you will come out all right if you stay in California long enough. I hope to be able to see you sometime this month, as I am going out there with my successor. * * * I enclose some transportation, which I hope you will be able to use over our Southern California lines at least.

Very truly your friend,
D. B. ROBINSON,
President Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company.

## SOLICITUDE OF A COLORADO FRIEND

Denver, November 10, 1897.

Hon. Stephen M. White, Los Angeles.

Dear Senator: Mr. C. C. Davis, who for 18 years was proprietor and editor of the Leadville Herald Democrat and Chronicle, has been an intimate friend of mine during all that period. He has been at the very head of his profession in Colorado, and has exerted a powerful influence for good in Leadville and throughout the entire West. He is a very able writer, as well as a good business man and newspaper manager. While conducting partisan Republican newspapers, he has never hesitated to attack his own party or oppose its candidates when in his own judgment the interests of the people demanded it. * * * Upon withdrawing from Leadville, on account of ill-health, he was offered the management of Denver papers at high salaries, because of his ability as a writer and experience as a manager. * * * Desiring to establish himself in business in California, I am sending him to you for counsel and advice. Should he permanently establish himself in your State, he will soon become a potent factor in public affairs. I can say without hesitation that he is a gentleman of high honor in business and professional work, absolutely loyal to friends, and an able advocate of any cause he espouses. He has probably wielded a greater influence in the interest of bimetalism than any other person in Colorado or the West. * * * He is a very quiet, modest man, but the more you know him the higher he will stand in your estimation.

Sincerely yours,

C. C. PARSONS.

## THE RESULT OF INDIVIDUAL EFFORT

(Hall's History of Colorado)

Carlyle C. Davis needs no elaborate introduction to the public, no synopsis from a long and illustrious ancestry, to prove his worth, for this has been established by the standing he has attained through the force of well directed effort. * * * When we consider the use he has made of the opportunities met with during the past two decades, and the rank he occupies in the profession of journalism, the conviction is plain that he must have been a diligent reader and student, for we know that whatever of knowledge and mental culture he has acquired beyond the rudiments has been the result of individual effort, unassisted by schools or teachers, for at the age of ten he was apprenticed to a printer. * * * We know that Mr. Davis' mental training, under the unfavorable conditions of his boyhood, was irregular and imperfect, for there was neither time nor advantages at his disposal; yet he had no sooner mastered his trade than he began to teach. At the age of 16 he was the editor and manager of a weekly newspaper. While his primitive efforts may not have been either brilliant or profound, it was a bold beginning, which testified to his ambition and his resolve to pursue an independent course until something worthy should be achieved. * * * We have accepted, without consulting him on the subject, the self-evident proposition that while a printer's boy of all work he idled away no time, but assiduously applied himself to the practical duties of life, in preparation for the stage he mounted with strong self-reliance immediately after the expiration of his indenture. * * * His phenomenal success at Leadville became so soon accentuated that two powerful contemporaries sprang up to contest the field, the Herald and the Democrat; but, lacking the business qualities which in large degree have contributed to the success of Mr. Davis, both in due course succumbed to fate and were merged in The Chronicle. Since then he has been the sole master of the journalistic field in Western Colorado. More newspapers have gone down in disaster from the want of business skill and sagacity than from the lack of editorial prescience and power; indeed the foundation of every successful newspaper lies in its counting room. Happily, Mr. Davis was not only a capable writer, but a superior financial director, which accounts for his fame and fortune. That he is a potential force in county and State is widely conceded. Nothwithstanding the town and county in which he lives is about evenly divided between the two great political organizations, his journals exercise large influence in both, and have thus far been able to control most of the elections when fairly conducted. * * * He was elected City Clerk and Delegate-at-Large to the National Republican Convention, was chosen President of the City National Bank and appointed Postmaster; but he has neither aspired to nor held any other public positions, but has devoted his energies and talents to the advancement of the public welfare, with what success the record shows.

## UNSOLICITED TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND

(Dr. D. H. Dougan's Contribution to Current History)

The biography of Carlyle C. Davis is not very different from that of thousands of self-made men who, by industry, intelligence and force of character, have emerged from the masses and become leaders of men. * * * All of the years preceding his advent in the embryo mining metropolis were but a preparation for the work now before him. The years of toil, of care, of self-denial, of diligent study, were now to find their reward. His two associates were early lured to other fields, their interests in a journal grown to proportions not dreamed of at the time of its foundation absorbed by Davis. His contemporaries, after fierce contests for supremacy, fell one by one in the conflict, were purchased by him and added to his now great establishment, the largest in the State. * * * Mr. Davis has been successful, not alone because he made himself master of all the details of his profession, nor yet because of his correct business knowledge. These accomplishments have had their value, but, added to them and above them, he has the true instincts of a journalist. In the matter of news he knows what the people want, and gives it to them. But it is in the editorial columns that we find the reflex of Mr. Davis' mind. No matter whether in accord with public opinion, or diametrically opposed thereto, his convictions upon all important topics are set forth fearlessly. Always intensely in earnest, his opposition to men and measures is something more than opposition—with him it is fierce conflict: his opponents are enemies to be attacked, conquered, destroyed, annihilated, and many a budding statesman has gone down to untimely obscurity before his lightning-like strokes, his withering invective, his scorching satire. Shams, frauds, falsehoods, political or social, excite his indignation; no party ties or political affiliations will condone with him a disregard of truth, honor or manliness—as has been attested in the political history of the State during his editorial career. * * * His greatest weakness—if such it be—is his devotion to friends. His own interests are always subservient to the welfare of those privileged to be classed with those he loves. For them no sacrifice is too great, no labor too tiresome. * * * While he aspires to leadership and is a leader in politics, he is not a politician. Office has no attractions for him. His demand is that parties and officials shall be honest, that they shall well and faithfully serve the people. With no personal ambition to gratify and no private ends to serve, his papers are among the most powerful of any in the State in the influence they exert in moulding public opinion. His newspapers are an Institution, and with it all must take notice who want or hold office. There is no such word as Compromise in Mr. Davis' lexicon. Aspirants for Place must show their credentials. Holders of Place must make good. Davis and his papers constitute a bulwark in defense of popular rights.

## REFLECTIONS OF A GOLD BELT BOOMER

Denver, Colo., January 13, 1916.

My dear Mr. Davis:

You and I lived during the years of 1893, 1894 and 1895 in Leadville. We shared the fortunes of that great mining camp together during those very dark days of the panic of 1893, and together probably did as much as many others to bring this great mining camp again into public notice and throw upon it the spotlight of the Gold-Belt Boom of '94 and '95.

It was thirteen years after my first visit in 1880 to Leadville that I again cast my lot with the fortunes of this camp which, in January of 1893 and the next few months, was at almost its high tide of prosperity as a silver-lead mining camp, and in the few weeks preceding the end of June the camp presented probably the busiest scene in real mining and in real production during its entire history. The stream of ore teams that came down from Iron Hill, Carbonate Hill and from Fryer Hill, was almost continuous night and day. Everyone was hopeful for the future, not only in mining but in every line of business, was looking forward to a period of unprecedented prosperity for Leadville. Suddenly, and without warning to most of us, on the morning of the 26th of June came the news of the closing of the India Mints, and many a mining millionaire and many a business man awoke on that morning to find himself ruined financially, and you and I were counted among the unfortunates. From a feeling of prosperity, of wealth and of hope, we all awoke to find the camp apparently ruined. How despondent the people of Leadville were and how deep was the gloom that pervaded the camp can be understood probably by the following lines that were written for and sung at a Consolation dinner at the Elk Club on July 1, 1893, by Mr. A. A. Blow, whom the entire mining world knows well:

### Listen to My Tale of Woe

Up in these mountains high and blue——
Listen to my tale of woe—
Dwells a shining metal, of silver hue,
Which was freely coined in '72
Into dollars on which the eagle flew,
Listen to my tale of woe.

Some prospectors one day tramping through,
Listen to my tale of woe;
Sat down on the rocks their grub to chew,
And there on the ground, 'midst the grass and dew
Saw outcrops of silver, which they knew,
Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS

Hard trials—times look blue,
A silver dollar is not worth a sou;
All on account of that Gold-Bug crew—
Oh! listen to my tale of woe.

Then thousands of miners to these mountains flew,
Listen to my tale of woe.
And thousands of mines they began to hew
Out of these rocks where the silver grew,
And wealth to all began to accrue—
Listen to my tale of woe.

They founded railroads and cities, too,
Listen to my tale of woe;
And millions of dollars into smelters blew,
And built an empire vast and new
Which the Gold-Bugs of earth can never subdue,
But listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS

Hard trials—times are blue,
Silver is down to 62;
The act of the villainous Gold-Bug crew,
Listen to my tale of woe.

But with damnable purpose and selfish view;
Listen to my tale of woe.
Came the English lord and the Wall street crew
And to ruin of many, the benefit of the few,
Our free coinage laws they did undo—
Listen to my tale of woe.

And our silver they knocked to 62,
Listen to my tale of woe;
But the Gold-Bug shall learn that day to rue,
For from New Orleans to Kalamazoo
Shall they hear free silver's hullabaloo,
And listen to our tale of woe.

CHORUS

Hard trials; times look blue;
Silver and lead not worth a sou;
All on account of the Gold-Bug crew—
Listen to my tale of woe.

Under free coinage now we'll set a jack screw,
Listen to my tale of woe;
Turned by our backbone, brain and sinew,
And will fight like a desperate starved Zulu,
To beat Grover Cleveland, the big Yahoo—
Listen to my tale of woe.

Then we'll build a high wall 'long the big Mazoo,
Listen to my tale of woe;
And we'll fill to sinking a big canoe,
With the monometallic Gold-Bug crew,
And sink them forever out of view—
Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS

Hard trials; for the story is true,
But better times will sure ensue,
And we'll drink to the death of the
Gold-Bug crew—
Listen to my tale of woe.

You will recall as many another the exodus of people from Leadville during those summer months, and the effort of those who remained to gather their wits together in an effort to see what could be done to save what little they had and to retrieve their broken fortune. With the advent of the gold standard the thoughts of the world were turned towards the production of gold. I, myself, sent several prospectors out from Leadville, some to Lackawanna and Half Moon gulches across the Arkansas and others again to the Dillon and Breckenridge districts, and right here I want to recall to you an afternoon visit that I paid to you some time in August or September of that year, and your remark while freezing the pain that racked your body, "that everything had gone to the dogs and all that you had worked for was lost," and the suggestion which I made to you, that inasmuch as the world wanted gold, Leadville could furnish that also, and that the best evidence of it was the millions in placer gold taken from California gulch. The secret of the source had not then and even now has not been fully determined or discovered. I called to your mind also, the production of those early times on Printer Boy Hill, notably the Printer Boy and Lillian mines, since very early days, and the Antioch mine and its mill built to treat low grade ores, and my suggestion that if we would but try that possibly we might induce prospecting within the limits of the camp for gold. I recall that you doubted whether the leading mining men of the camp would support the effort to develop Leadville as a gold mining camp, and even after you had secured the consent of seven of the leading mining men of Leadville to write articles on Leadville as a gold camp, and after Mr. Blow had promised to furnish us the topographical and geographical maps necessary to exploit the scheme, you questioned whether we could raise the little funds necessary to carry on the campaign, and I recall your remark to me, that everything was gone any way and that you might as well send the rest that you had after it; that you would print these various gold-belt articles and maps in the paper and we would run the chance of getting the money. Really it was just like spending your own credit after we thought that everything else was gone.

Few mining men will forget the series of articles furnished by Mr. Campion. Mr. Blow, Mr. Noble, Mr. Wood, Mr. Moore, and others which appeared in succeeding Sunday editions of the Herald Democrat. Nor of that map of claims; the topographical maps, the geographical section that Mr. Blow furnished us, and excellent plates of which you obtained and published in connection with these articles. And while it was the wonderful faith and marvellous discoveries of Mr. Campion and Mr. Brown in the Little Johny mines, that really rehabilitated Leadville in the mining world, the publicity and advertising which you gave this movement in the Herald Democrat during all those months induced a tremendous amount of development and prospecting, resulting in the sinking of hundreds of shafts and the resumption of work in abandoned workings, and really was the basis of much of the prosperity of the camp ever since. This was notably the case with the work that was carried on in the old Silver Cord tunnel, the Yak Mining company, and particularly the development of the Monarch and the Resurrection mines. The real good that was accomplished in Leadville by that advertising and by the so-called Gold-Belt boom was proven of tremendous value, not only to the camp but to the State of Colorado. It was all done by the leading men of the camp and through their faith of the possibility of the Leadville district.

I want to recall to your mind one of the many amusing incidents that occurred during this mining boom. You will remember the Rex drill hole which was sunk by Bob O'Neill and L. D. Roedebush, and on which for a time it seemed that the whole future of the Gold-Belt excitement rested. You recall the time when the excitement seemed to halt and wait almost breathlessly for the result of the sinking of that shaft, and that as they came closer and closer to the point where the ore was shown in the drill hole, that the excitement and the anxiety of many was apparent in more ways than one. If they failed to find the ore as indicated, what explanation could be given? There were many theories as to its occurrence, and I recall that a few days before it was expected that they would reach the ore body you felt that it would be the proper thing to prepare the public mind in case of a possible failure of this shaft; that the late Mr. Boehmer wrote an article for your paper that explained the occurrence of this ore in one way, and another mining expert wrote an article explaining it a different way. At any rate these articles served to let the public mind down to the point where disappointment came easy. For the ore was never found, even after repeated attempts to this day. However, the excitement had accomplished its purpose, and many mines that have produced millions since were opened up as the result of this excitement.

The winter of '94 '95, saw in the State many repetitions of the scenes of earlier days and the return of many a miner and many a promoter who had sought and found fortunes in Leadville in the days of '78 and '79, and with all the disappointments attending it I doubt if there is any real Leadvilleite who regrets the experiences of the Gold-Belt boom, or the results of the excitement and advertising that it gave to Leadville. While it all turned out unfortunately for me, personally, as I was compelled to leave the camp in the early winter of '95 and '96, and you had been carried out on a stretcher many months before on that last trip over the old South Park, which you have no doubt described in your book, I doubt not both of us still feel the same interest and share in the hopes for the future of this greatest of all mining camps, and doubtless both of us, were we to live our lives over again, would yield to the same temptation and try our luck in Leadville again.

There are many things about a mining camp and about its booms, about its excitement, that do not just meet the approval of polite society, but, believe me, the hardships one undergoes, the high stakes one plays for, the splendid successes or rank failures, all bring together in a close friendship the friends and acquaintances who shared together those early days in Leadville. To be a true Leadvilleite is to belong to a clan with bonds that are stronger than those of any secret organizations, and no body of Cousin Jack's were more clannish than those who made Leadville their home in the early days. I am sure that you have found it so wherever you have been, and I know it has been a source of unceasing pleasure to me.

Sincerely,

CALVIN HENRY MORSE.

### "SPLENDID, FASCINATING, ENTRANCING"

(Judge E. L. Scarritt, Missouri Supreme Court)

I have just finished reading "The True Story of Ramona." It is splendid, fascinating, entrancing. The reading of Ramona is not complete without it. The comprehensive and vivid portrayal of the real characters and scenes clothe the fictitious characters in the novel with such realism as to make them historic as well as romantic. The work will bring additional fame and lustre to the great work and noble life of Helen Hunt Jackson, as well as carve the name of the author of "The True Story of Ramona" among the first writers of the country. The style and illustrations of the book are simply incomparable. I hope it will have as large a sale as the beautiful story of the fictitious Ramona. I assure you I most highly appreciate your gift of the book to me, and I will keep it and the affectionate sentiment inscribed on its first page in my library, and in my heart of hearts, as long as I live.

E. L. SCARRITT.